



SPIN SHAW



MICKEY FINN



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



SWING SISSON

FEATURE

COMICS

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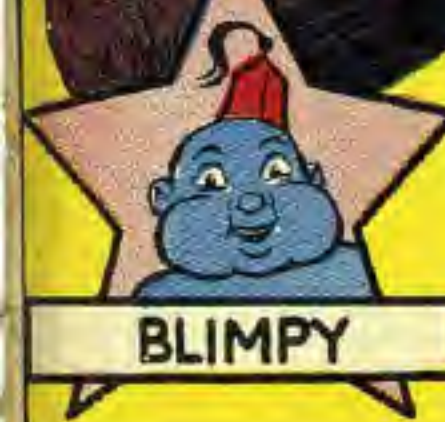
PERKY



RUSTY RYAN



LALA PALOOZA



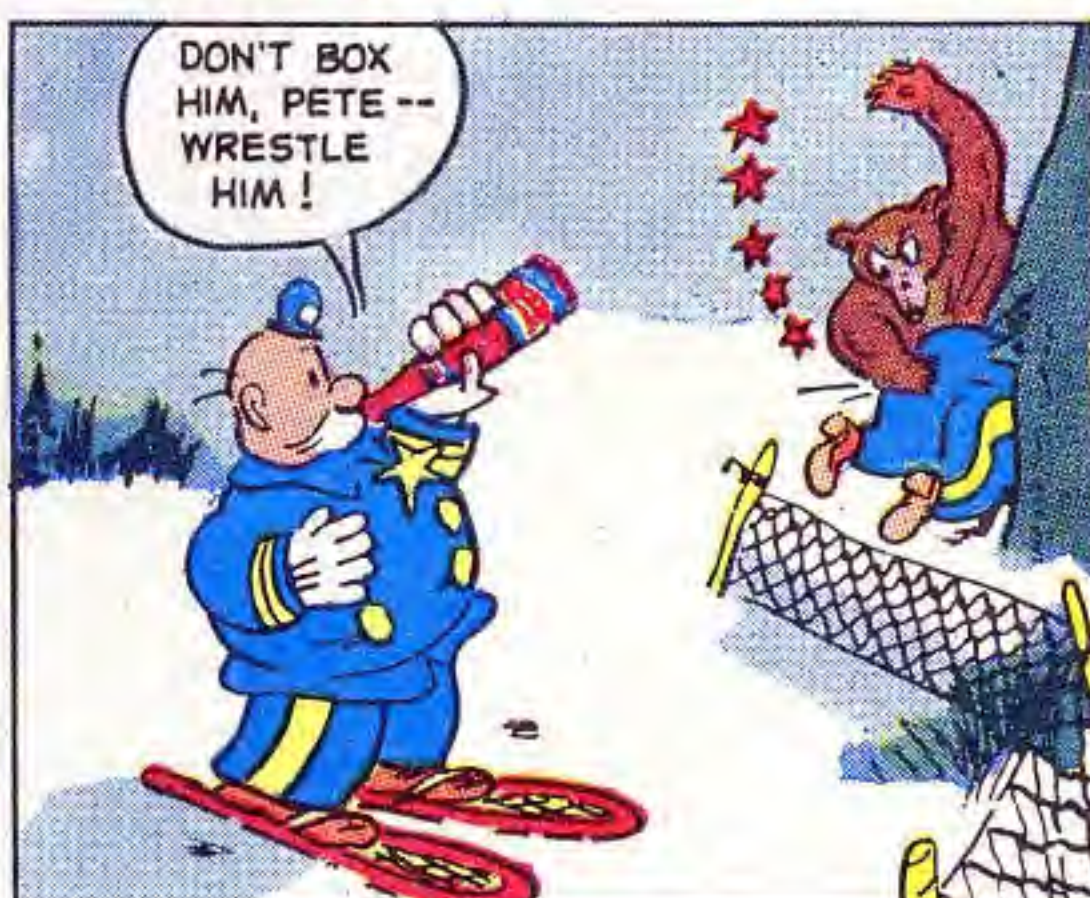
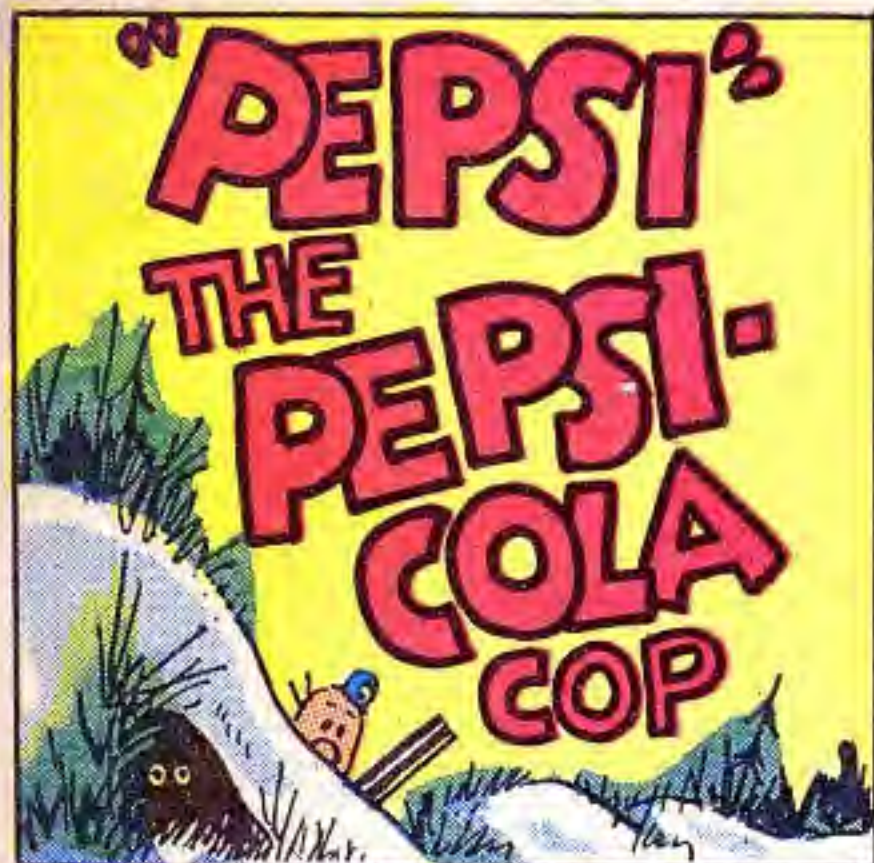
BLIMPY

The **DOLL
MAN**
meets the
Prophetess
of Peril,
Madame DIABLO!

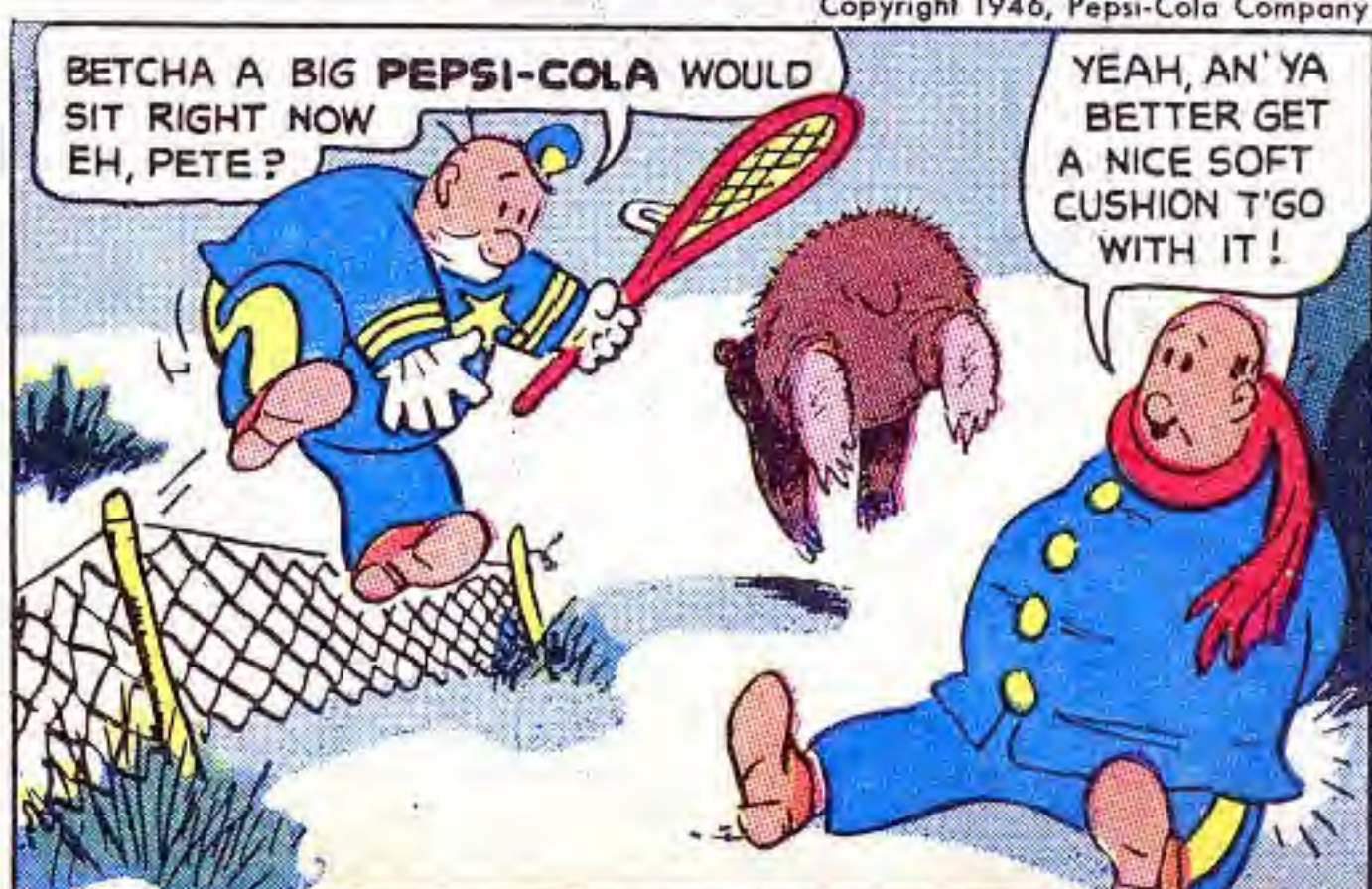
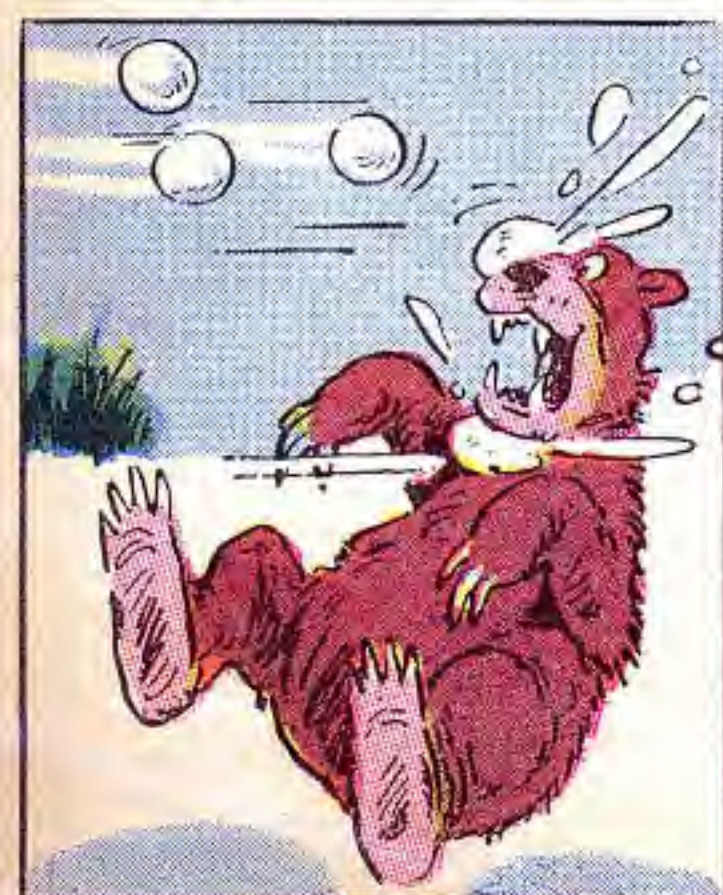


-AL BRYANT-

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A strange series of crimes rocked the city. For the crimes were murder.. murder without object or motive! They made a pattern of mystery that went beyond the cold pavements of a modern metropolis to a time when men knew less of science and more about the inscrutable secrets of the universe....

THE DOLLMAN, crime busting's mightiest mite, follows the trail of MADAME DIABLO, mistress of evil, prophetess of peril!

The DOLLMAN



FEATURE COMICS



SHE'S AFTER ME!
HELP!



IN THE NAME
OF MERCY,
SAVE ME!

WHAT'S THIS?
SOMEONE
IN TROUBLE!



SHE'LL KILL ME!
THE SCARAB.....
AGHHHHHHH!

CONTROL
YOURSELF!
TELL ME...



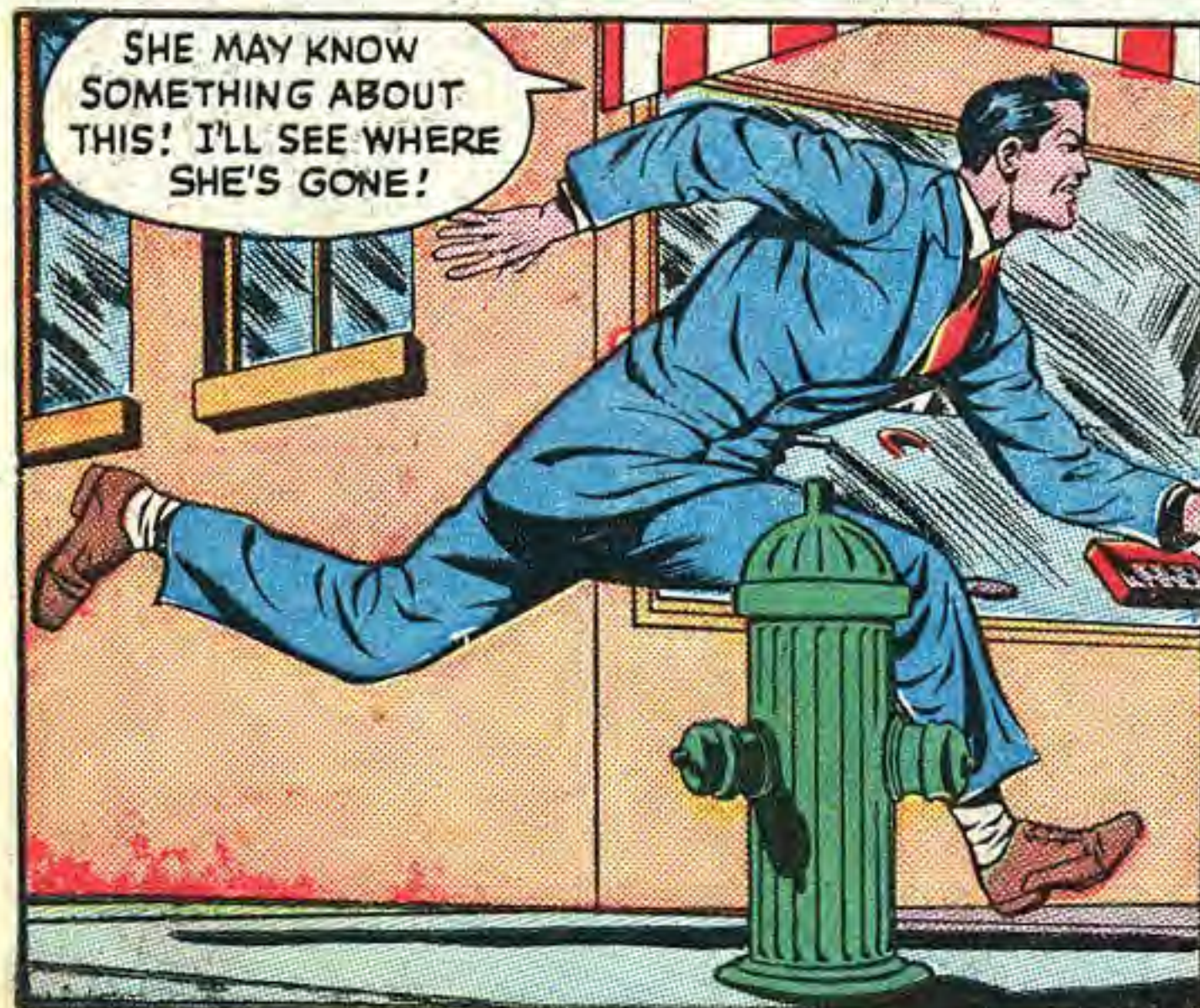
GOOD GLORY!
THIS MAN'S
DEAD!

DARREL!
LOOK!



WHAT
IS IT, MARTHA?

A WOMAN! I--I JUST
CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF
HER! SHE HAD A FACE...
LIKE A DEMON!

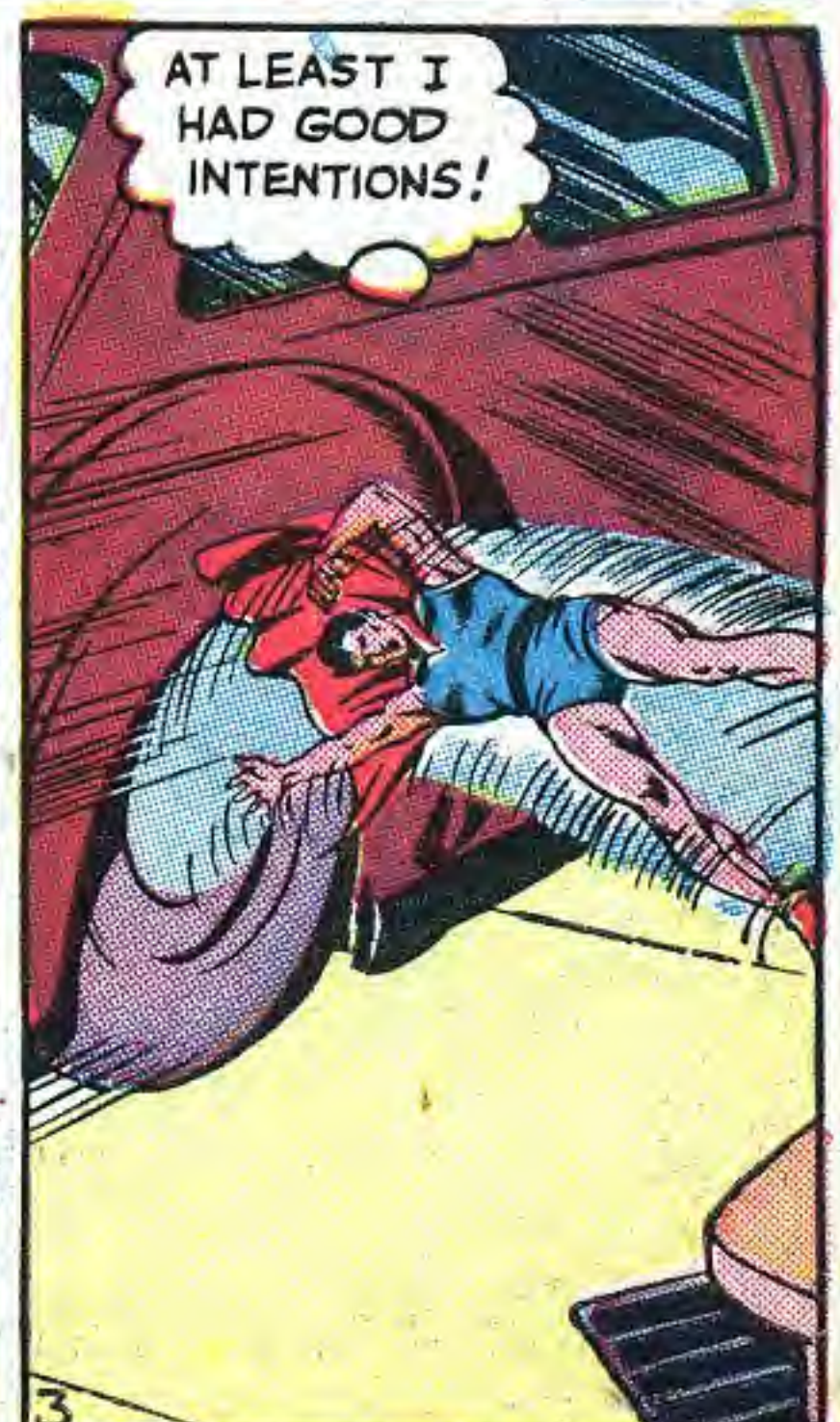
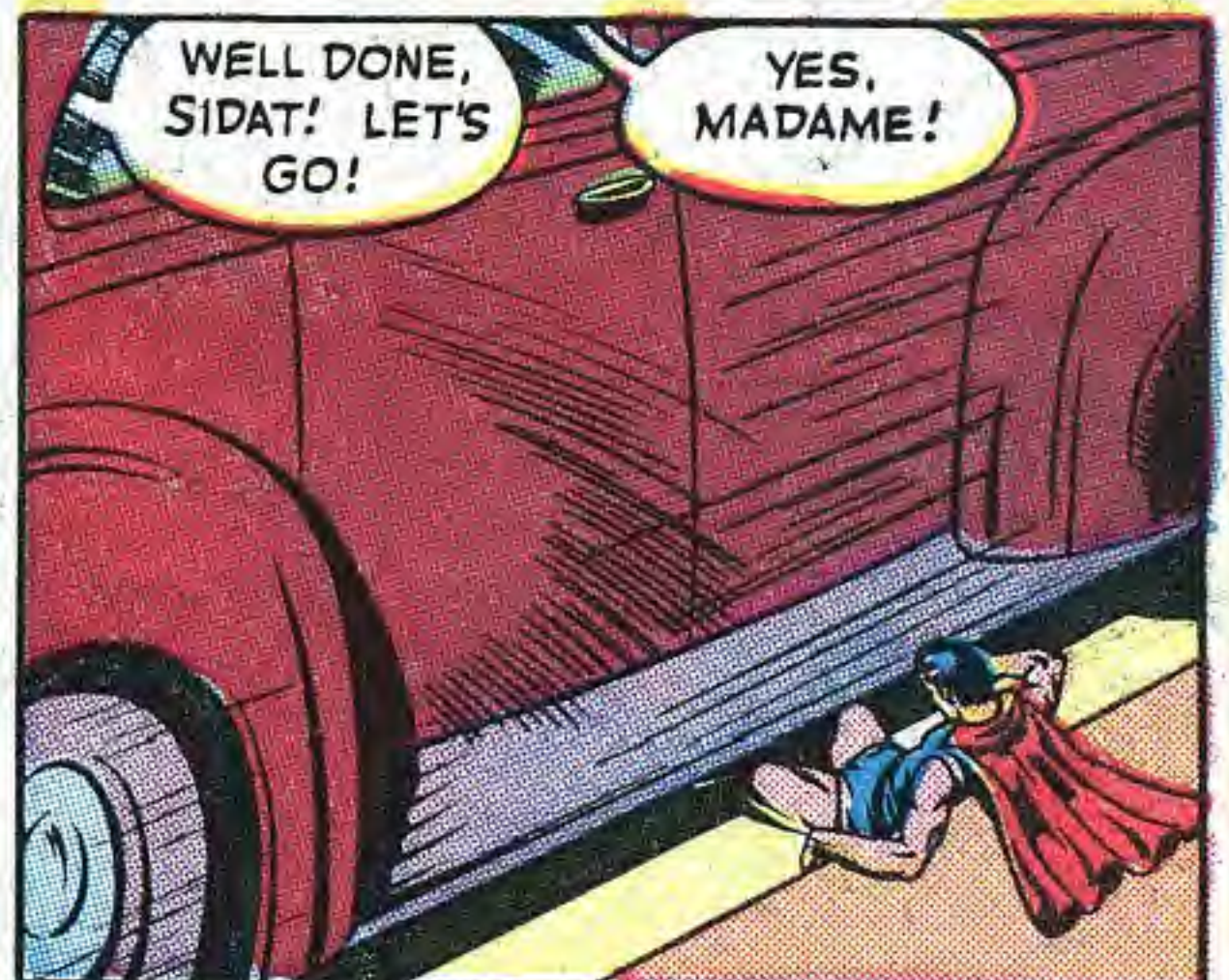


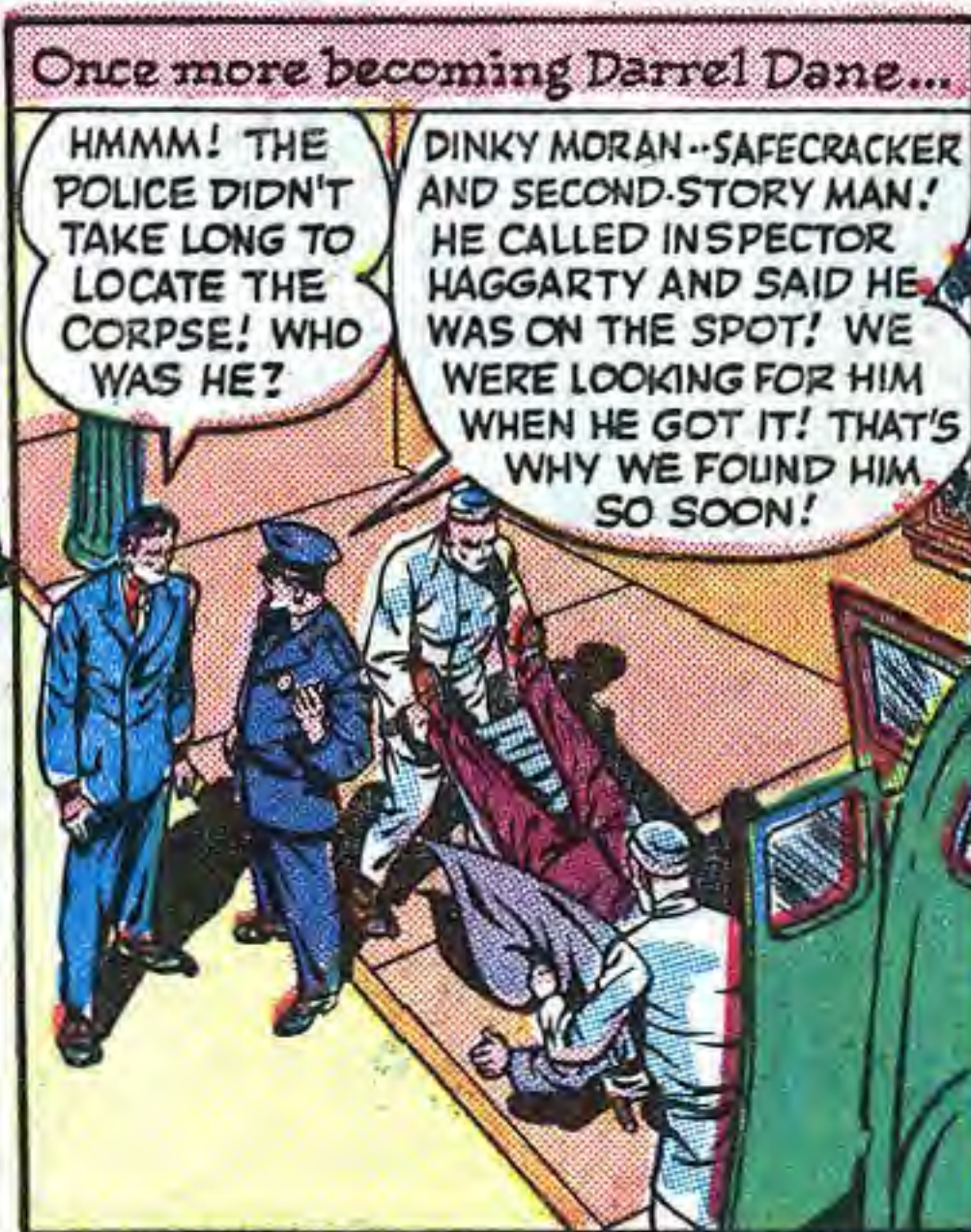
SHE MAY KNOW
SOMETHING ABOUT
THIS! I'LL SEE WHERE
SHE'S GONE!

Out of sight,
Darrel Dane
compresses
the molecules
of his body to
become the
compact wonder
mite --- *The*
DOLL MAN!

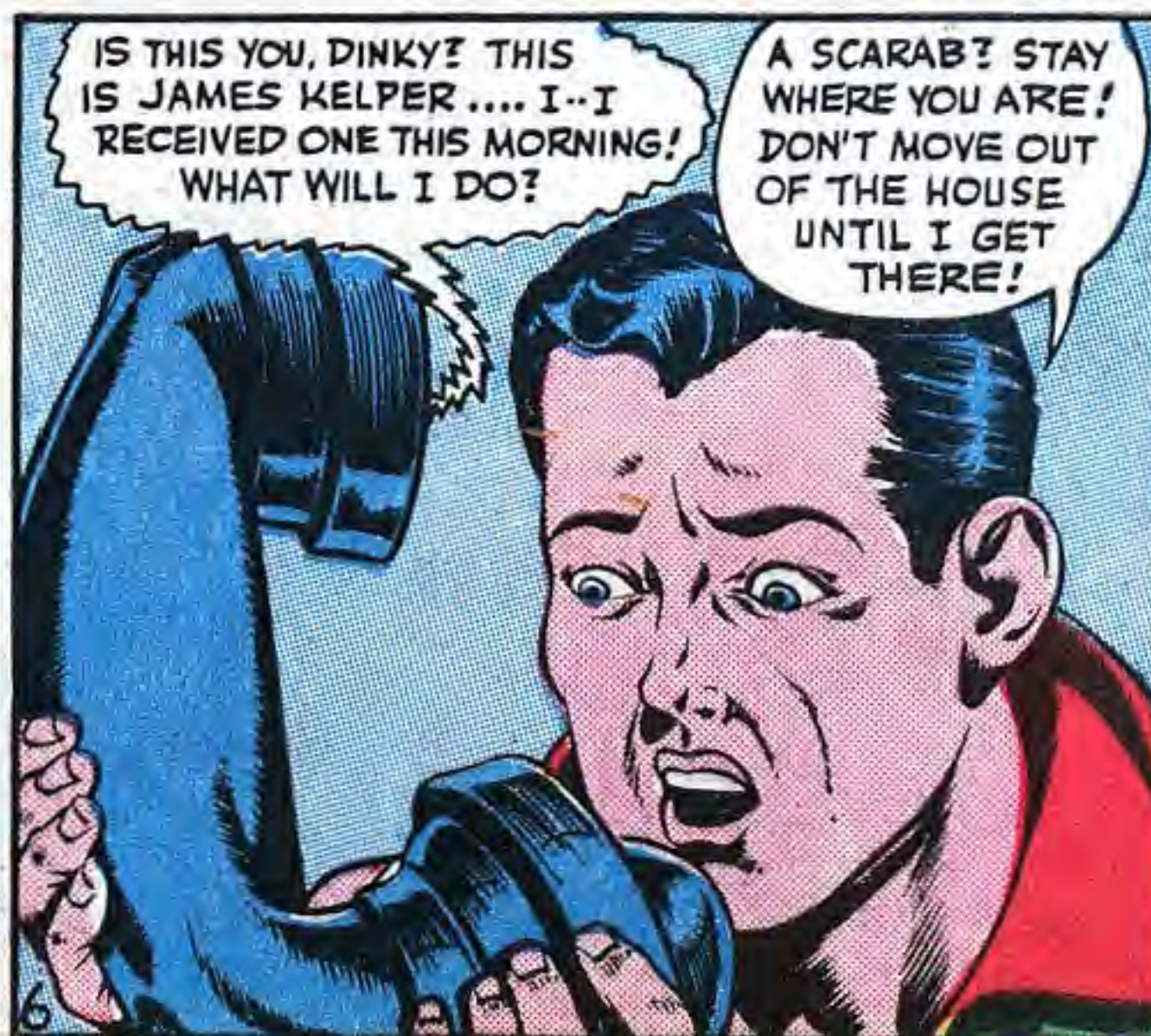
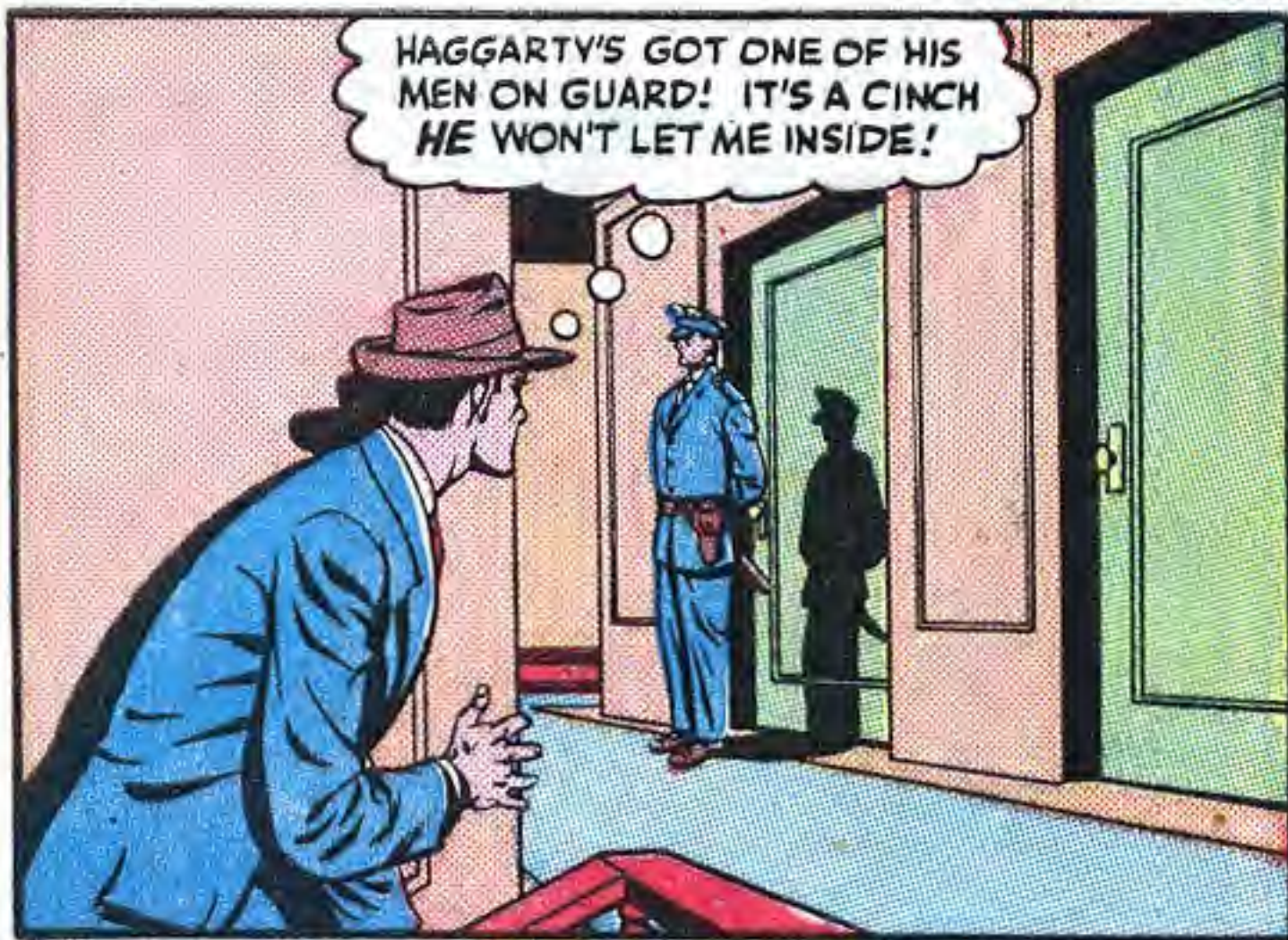
I THINK I SEE
HER AHEAD!







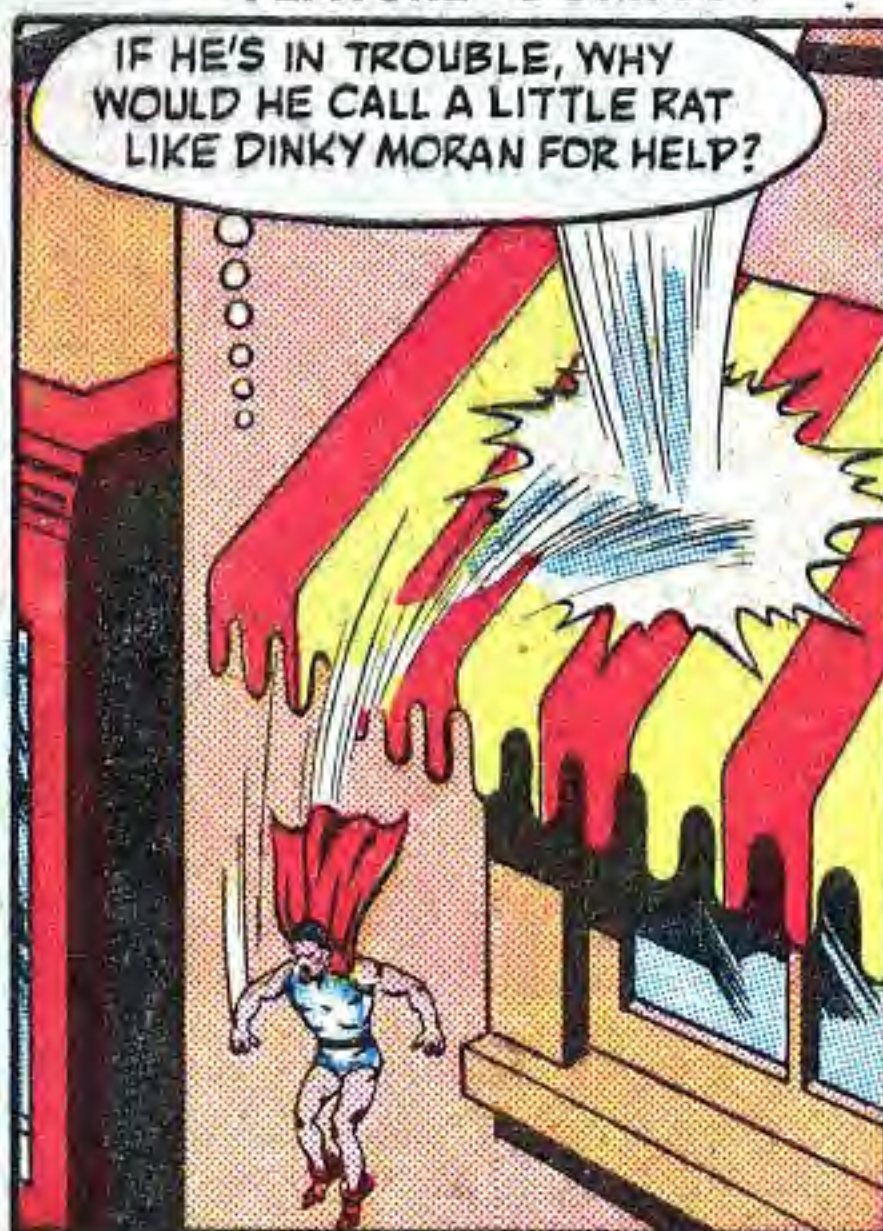




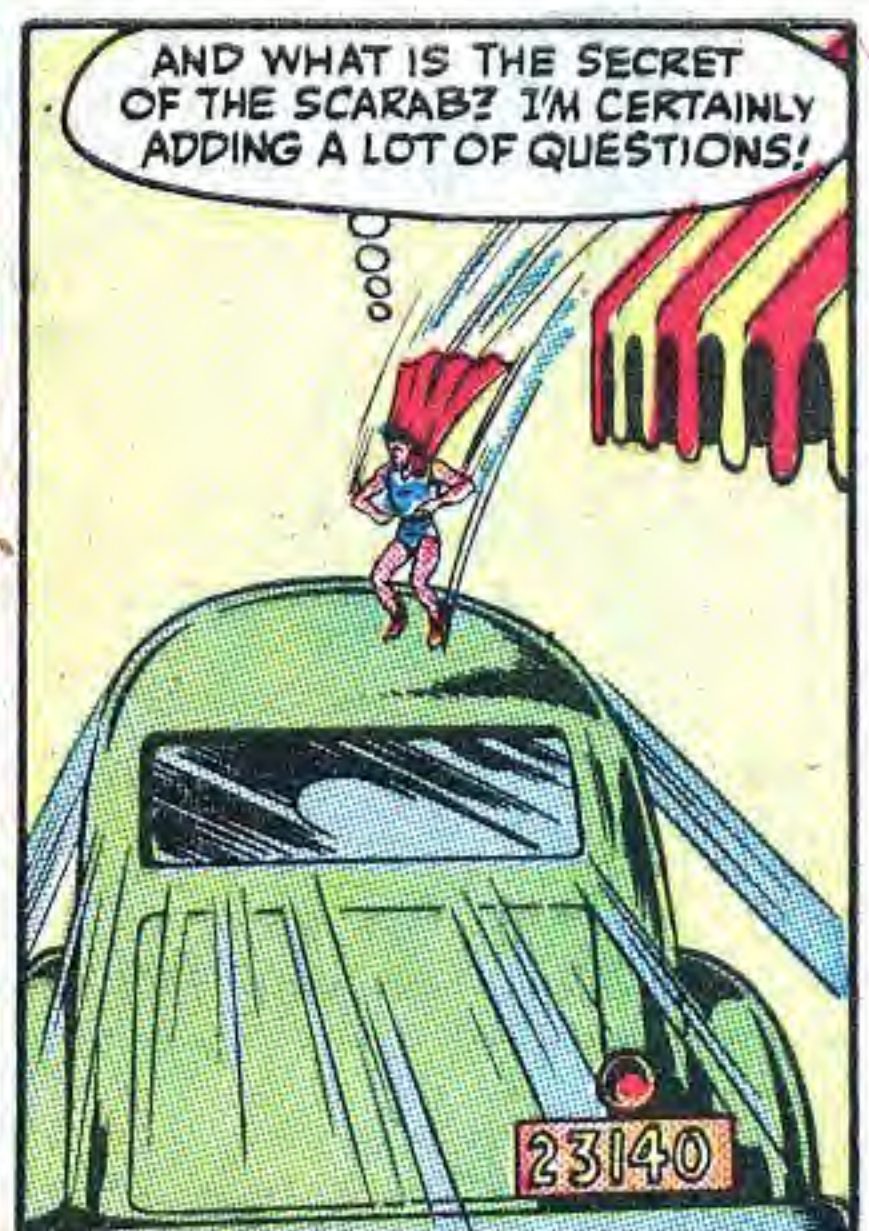
FEATURE COMICS



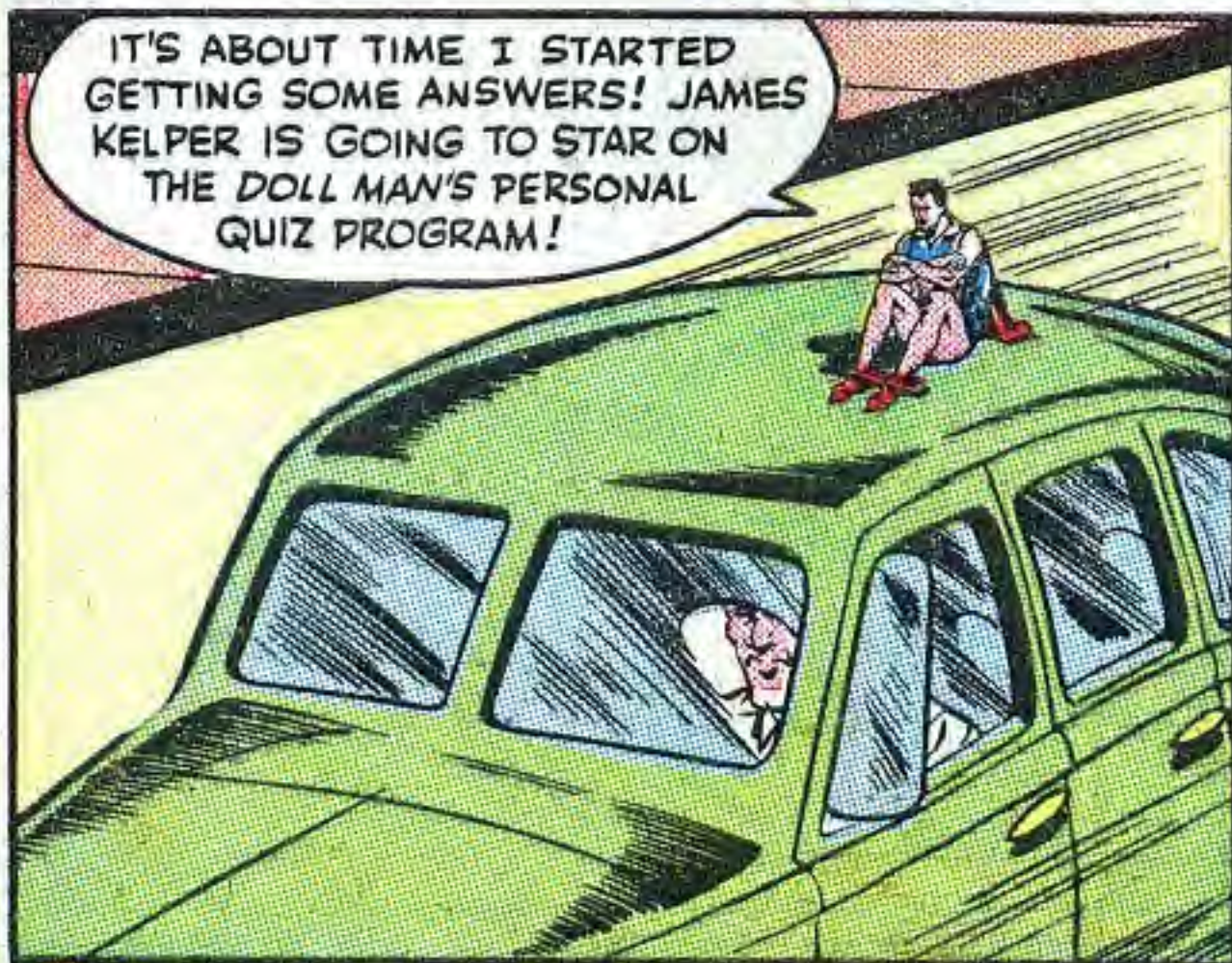
THIS IS GETTING SCREWIER BY THE MINUTE! JAMES KELPER IS A BIG-SHOT LAWYER!



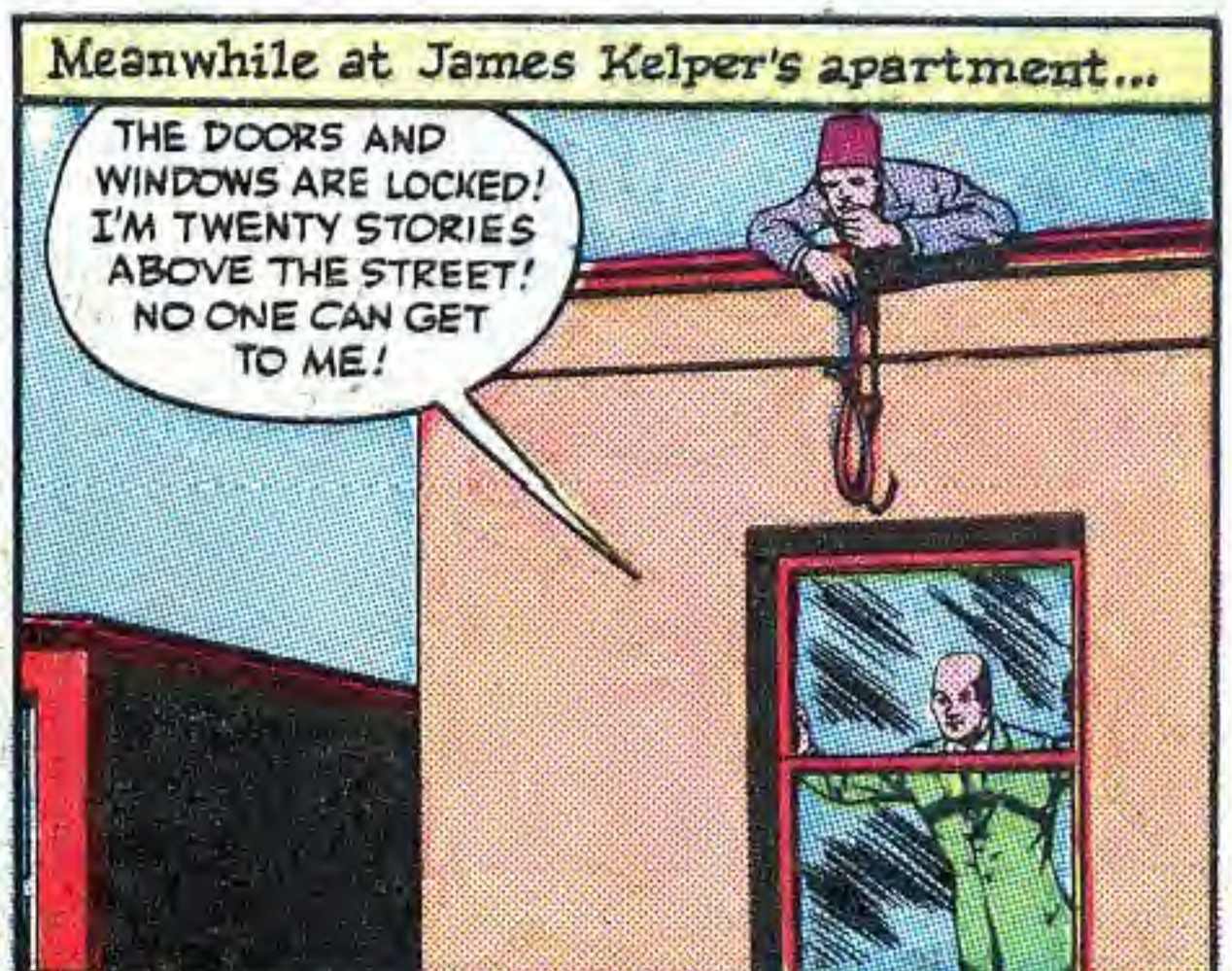
IF HE'S IN TROUBLE, WHY WOULD HE CALL A LITTLE RAT LIKE DINKY MORAN FOR HELP?



AND WHAT IS THE SECRET OF THE SCARAB? I'M CERTAINLY ADDING A LOT OF QUESTIONS!

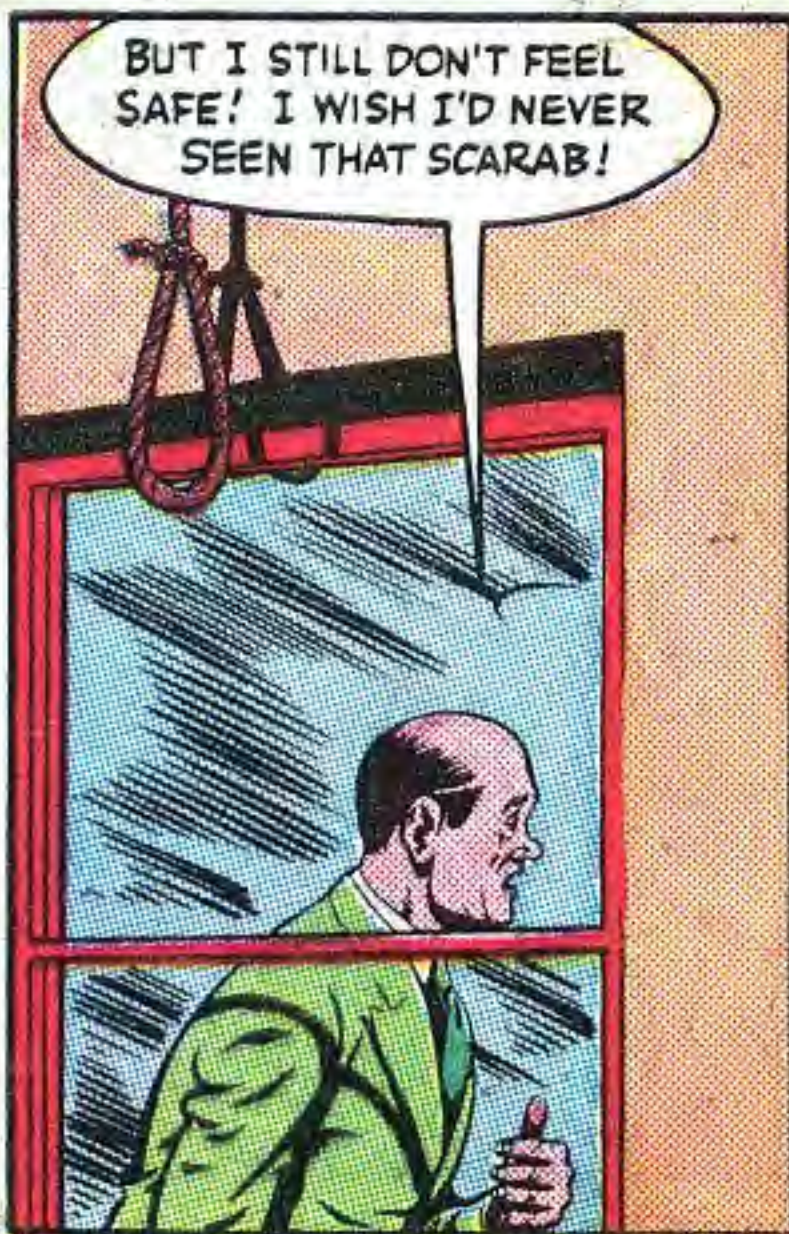


IT'S ABOUT TIME I STARTED GETTING SOME ANSWERS! JAMES KELPER IS GOING TO STAR ON THE DOLL MAN'S PERSONAL QUIZ PROGRAM!



Meanwhile at James Kelper's apartment...

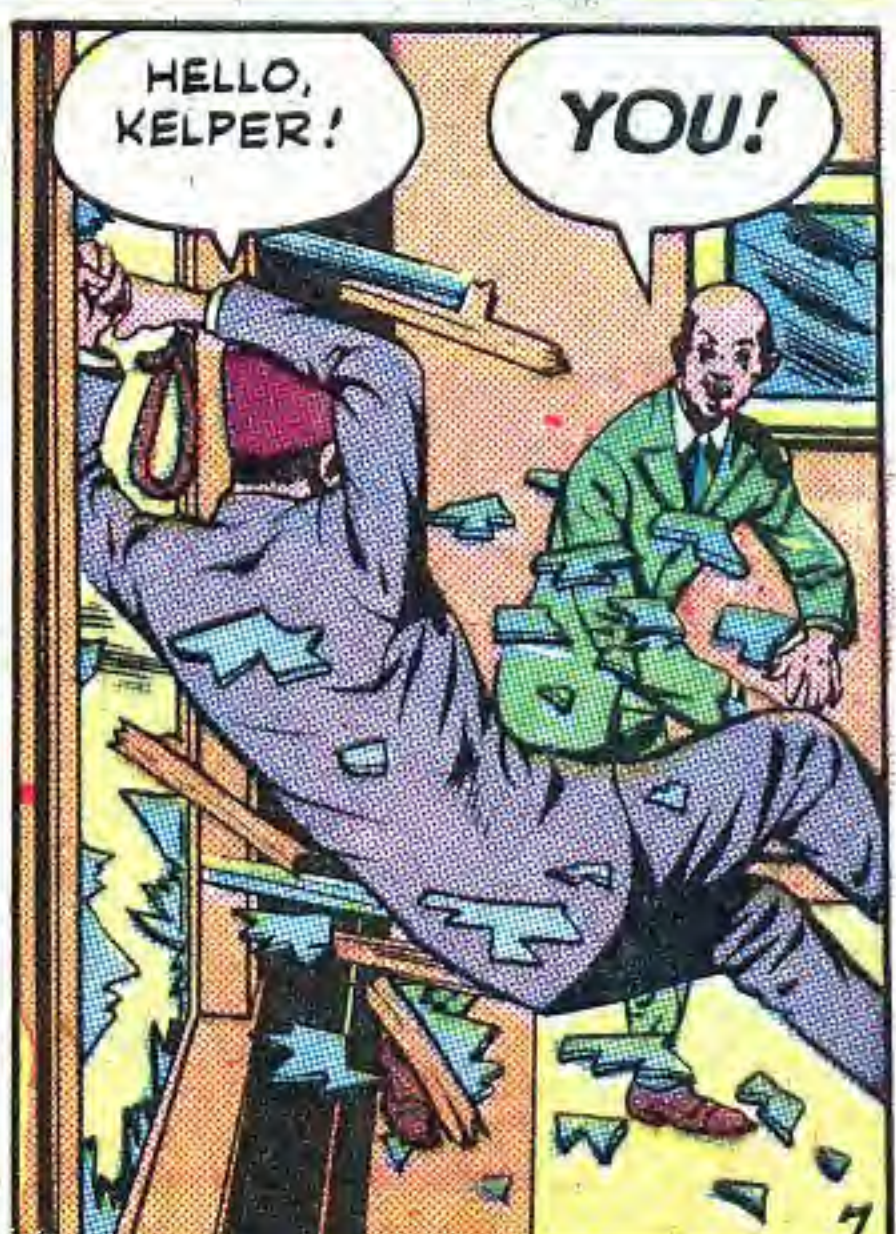
THE DOORS AND WINDOWS ARE LOCKED! I'M TWENTY STORIES ABOVE THE STREET! NO ONE CAN GET TO ME!



BUT I STILL DON'T FEEL SAFE! I WISH I'D NEVER SEEN THAT SCARAB!



THE DOORBELL! THAT MUST BE DINKY MORAN NOW!

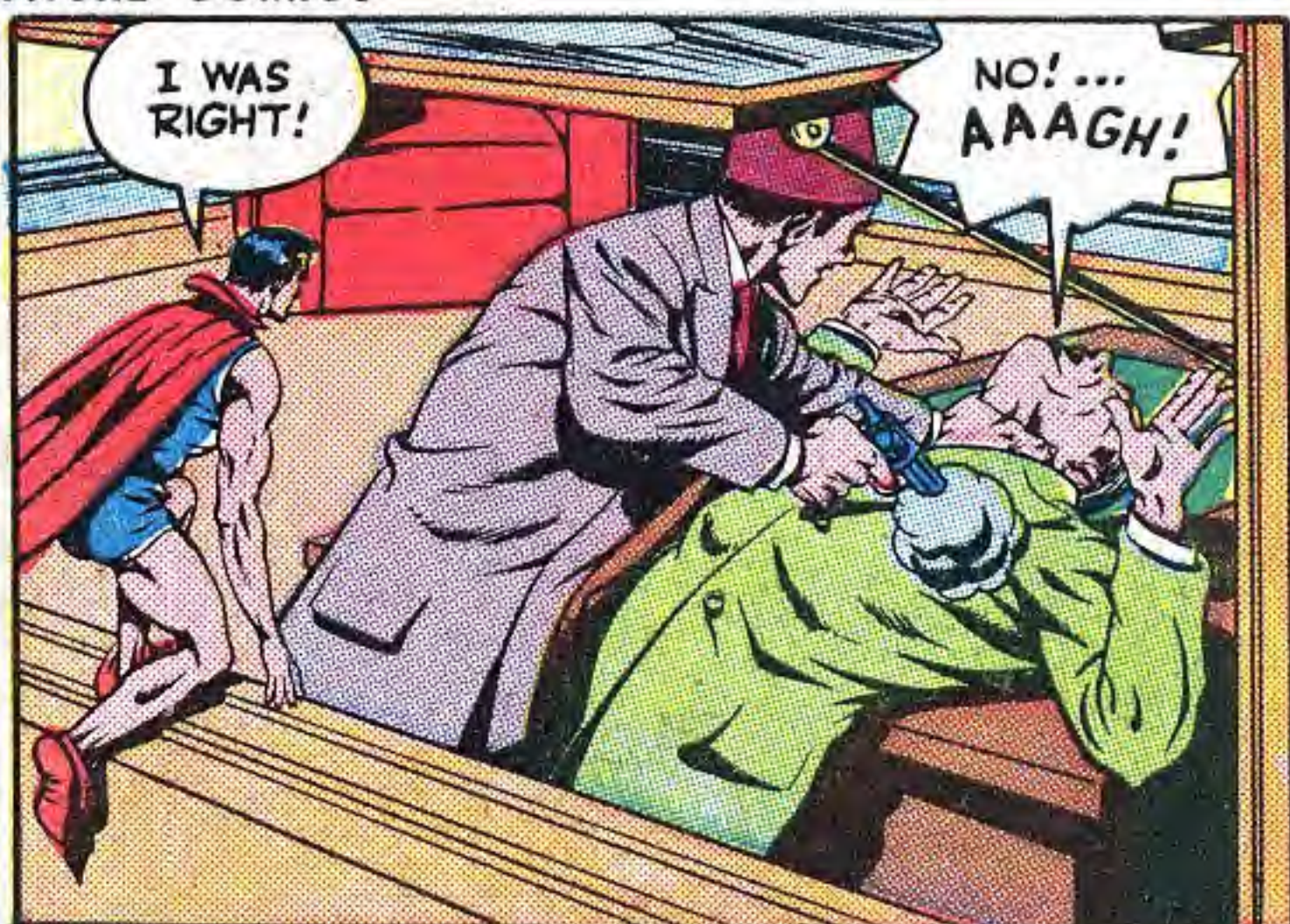


HELLO, KELPER!

YOU!

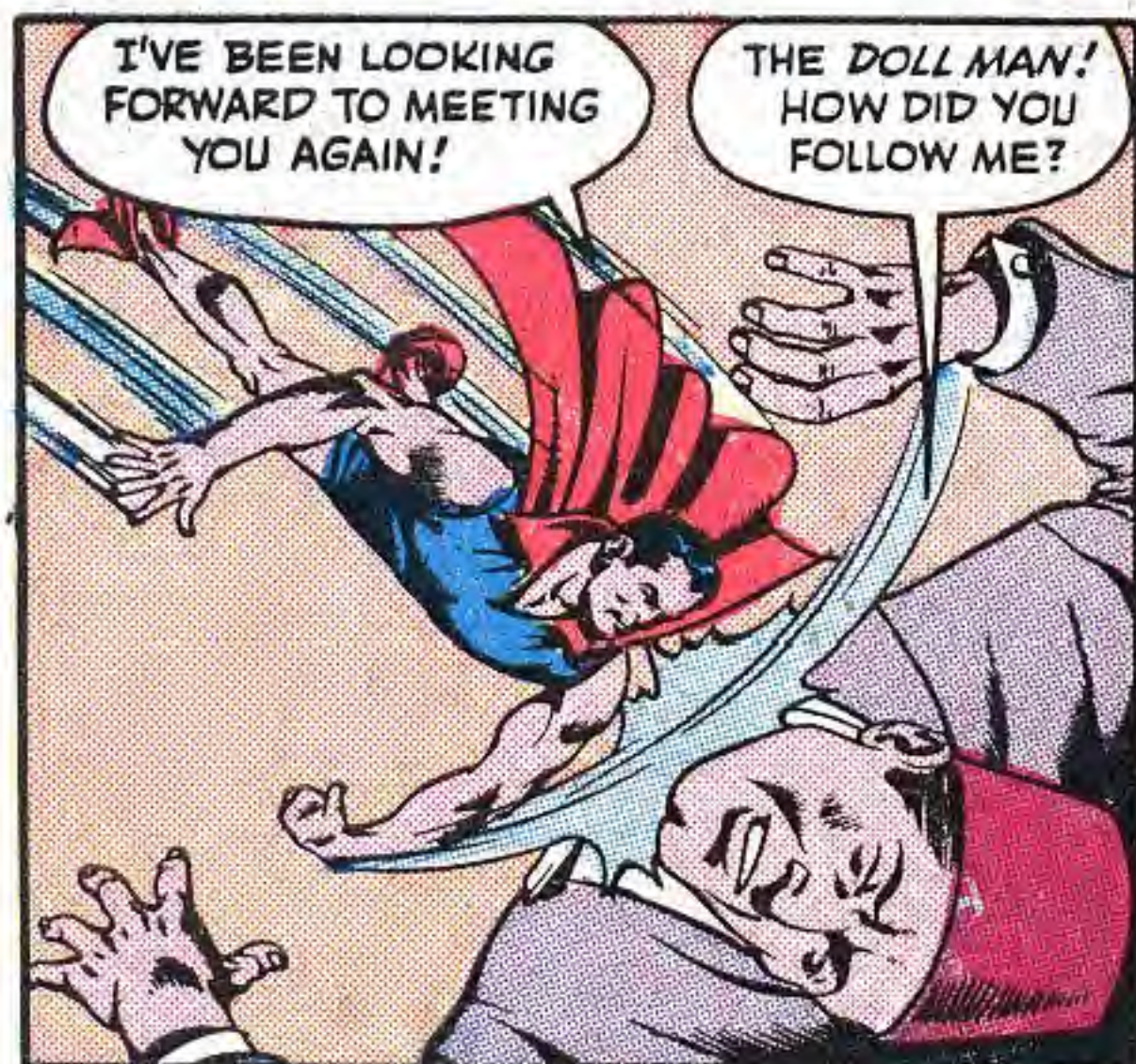


NO ANSWER! BUT I COULD SWEAR I HEARD KELPER'S VOICE! SOUNDED AS THOUGH SOMEONE ELSE WAS IN THERE WITH HIM!



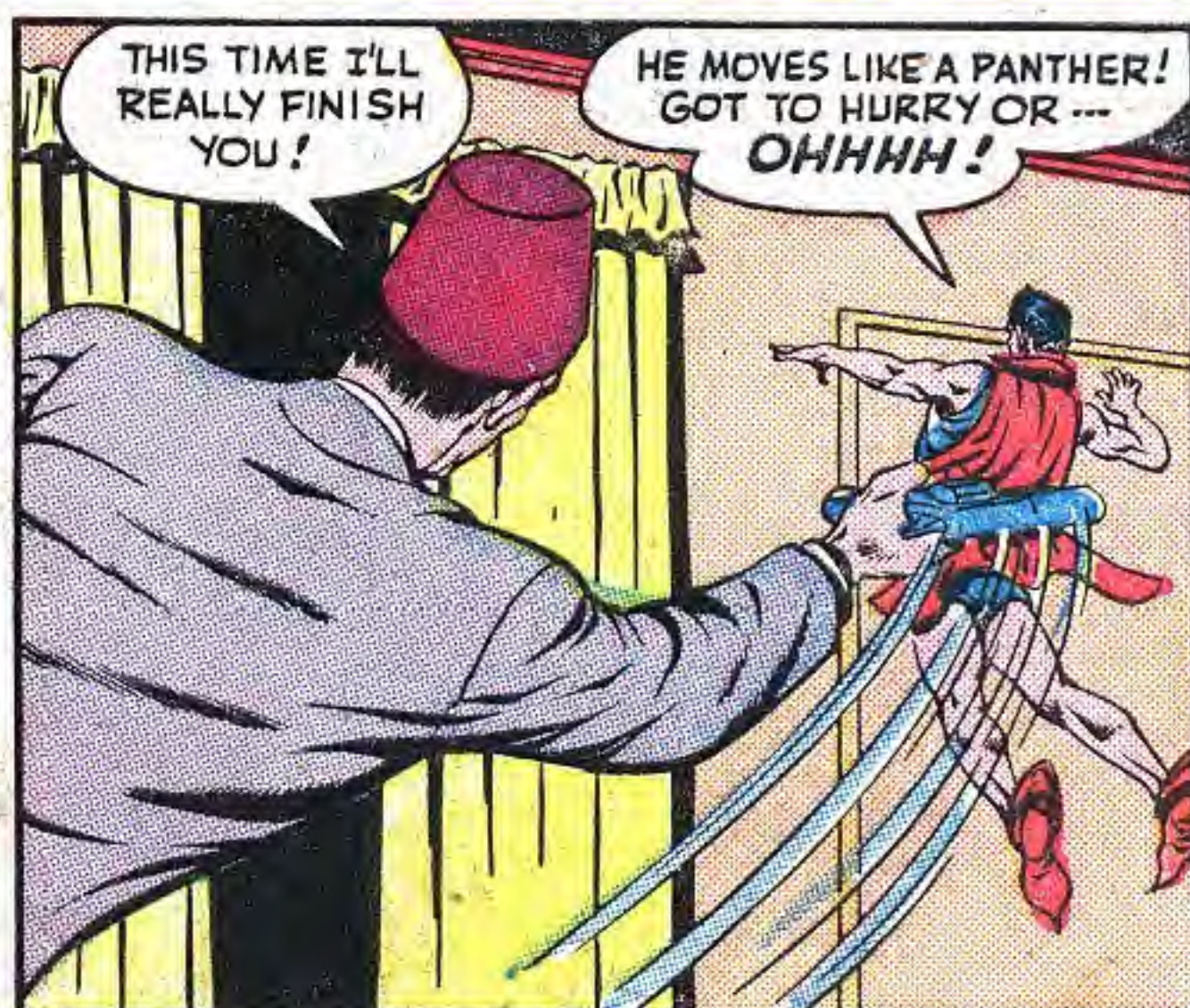
I WAS RIGHT!

NO! ... AAAGH!



I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO MEETING YOU AGAIN!

THE DOLL MAN! HOW DID YOU FOLLOW ME?



THIS TIME I'LL REALLY FINISH YOU!

HE MOVES LIKE A PANTHER! GOT TO HURRY OR ... OHHHH!

When the DOLL MAN recovers, he is alone with a corpse ---

NOW I KNOW WHAT THAT COP MEANT! KELPER'S FACE HAS CHANGED TOO -- IN DEATH! HE LOOKS LIKE AN EVIL CARICATURE OF HIMSELF!



Later, when Darrel Dane returns home ---

WHAT TERRIBLE POWER DOES MADAME DIABLO POSSESS TO CHANGE PEOPLE'S APPEARANCE LIKE THAT? DID SHE USE IT ON MARTHA OR ... MARTHA!

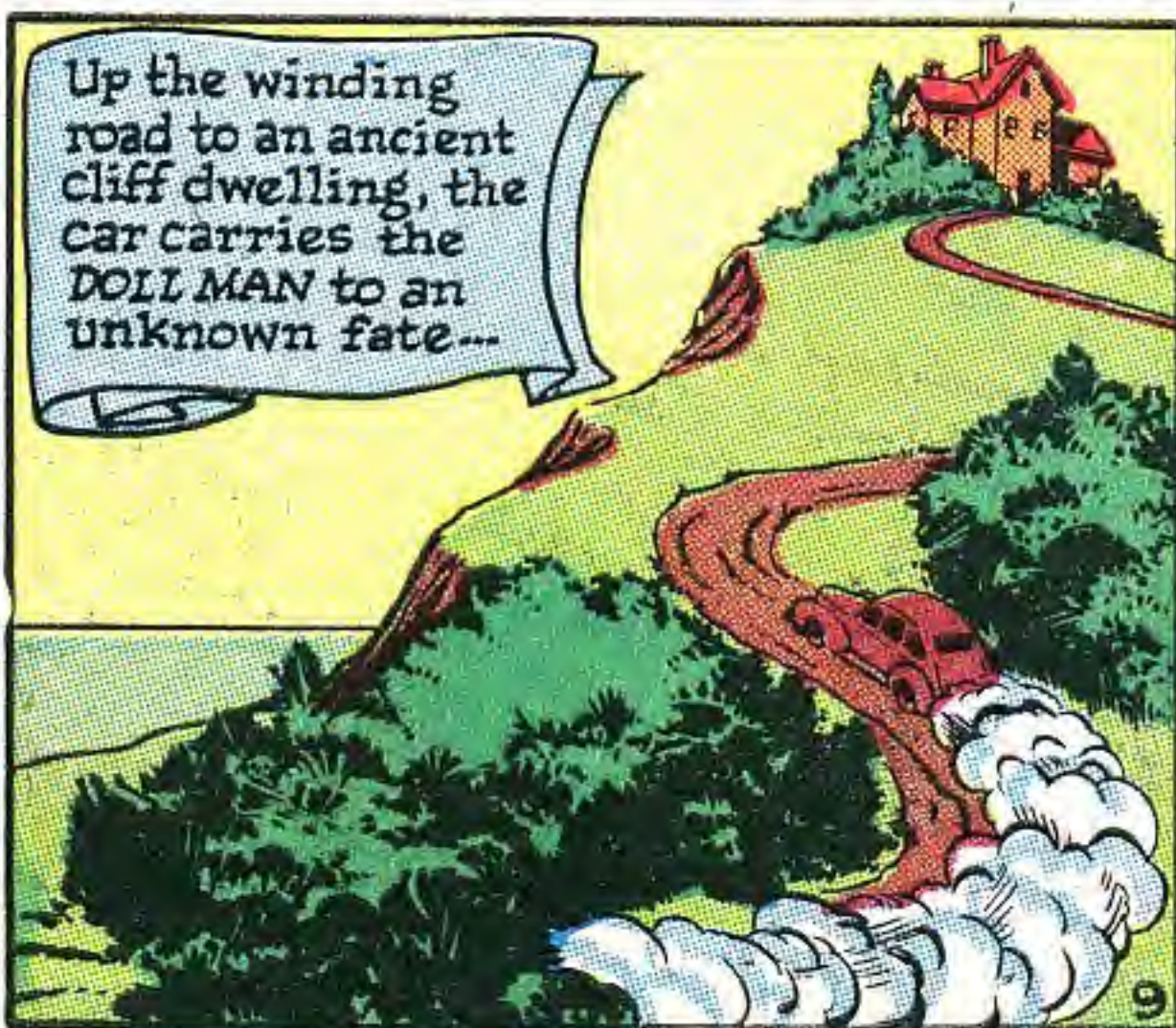
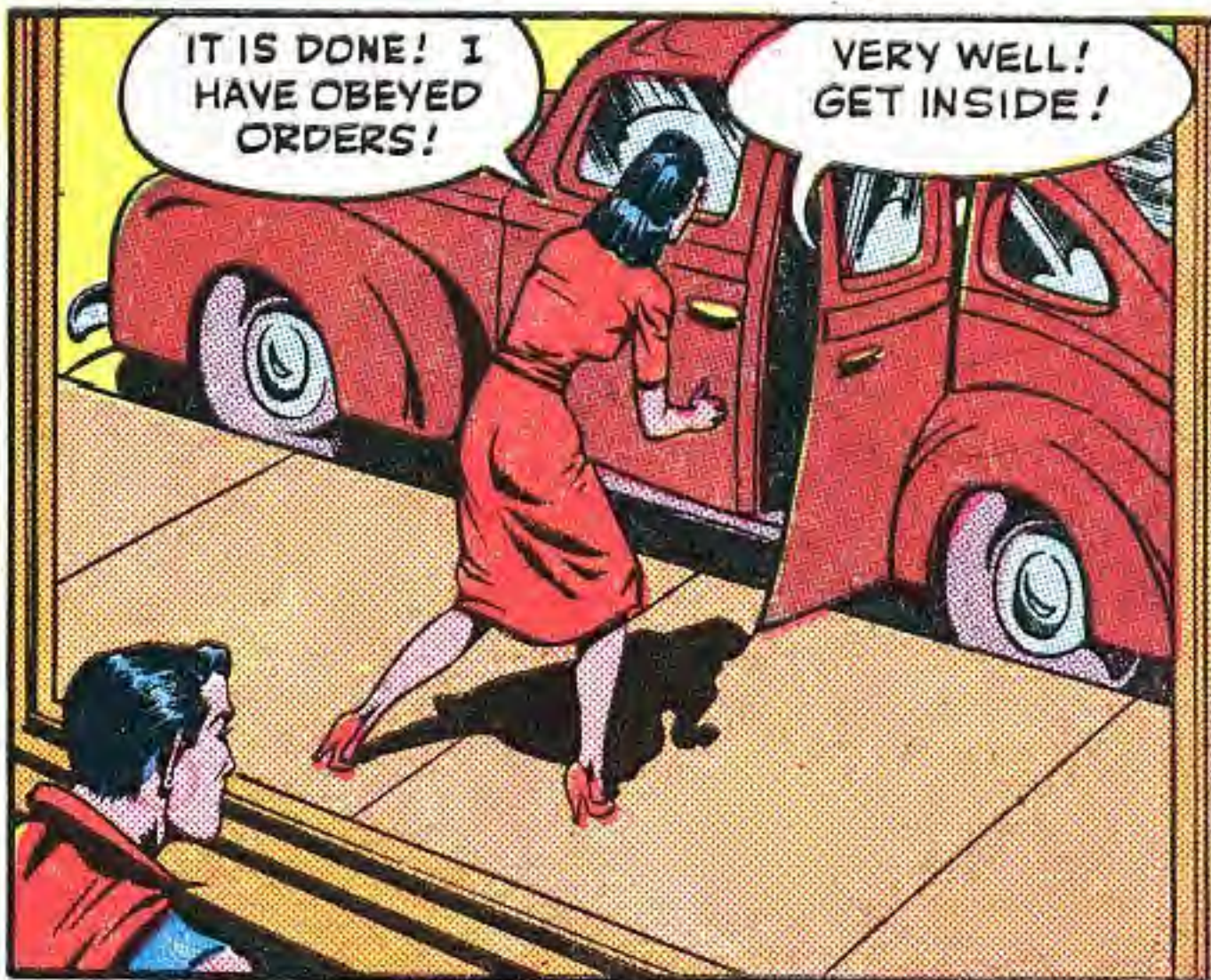
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, DARREL! I NEED YOUR HELP!



WHERE'VE YOU BEEN? WHAT HAPP...

EXPLANATIONS CAN WAIT! YOU MUST FIND THE DOLL MAN! SEND HIM TO THIS ADDRESS -- AT ONCE!







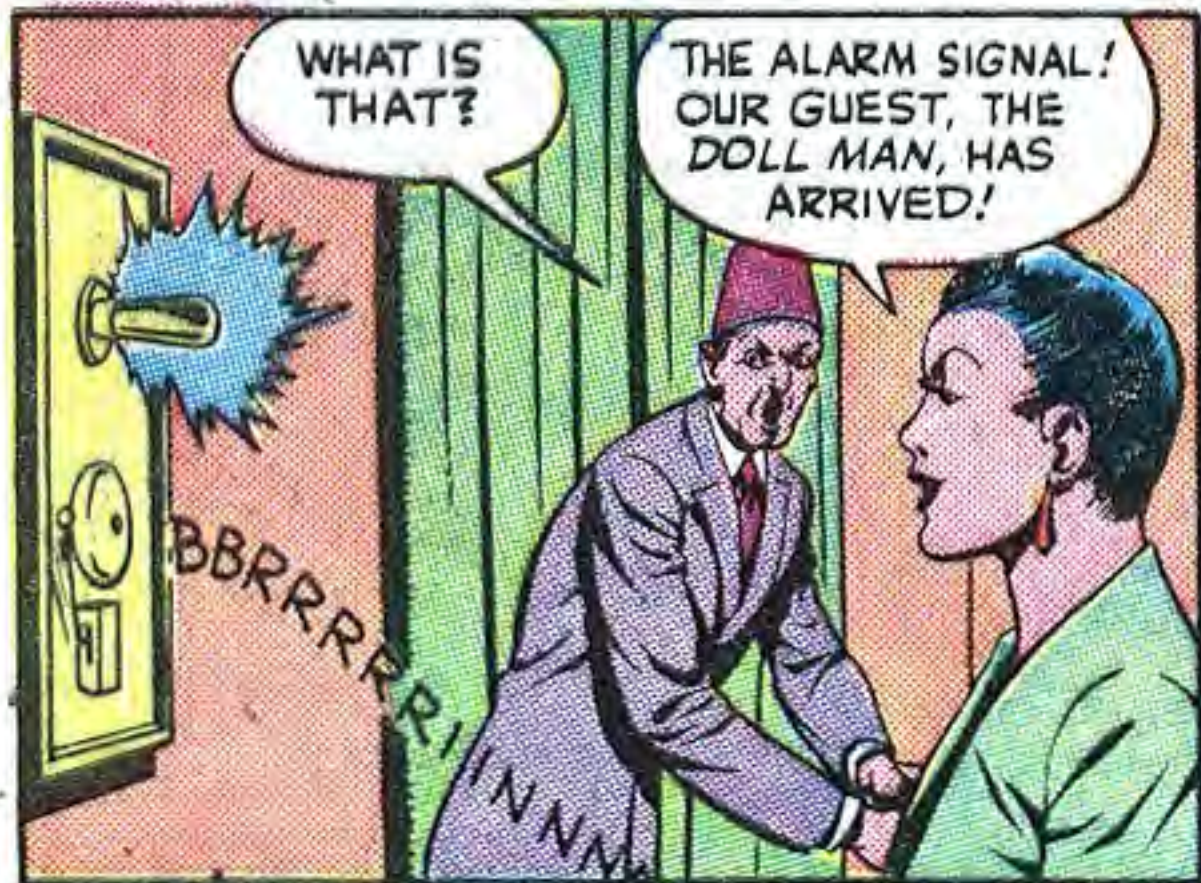
THEN WE MAY EXPECT THE DOLL MAN SHORTLY! GOOD! I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU, SIDAT!



I BROUGHT HIM HERE! AT LAST HE HAS PAID FOR HIS CRIME! BUT NOT BEFORE HE TOLD ME THE HIDING PLACE OF THE SCARAB!



ALL MY LIFE HAS BEEN MADE WORTHY BY THIS MOMENT!



THE ALARM SIGNAL! OUR GUEST, THE DOLL MAN, HAS ARRIVED!



TAKE THE GIRL AWAY! WE WILL BID HIM WELCOME!



THE DOORS AND WINDOWS ARE HIGHLY ELECTRIFIED! HE IS STRONGER THAN I THOUGHT!



ALREADY HE REVIVES!
BRING ME WIRES TO
BIND HIM! QUICKLY,
SIDAT!

WH-WHAT
HAPPENED?
LET ME
GO!



YOU ARE A MIGHTY LITTLE
ONE! BUT YOUR STRENGTH
IS NO MATCH FOR THE
GENIUS OF MADAME
DIABLO!

THESE WIRES
CAN'T HOLD ME
LONG! MY ONLY
CHANCE IS TO
KEEP HER
TALKING!



WHY DID
YOU KILL
HAGGARTY?

YOU FOOL! INSPECTOR
HAGGARTY WAS THE LEADER
OF CRIME IN YOUR CITY!
NO ONE SUSPECTED HIM!
HE MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE,
IF HIS TRAIL HAD NOT
CROSSED THAT OF
MADAME DIABLO...



"It began when a worthless
thief called Dinky Moran
stole the famous ruby scarab
from the visiting Prince
of Ikali....

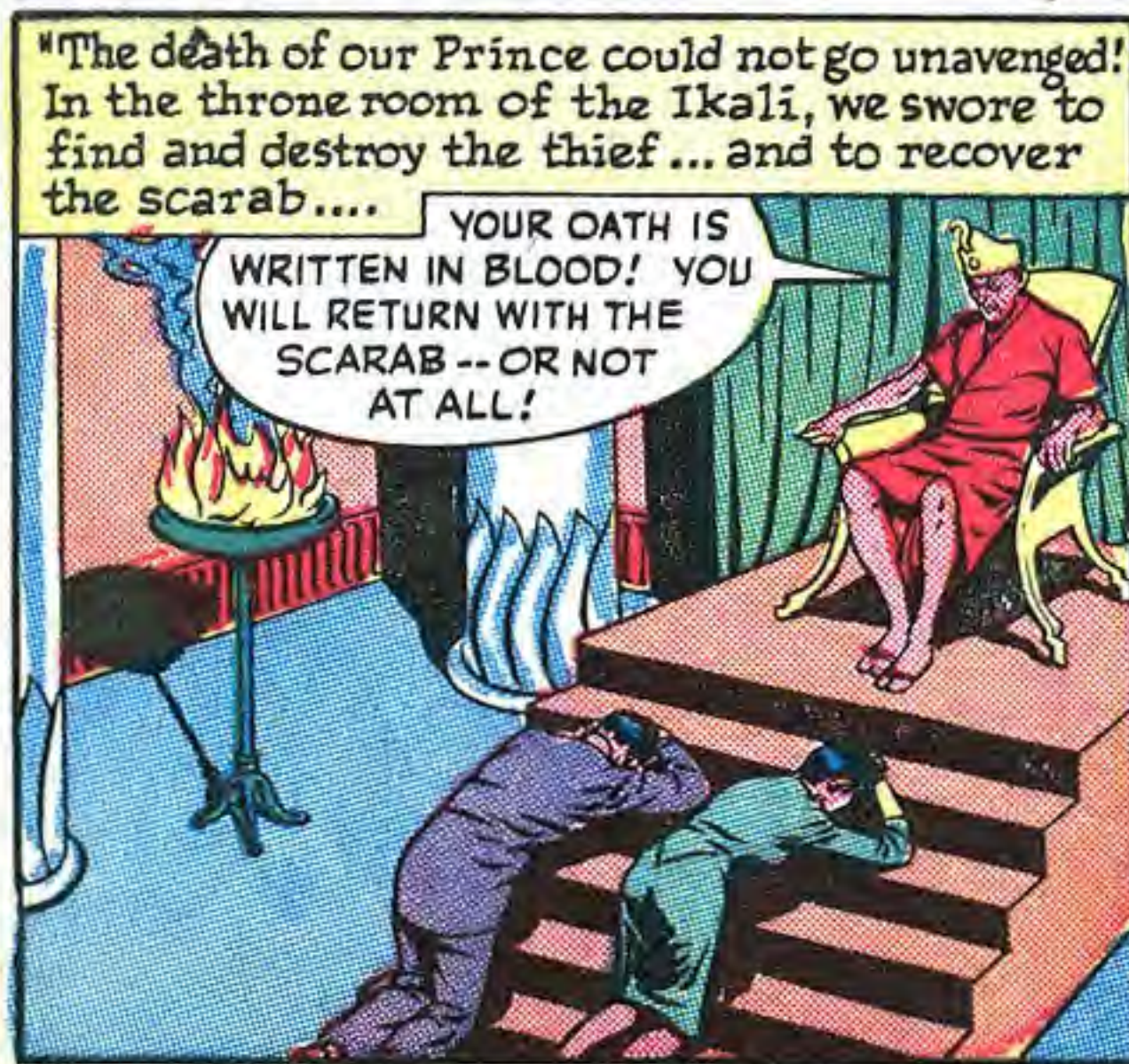
YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU DO! PUT
BACK THE
SCARAB!

NOT ON YOUR
LIFE! THIS RUBY
IS WORTH A
FORTUNE!



"In the struggle, the Prince was slain!
Dinky Moran escaped, or so he thought....

TOO BAD YOU
DIDN'T SEE IT MY
WAY, PRINCE!



"The death of our Prince could not go unavenged!
In the throne room of the Ikali, we swore to
find and destroy the thief... and to recover
the scarab....

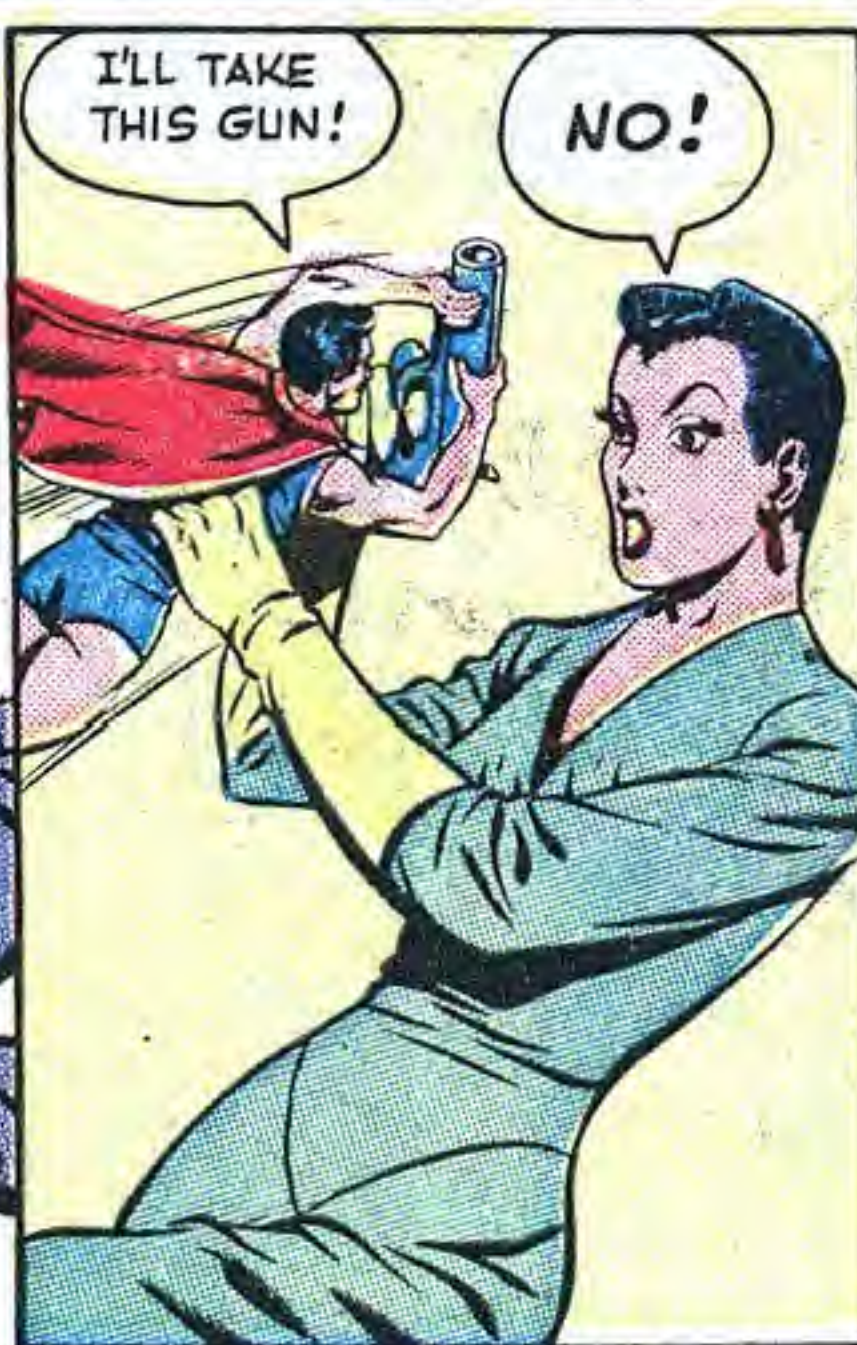
YOUR OATH IS
WRITTEN IN BLOOD! YOU
WILL RETURN WITH THE
SCARAB -- OR NOT
AT ALL!



DINKY MORAN HAD BEEN ARRESTED
FOR HIS CRIME! BUT HE BOUGHT
HIS FREEDOM FROM INSPECTOR
HAGGARTY -- FOR THE PRICE OF
THE SCARAB! HAGGARTY
APPOINTED JAMES KELPER
TO DEFEND HIM IN A TRIAL
WHICH WAS FIXED FOR
ACQUITTAL! SO THEY
ALL HAD TO DIE!

SO THAT'S
YOUR STORY!

ANOTHER
SECOND AND
I'LL BE FREE!





TOO LATE! I WAS WRONG, AFTER ALL! MADAME DIABLO DID GET AWAY!

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW, MARTHA! MADAME DIABLO WAS AN ACCOMPLISHED HYPNOTIST! BUT HER POWERS CANNOT SURVIVE NOW THAT SHE IS DEAD!

I--I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING THAT HAPPENED AFTER I CAME TO THIS PLACE! ONLY--ONLY THAT SOMEONE WAS LOOKING FOR A RUBY SCARAB!



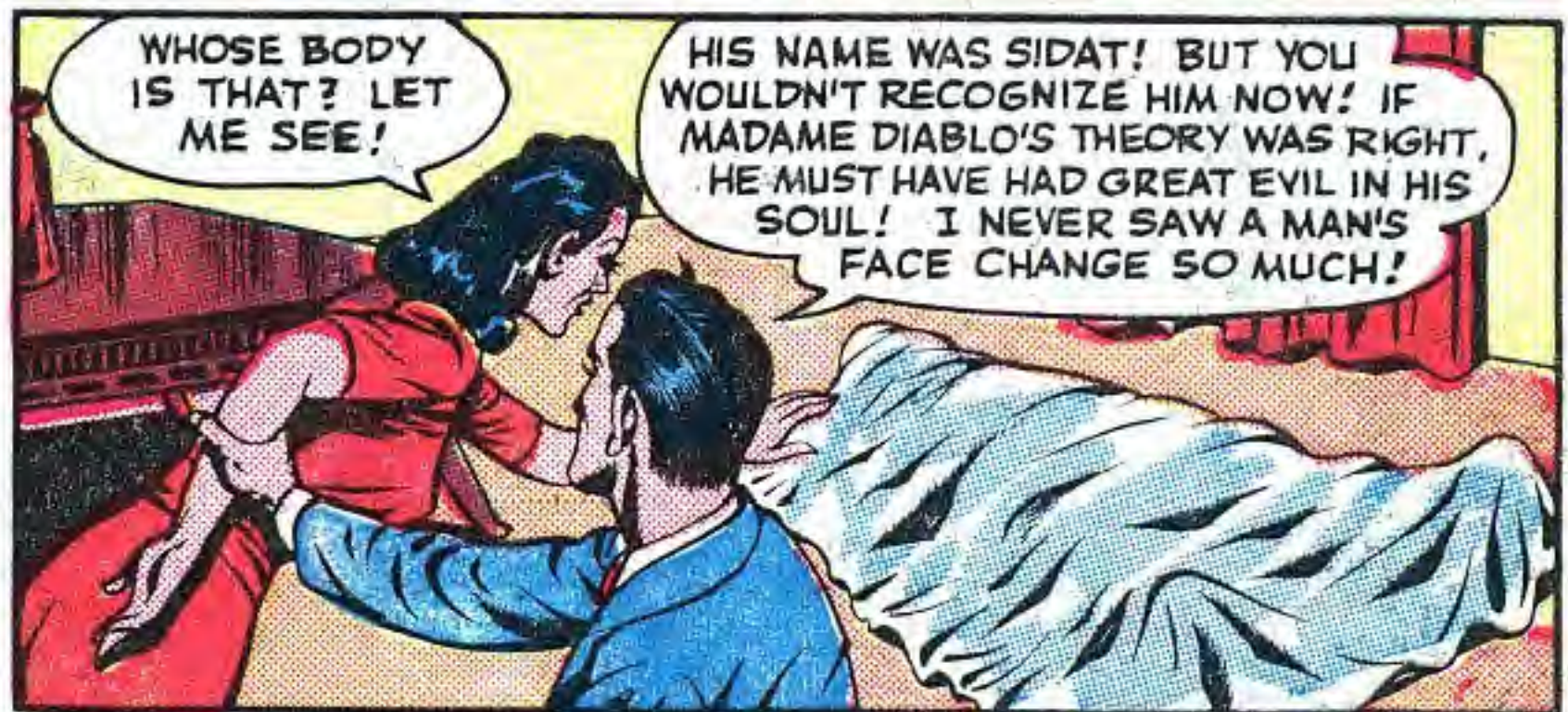
BUT SHE FOUND DEATH INSTEAD OF CAPTURE! SHE KEPT THE OATH--WITH HER LIFE! THAT MEANS THE DOLL MAN'S JOB IS FINISHED!



Darrel Dane returns to the house...

SIDAT'S DEAD! THE POISON OF IKALI IS SWIFT--AND MERCILESS!

I--I FEEL DIZZY!... DARREL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



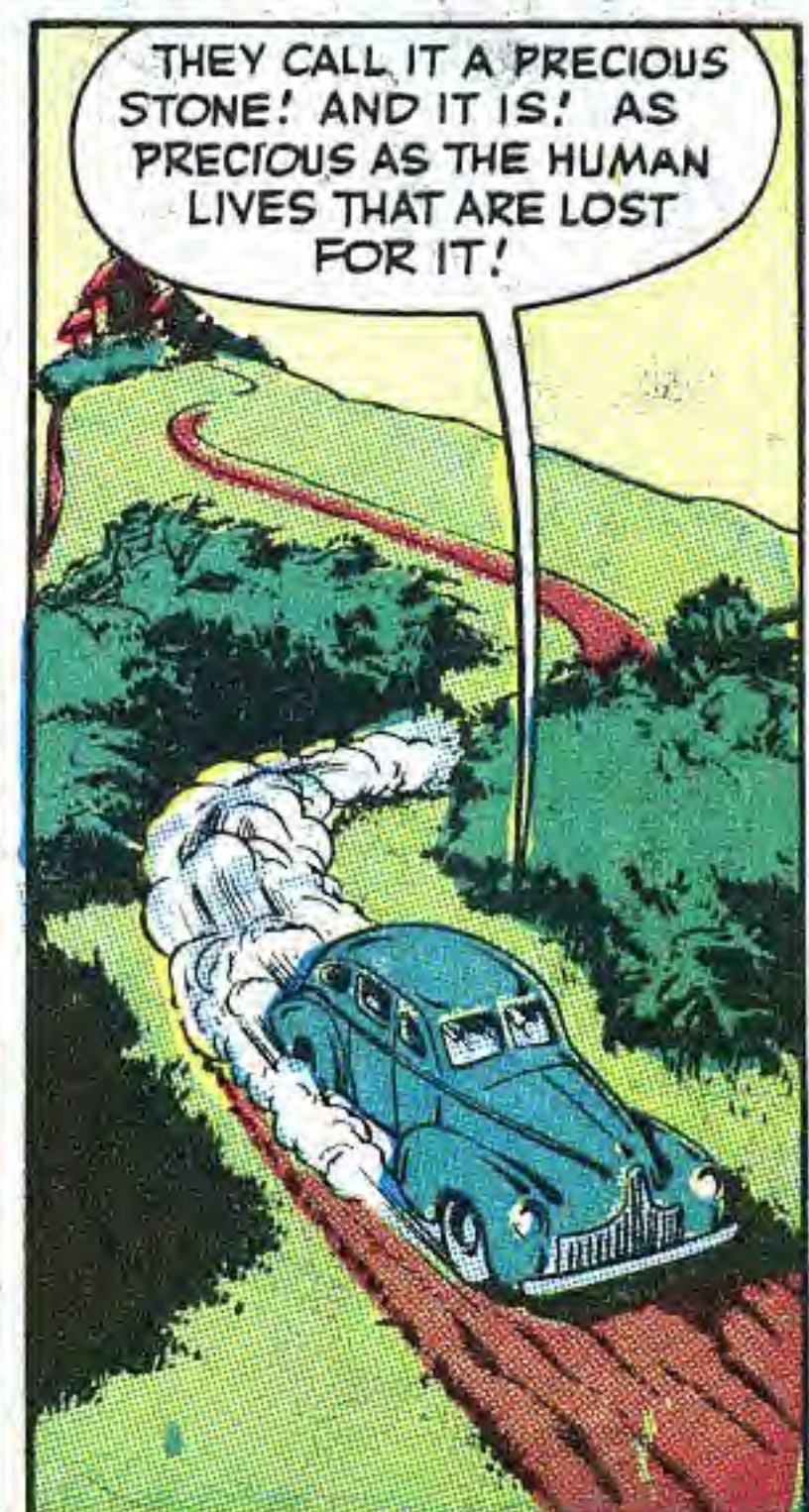
WHOSE BODY IS THAT? LET ME SEE!

HIS NAME WAS SIDAT! BUT YOU WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE HIM NOW! IF MADAME DIABLO'S THEORY WAS RIGHT, HE MUST HAVE HAD GREAT EVIL IN HIS SOUL! I NEVER SAW A MAN'S FACE CHANGE SO MUCH!



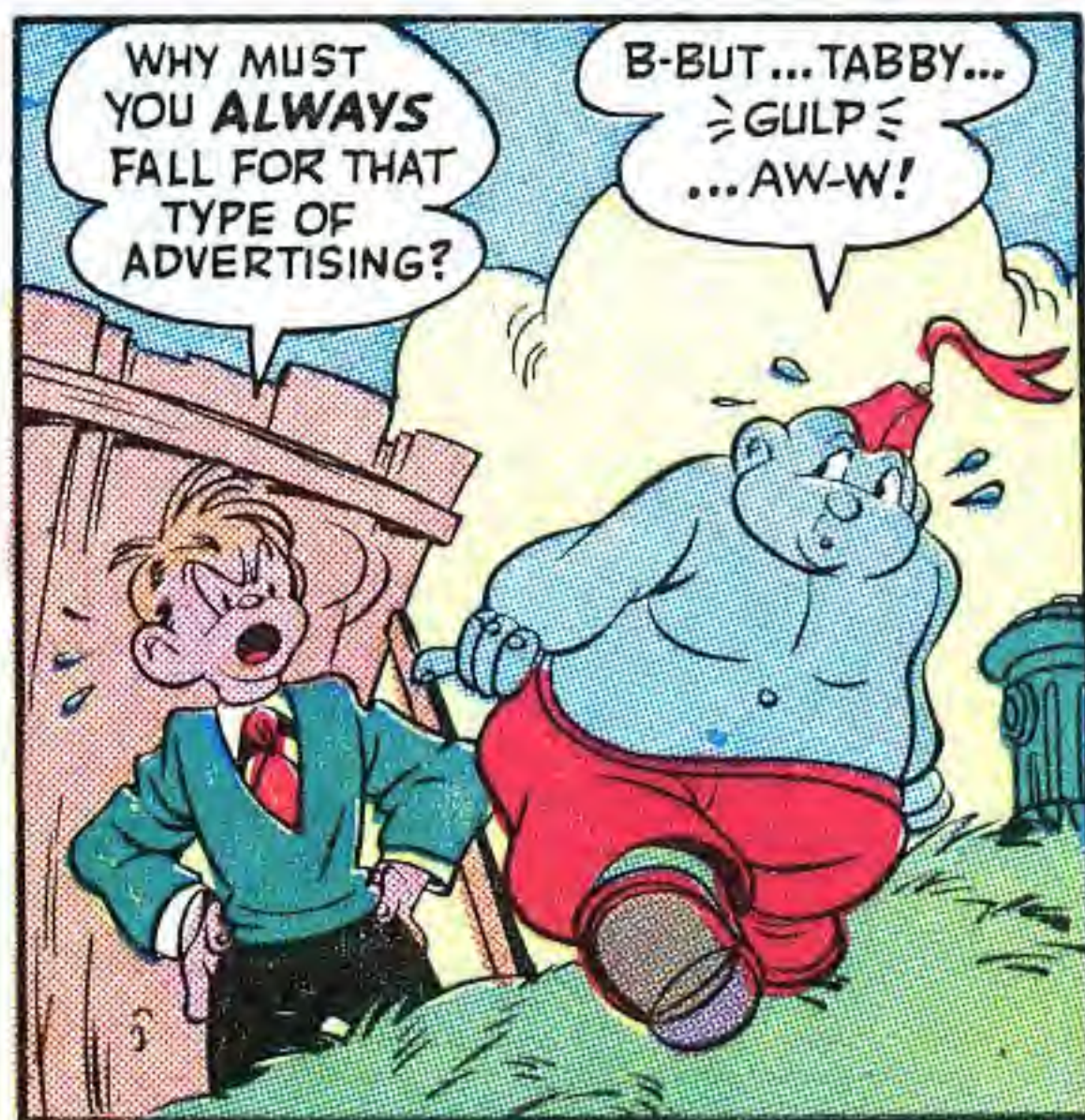
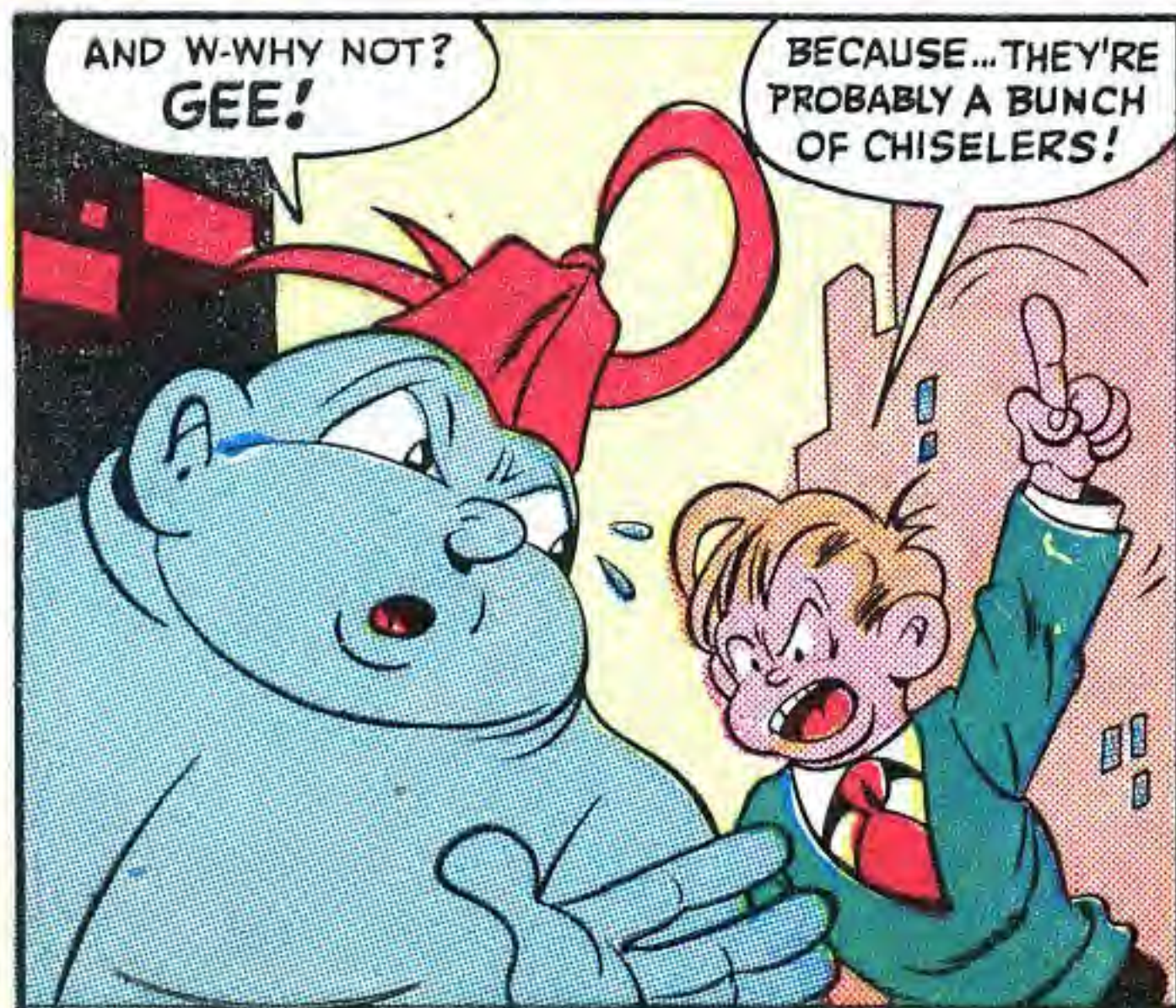
DID THEY EVER FIND IT?

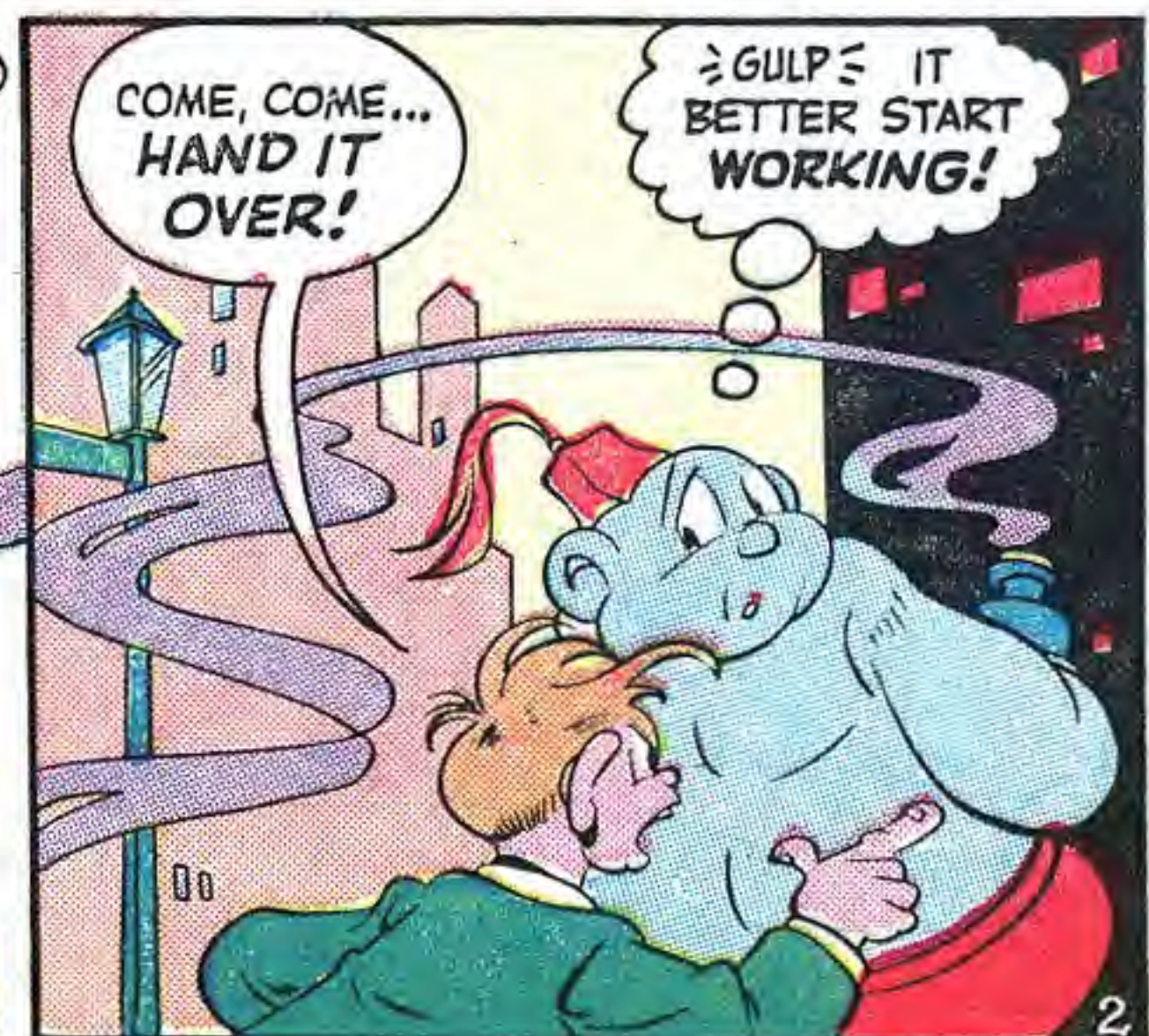
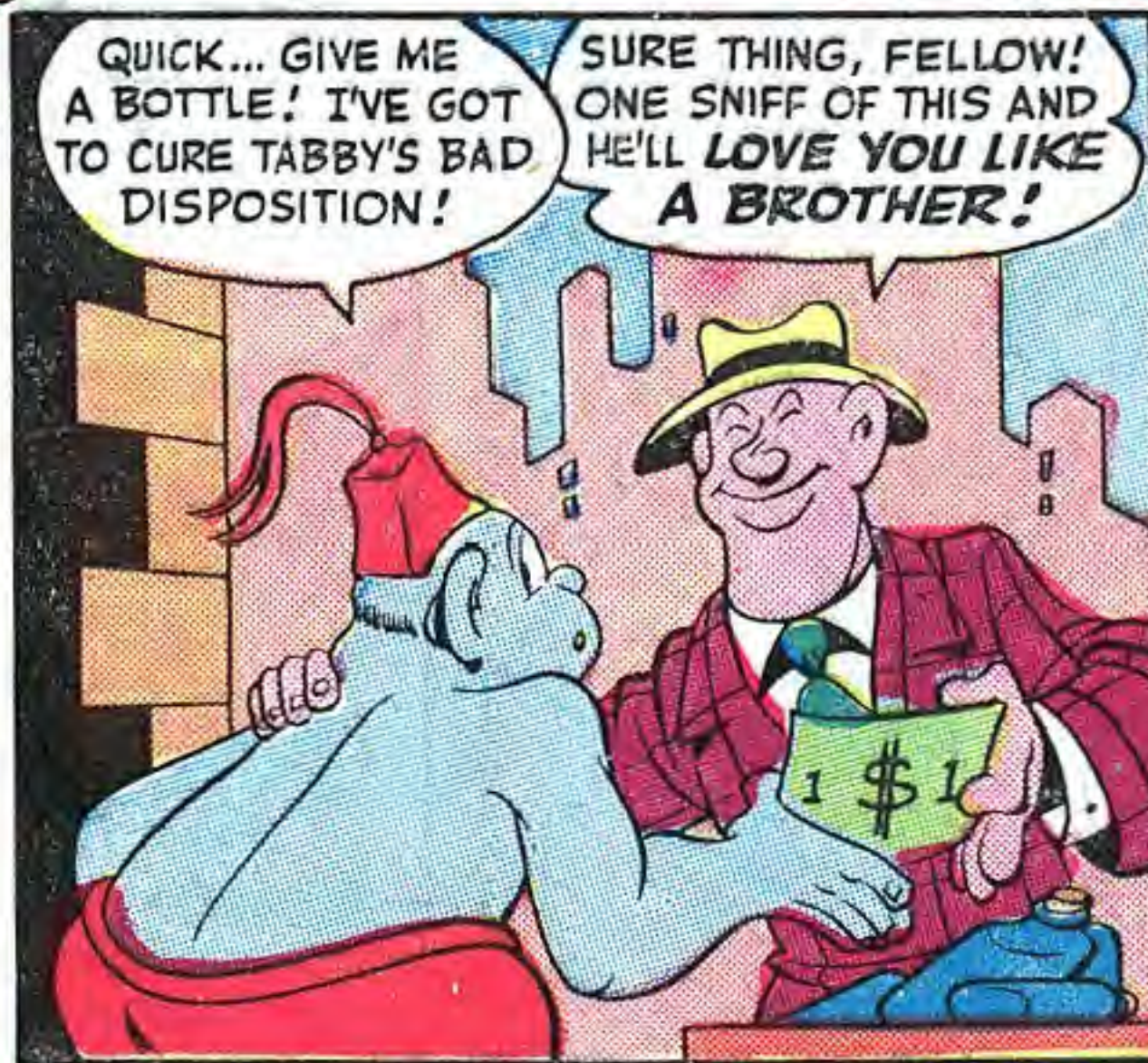
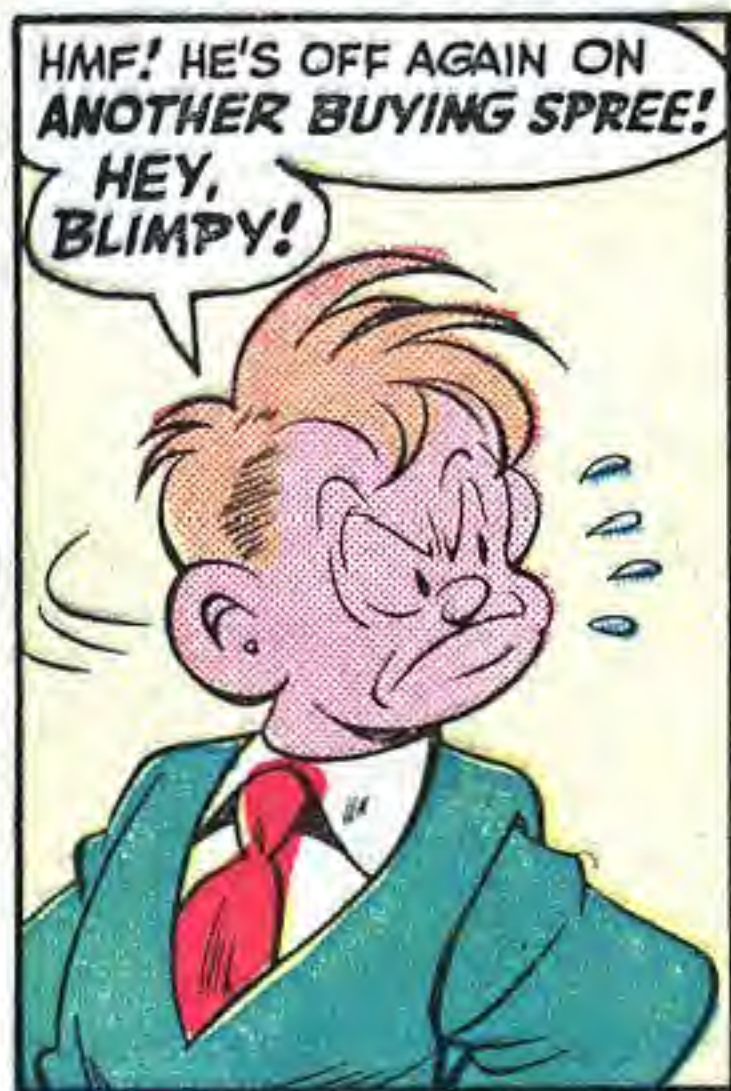
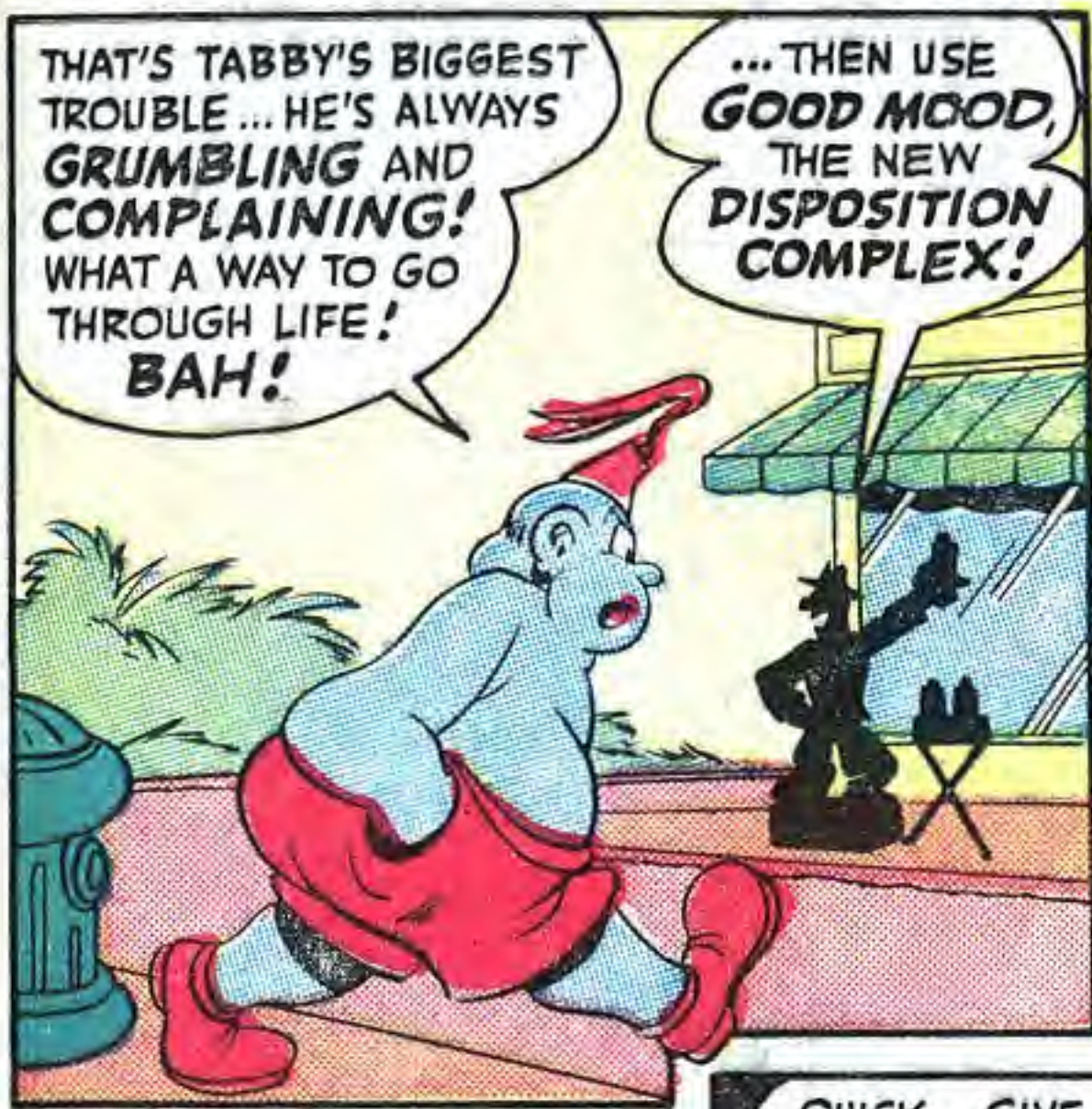
YES, THE PROMISE OF IKALI WAS KEPT! STRANGE, BUT I NEVER KNEW UNTIL NOW WHY A RUBY IS THE COLOR OF BLOOD...

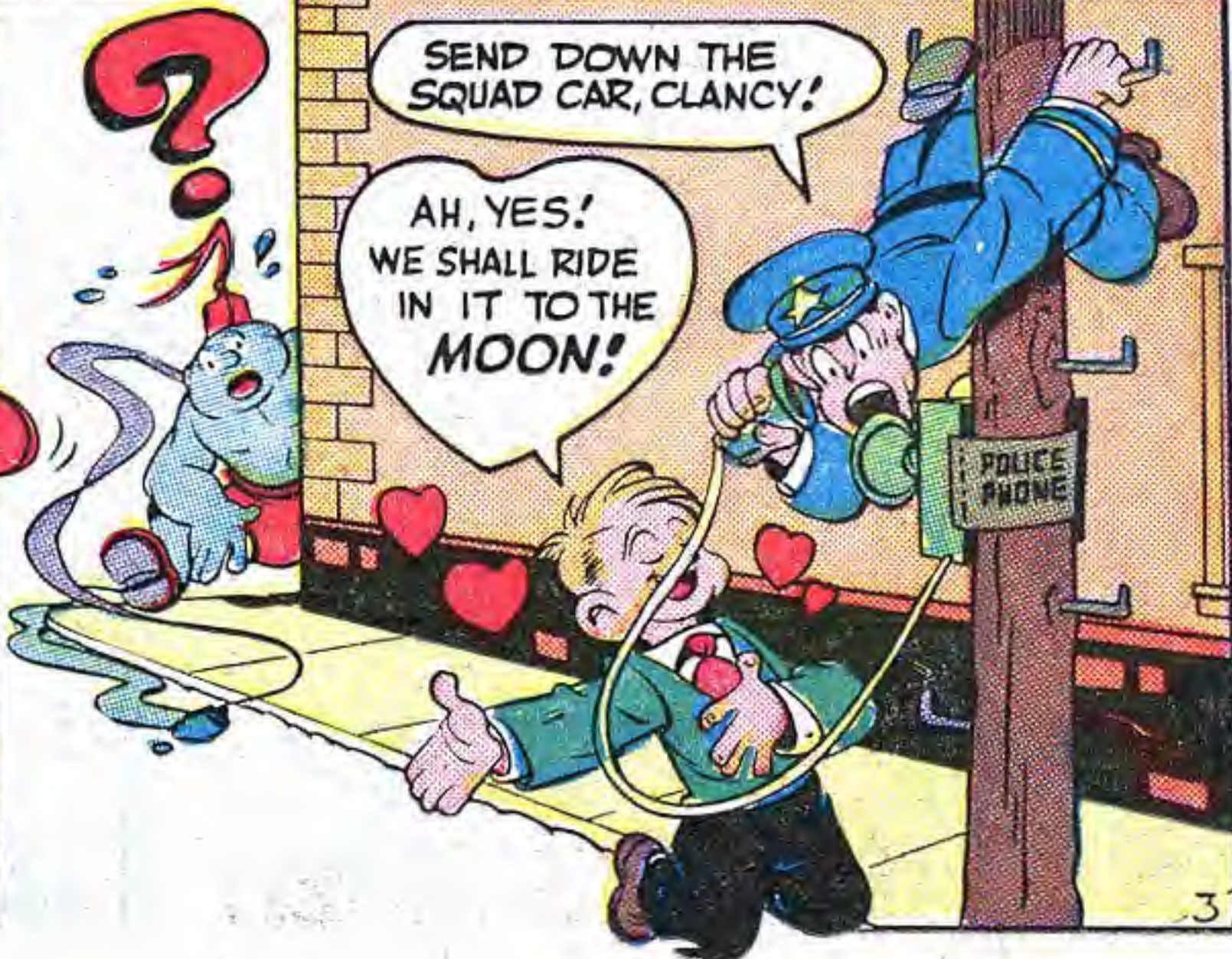
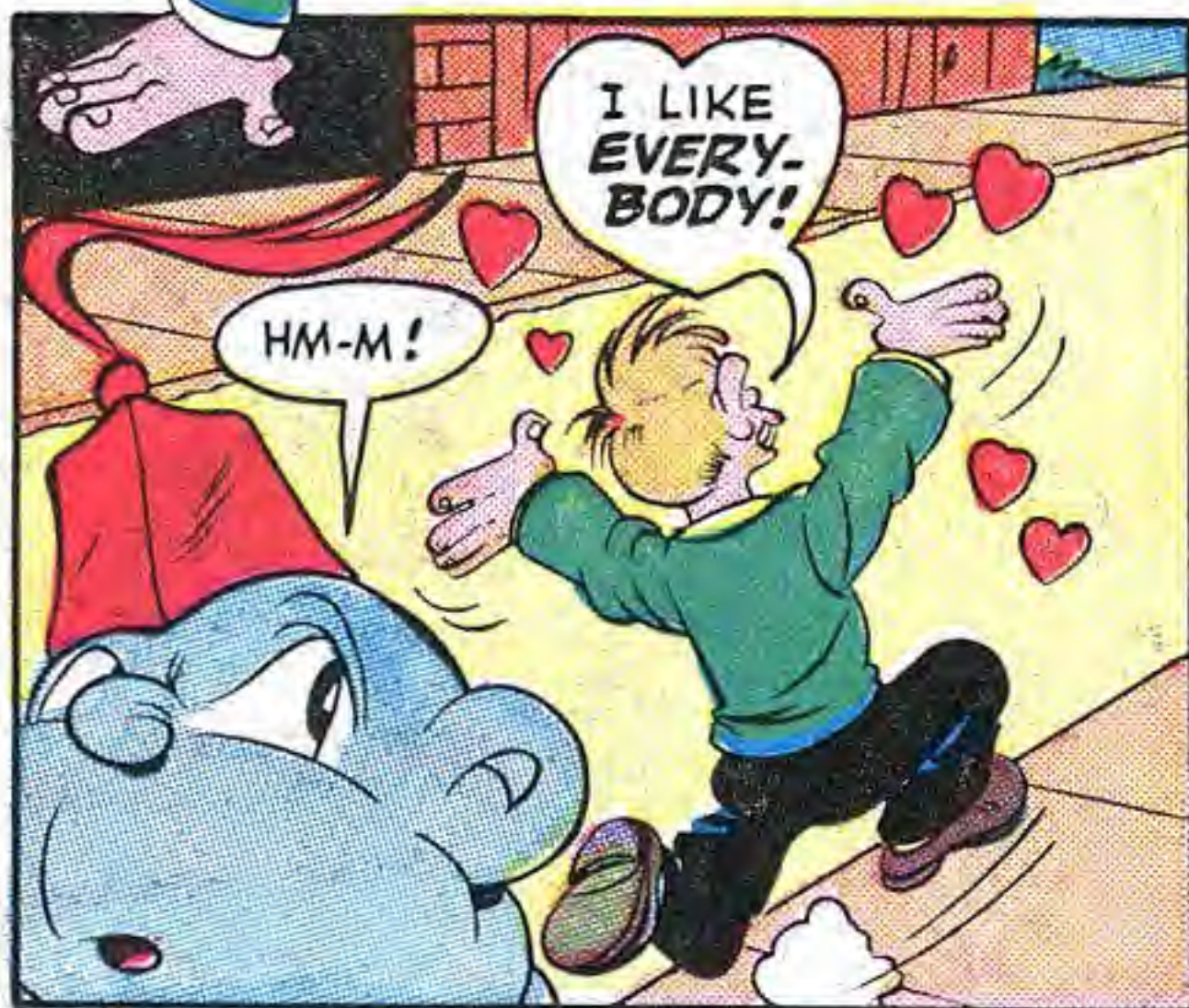
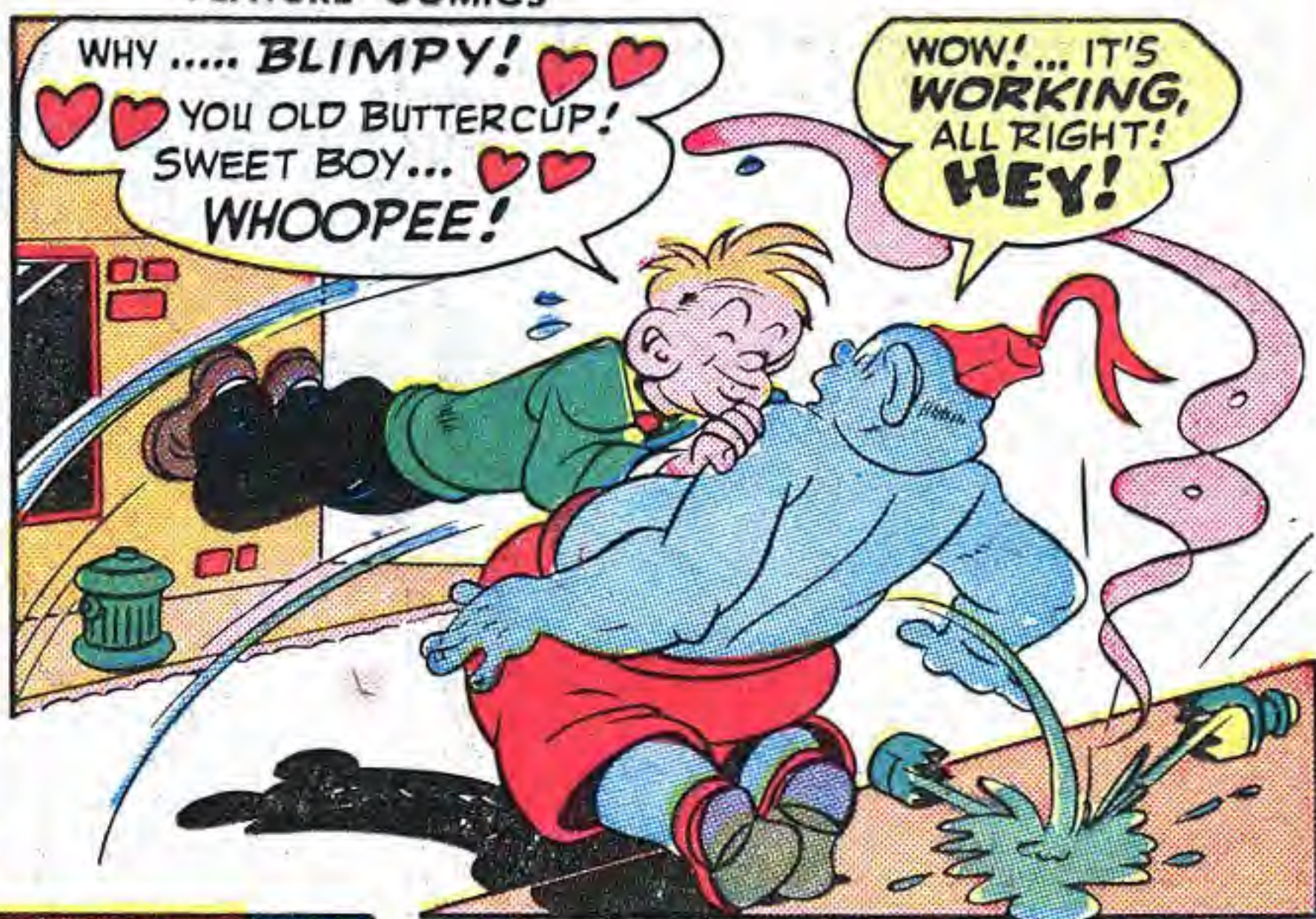


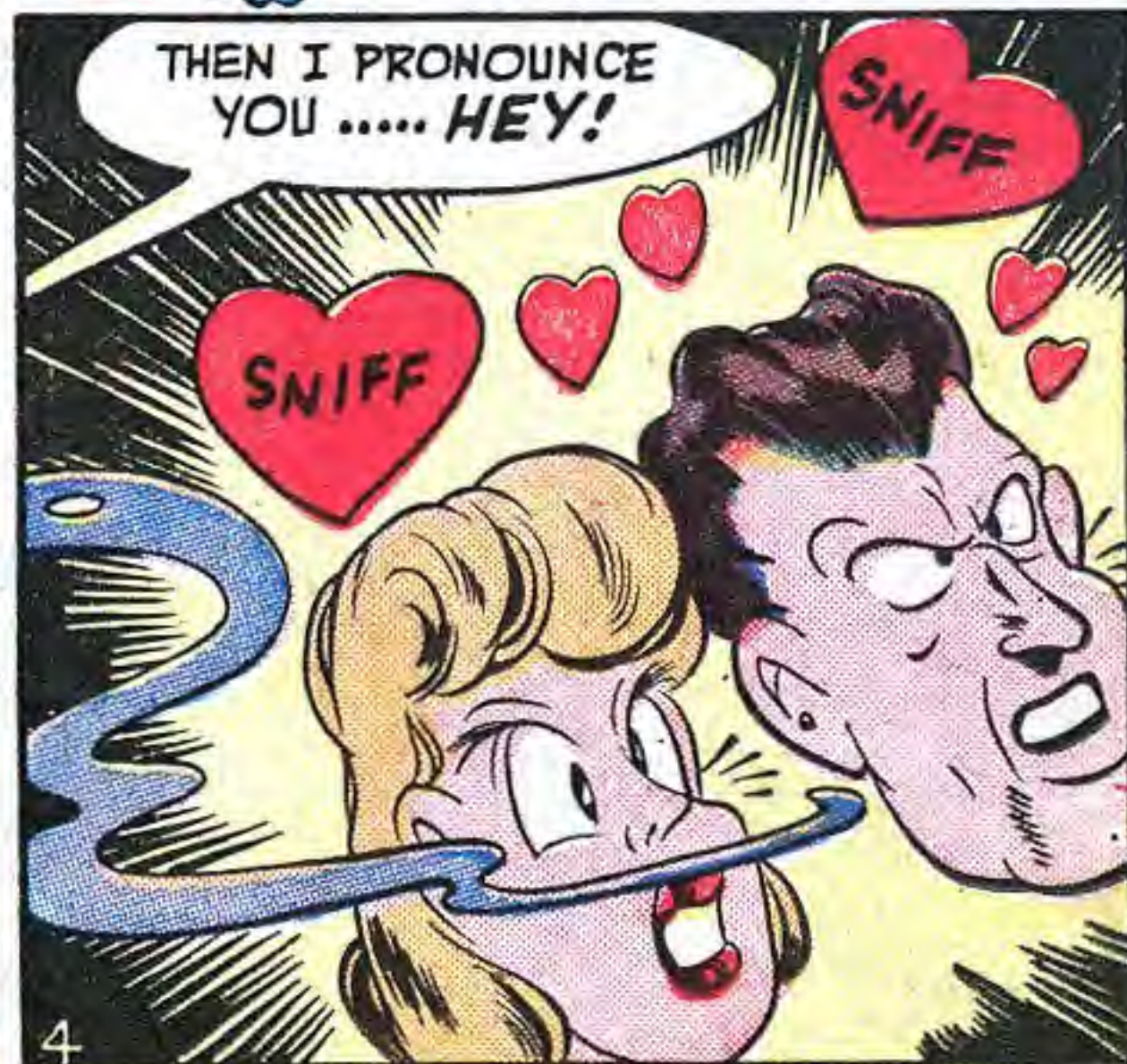
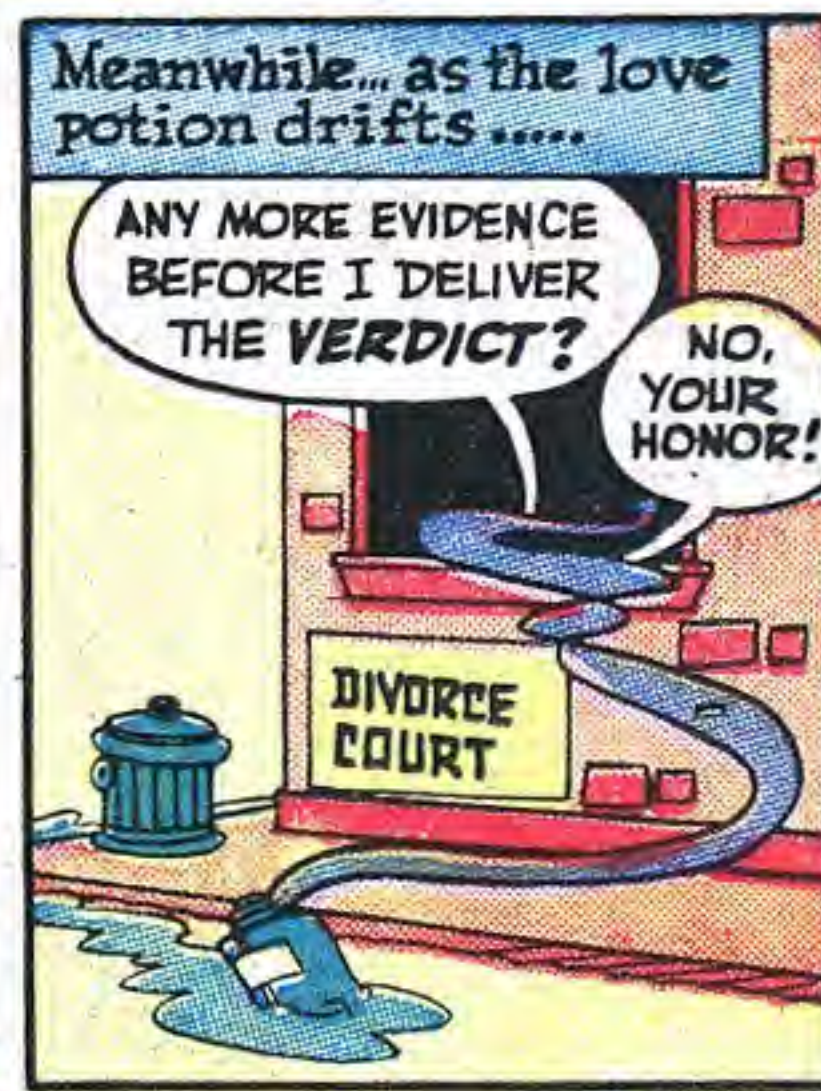
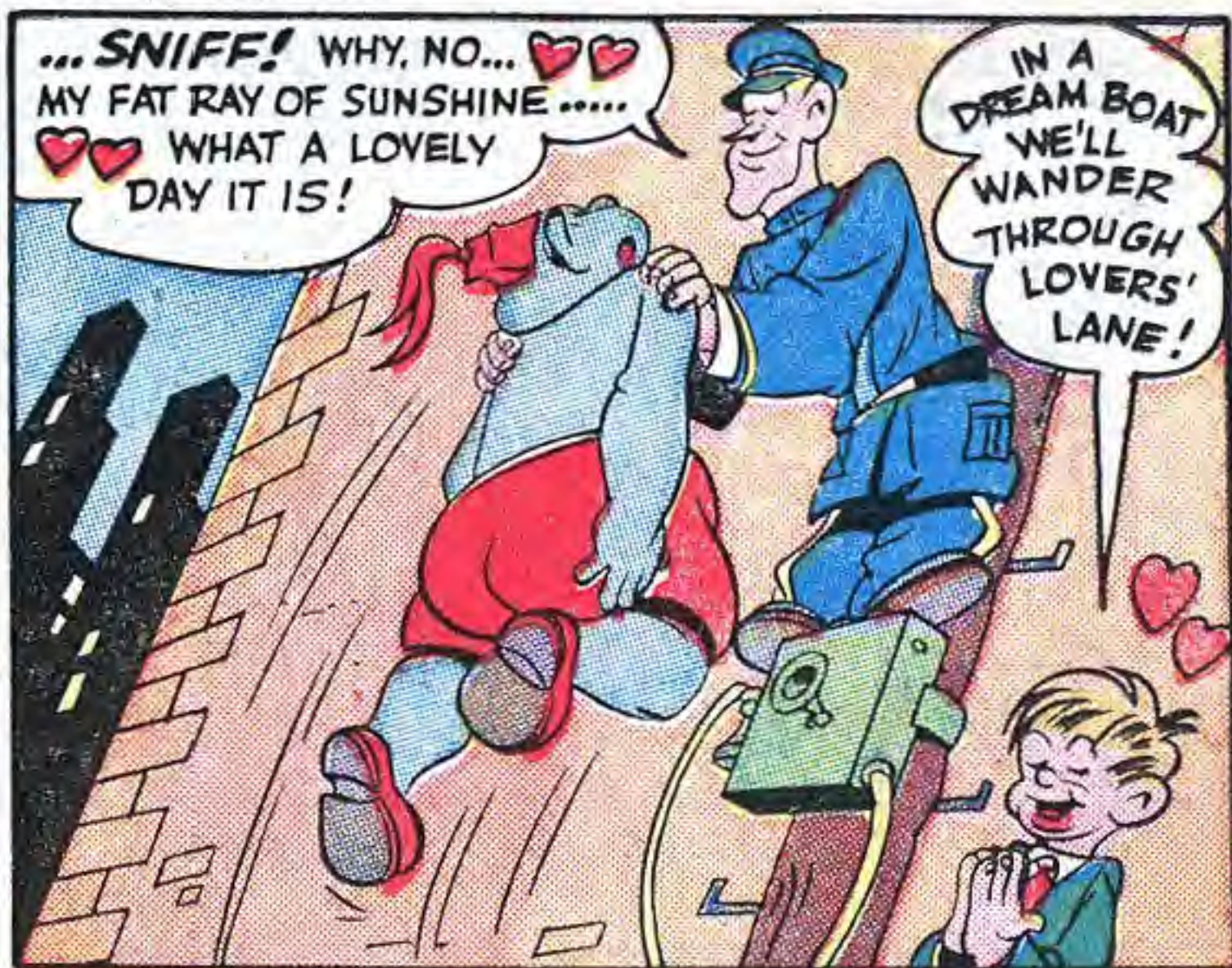
THEY CALL IT A PRECIOUS STONE! AND IT IS! AS PRECIOUS AS THE HUMAN LIVES THAT ARE LOST FOR IT!

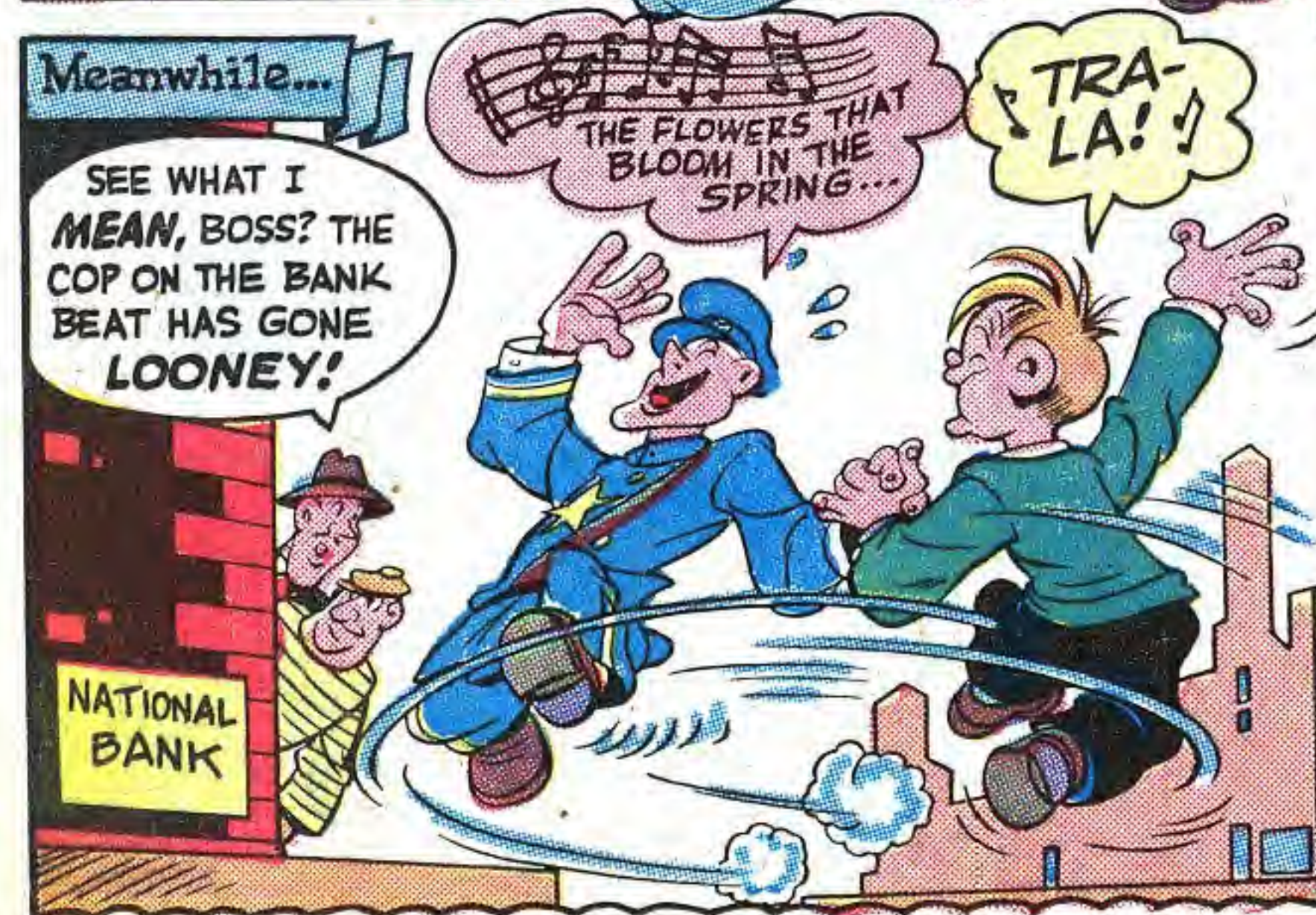
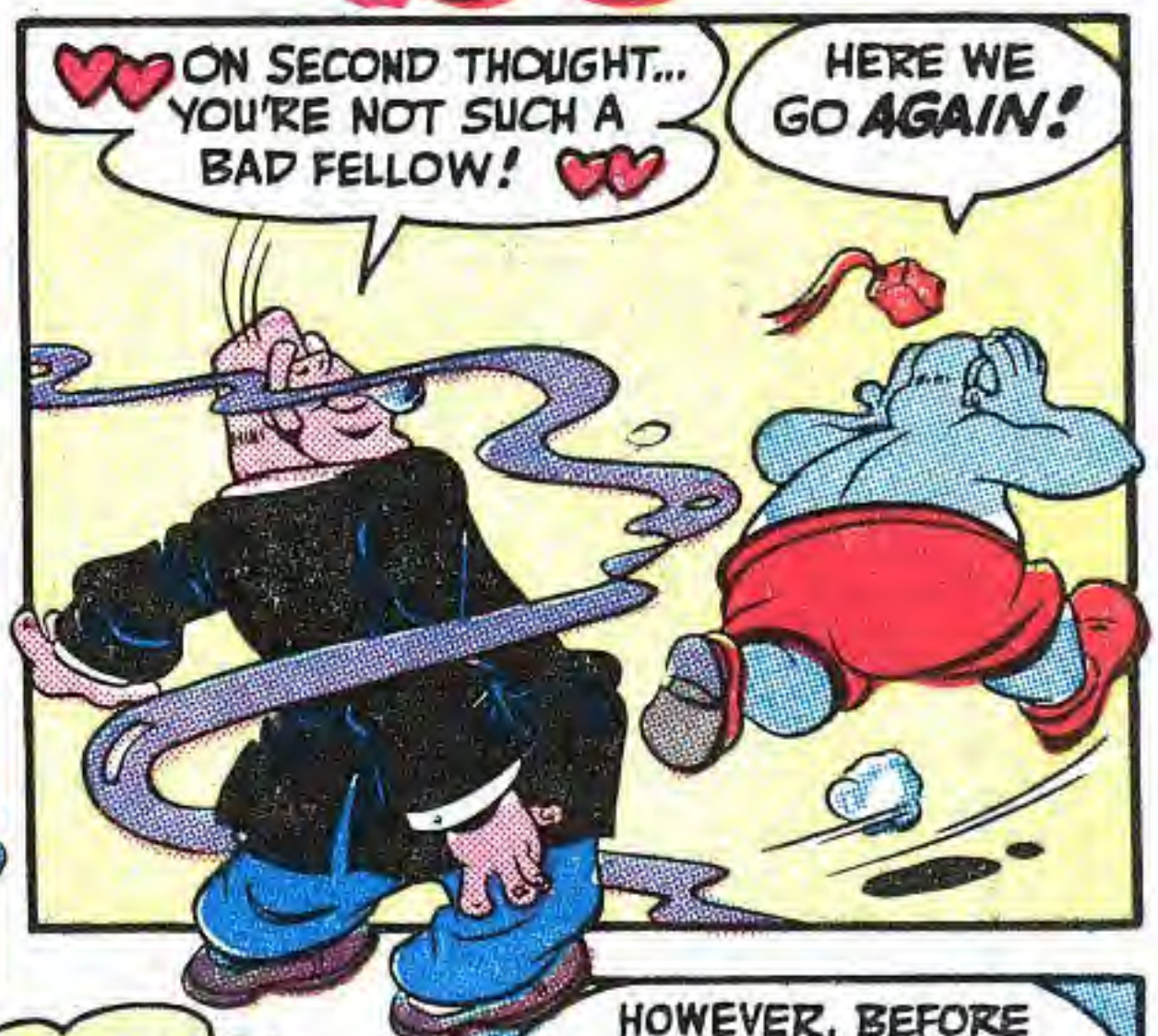
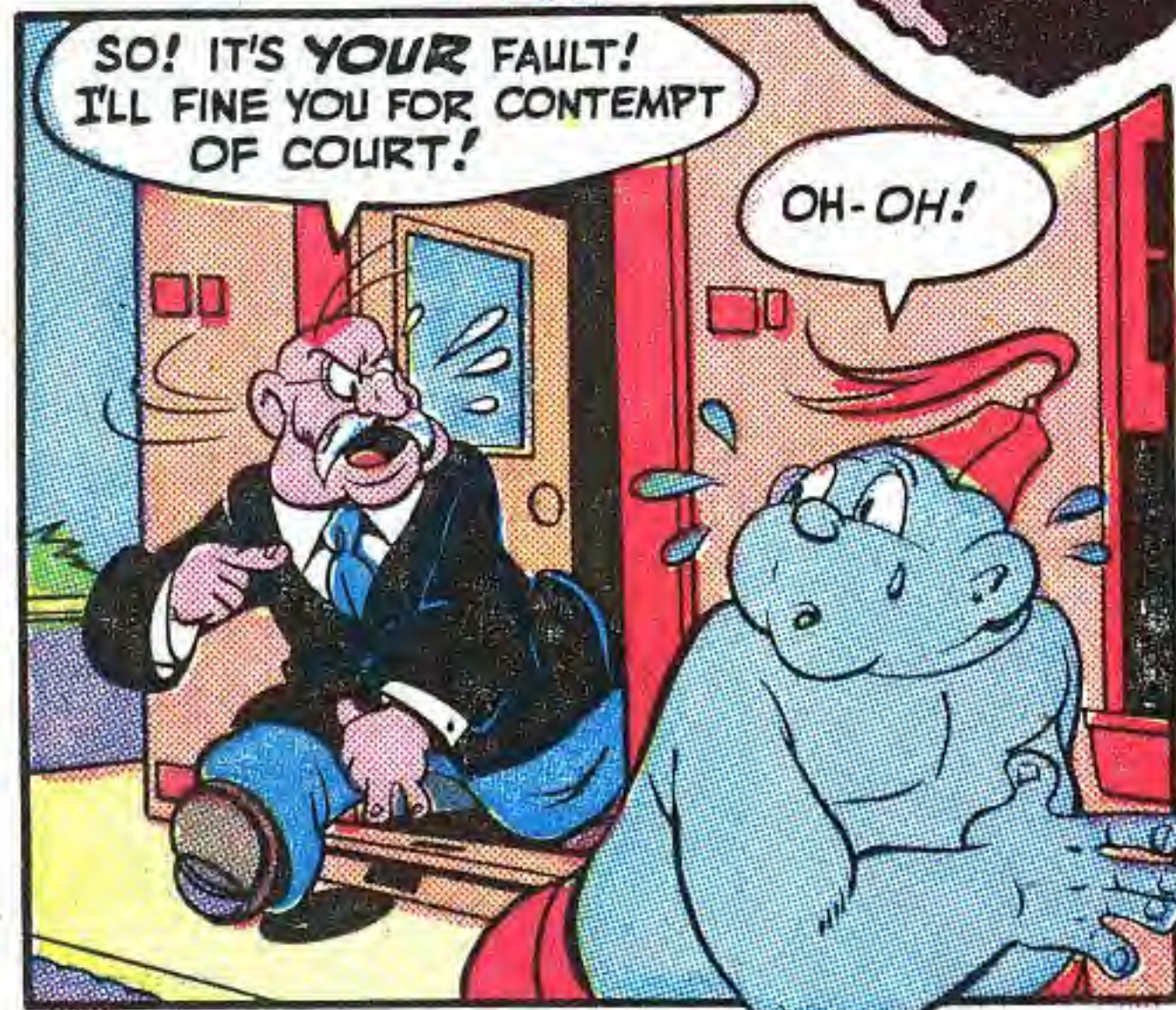
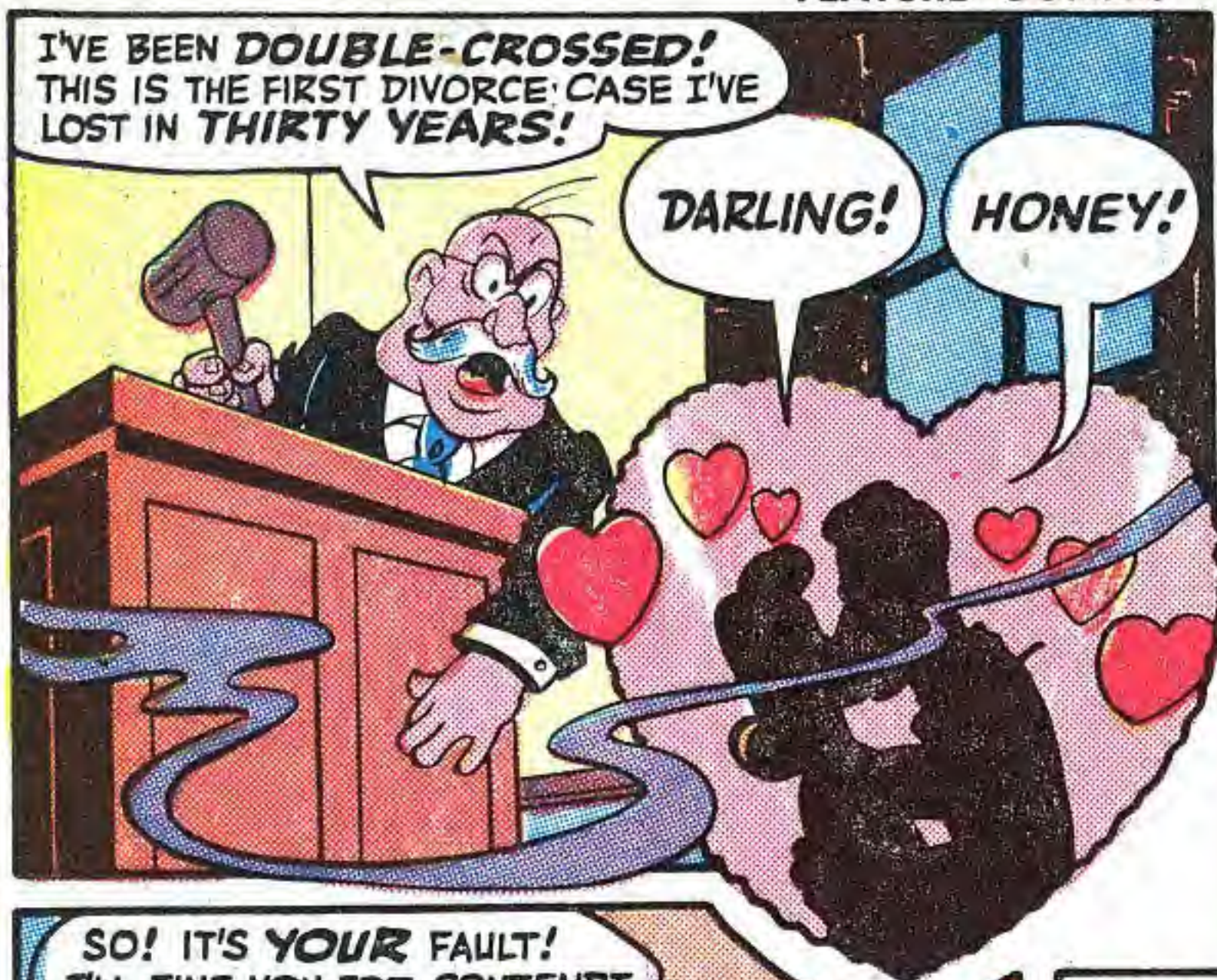
BLIMPY

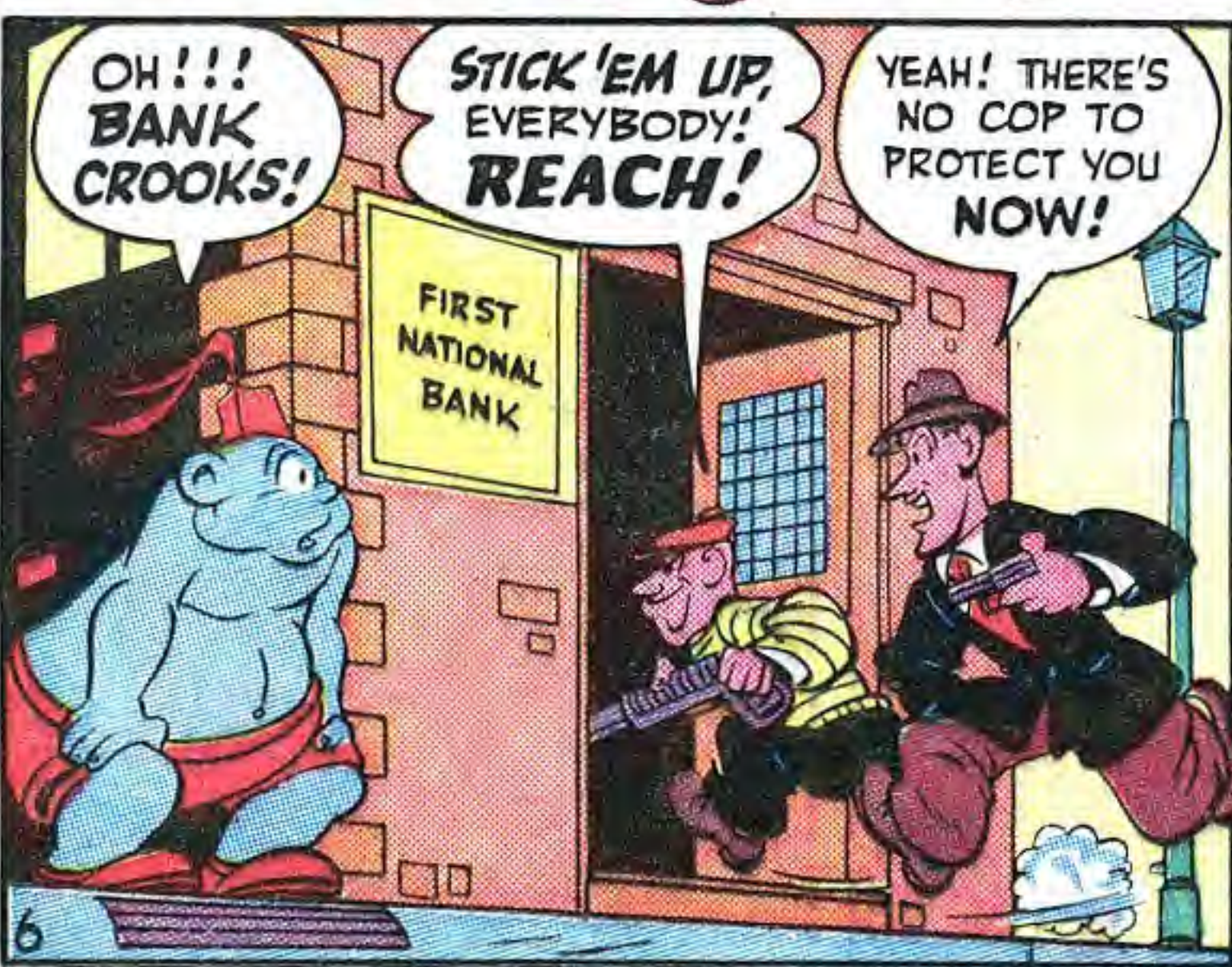
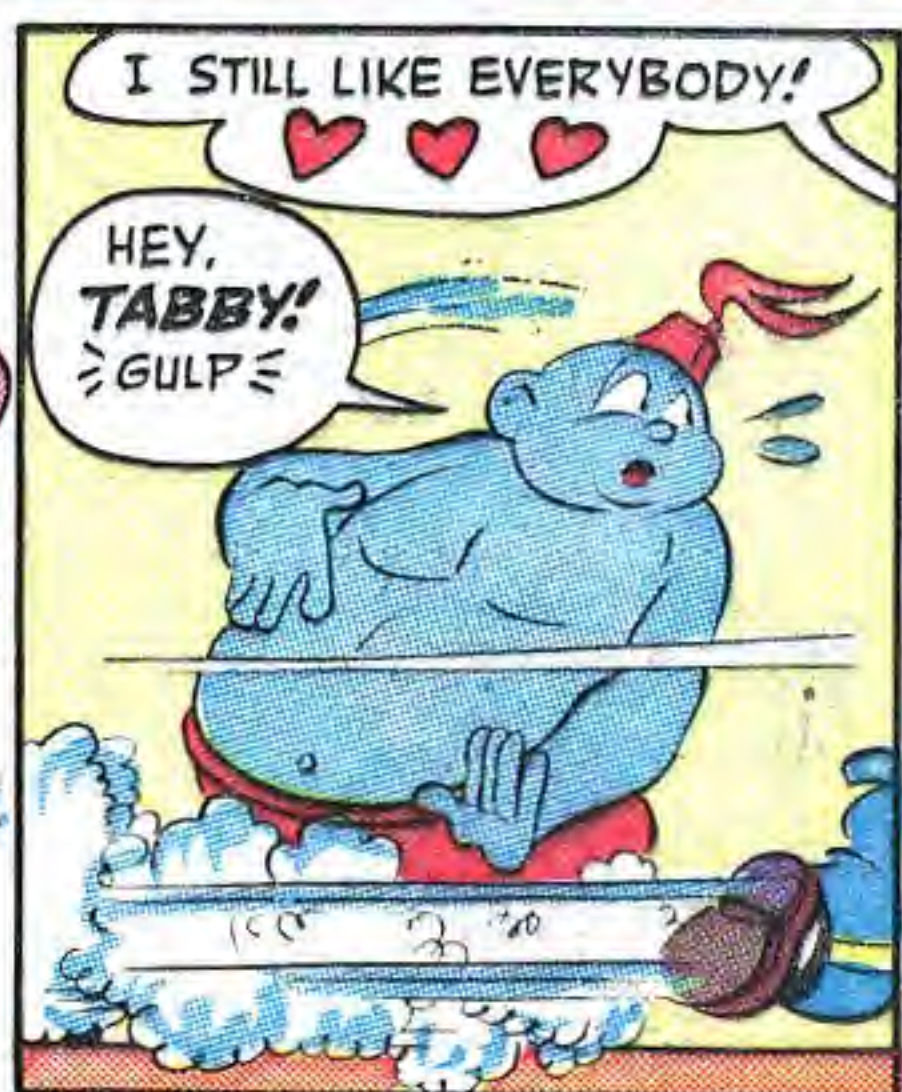
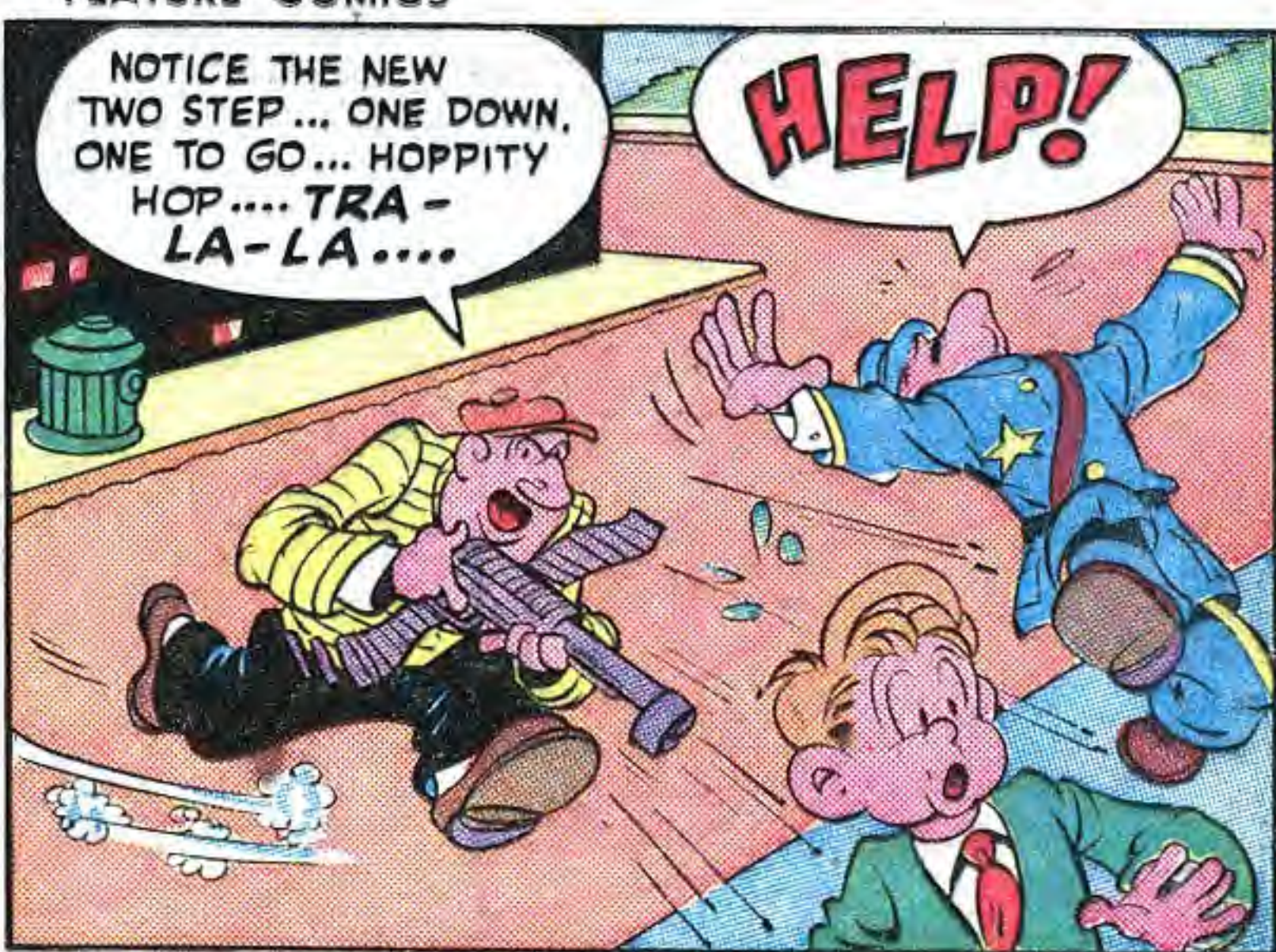


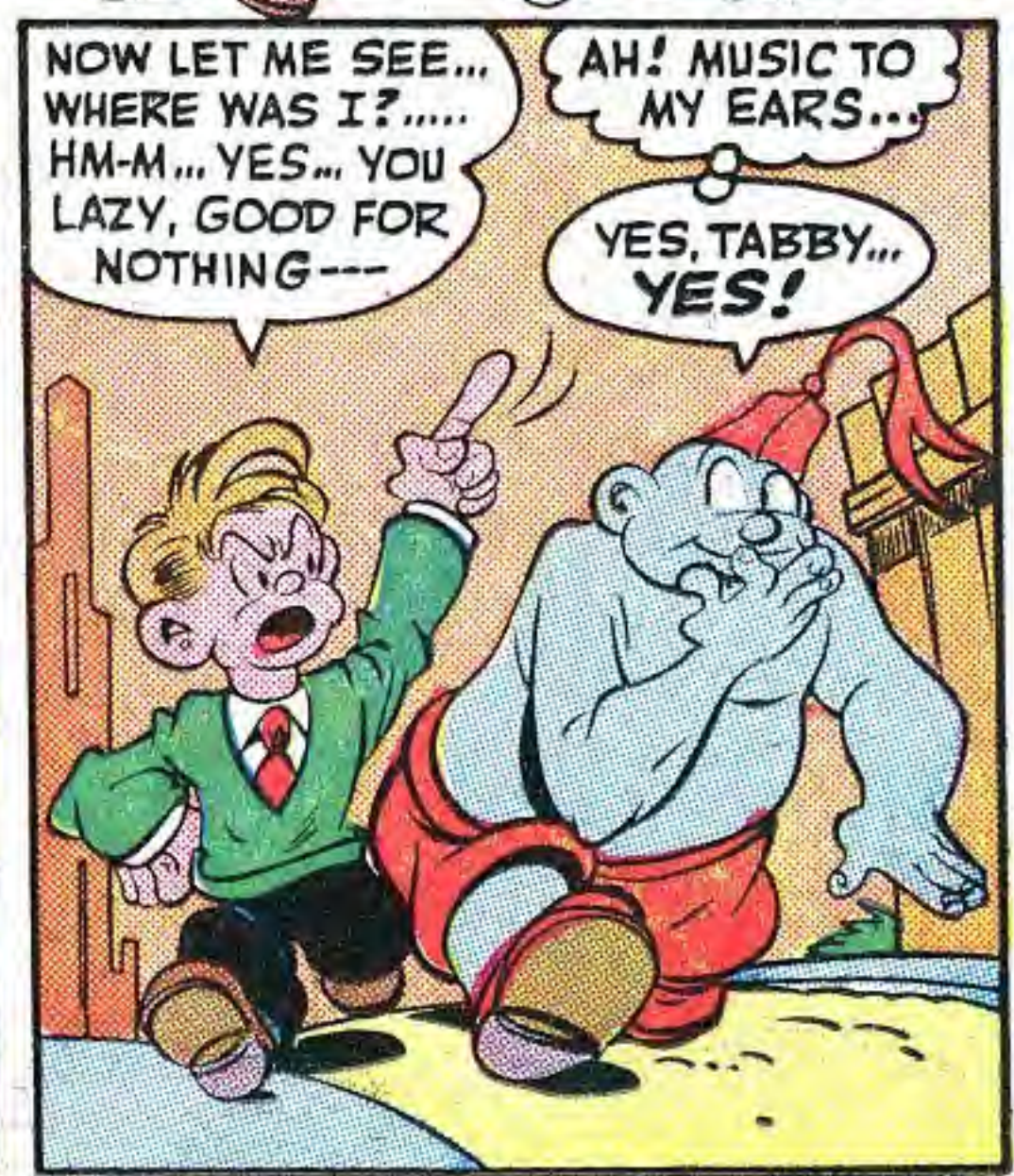
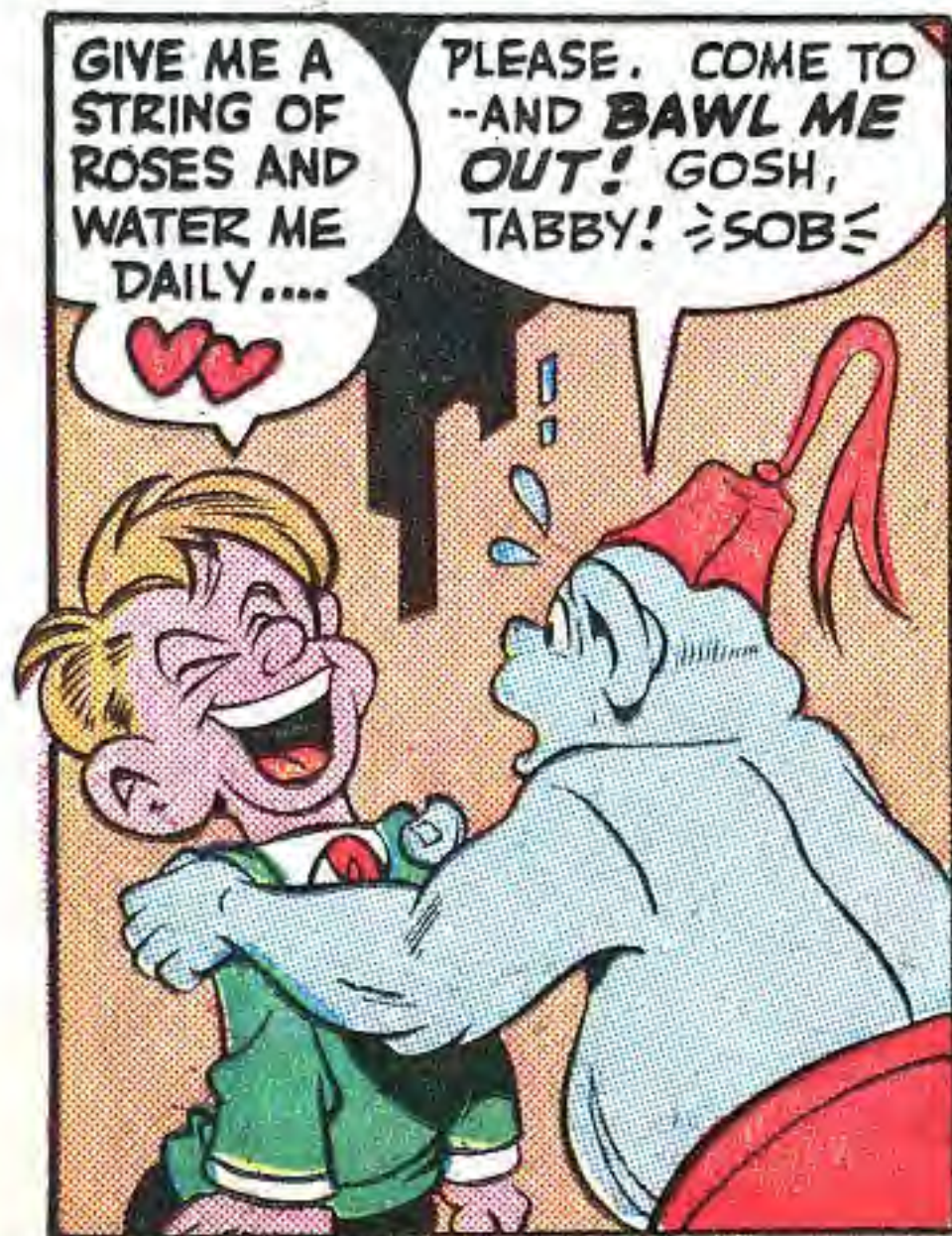
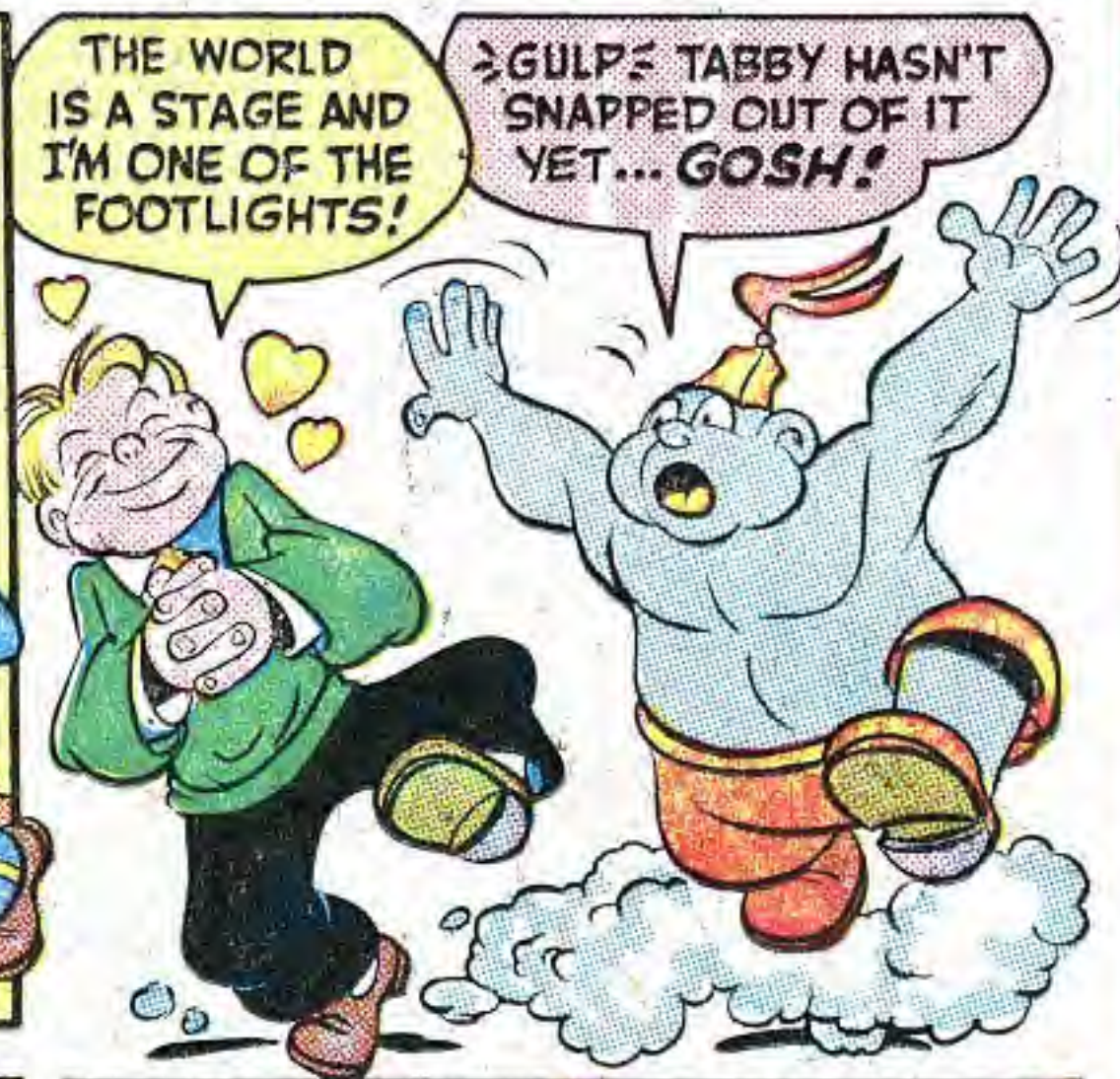
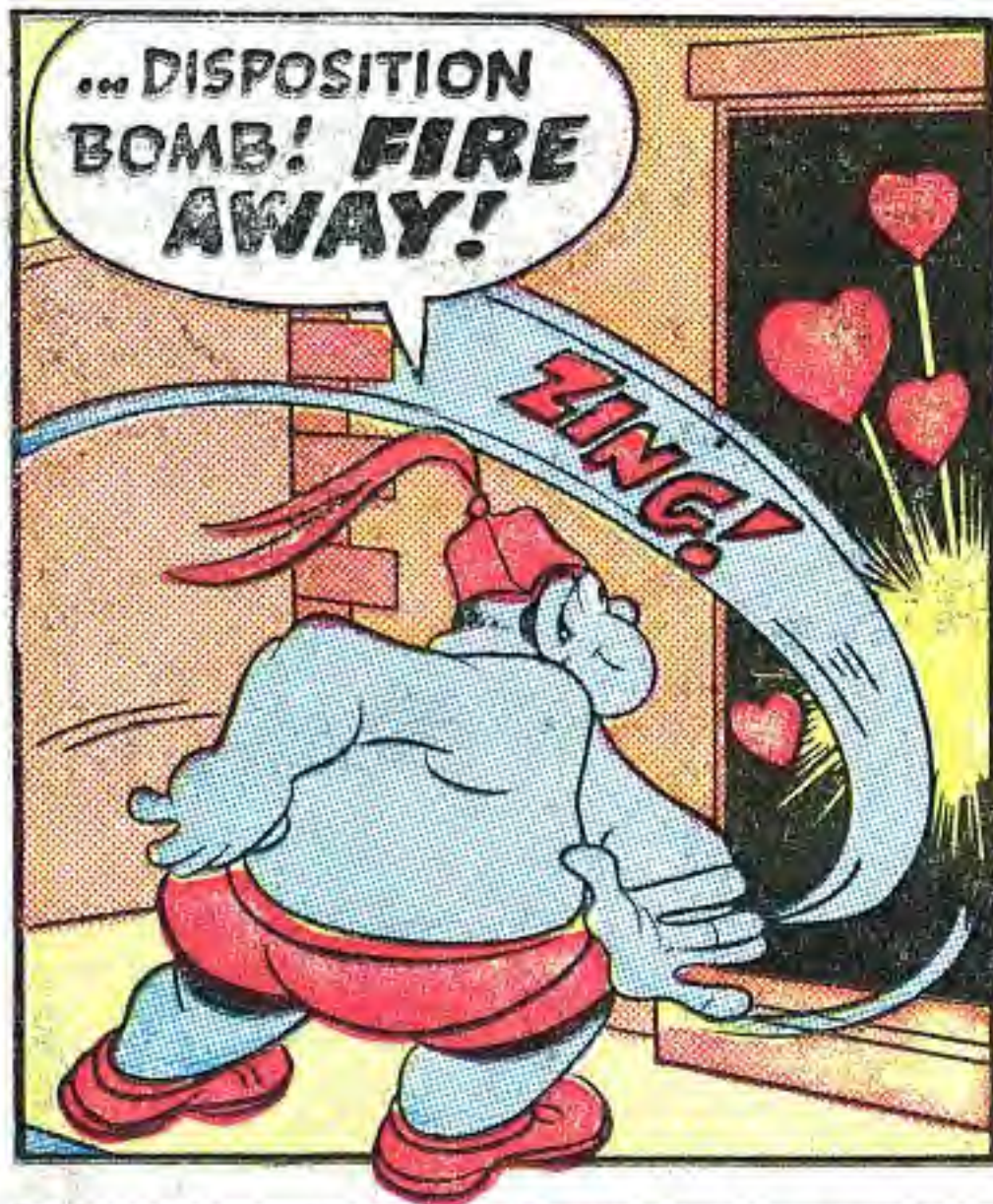


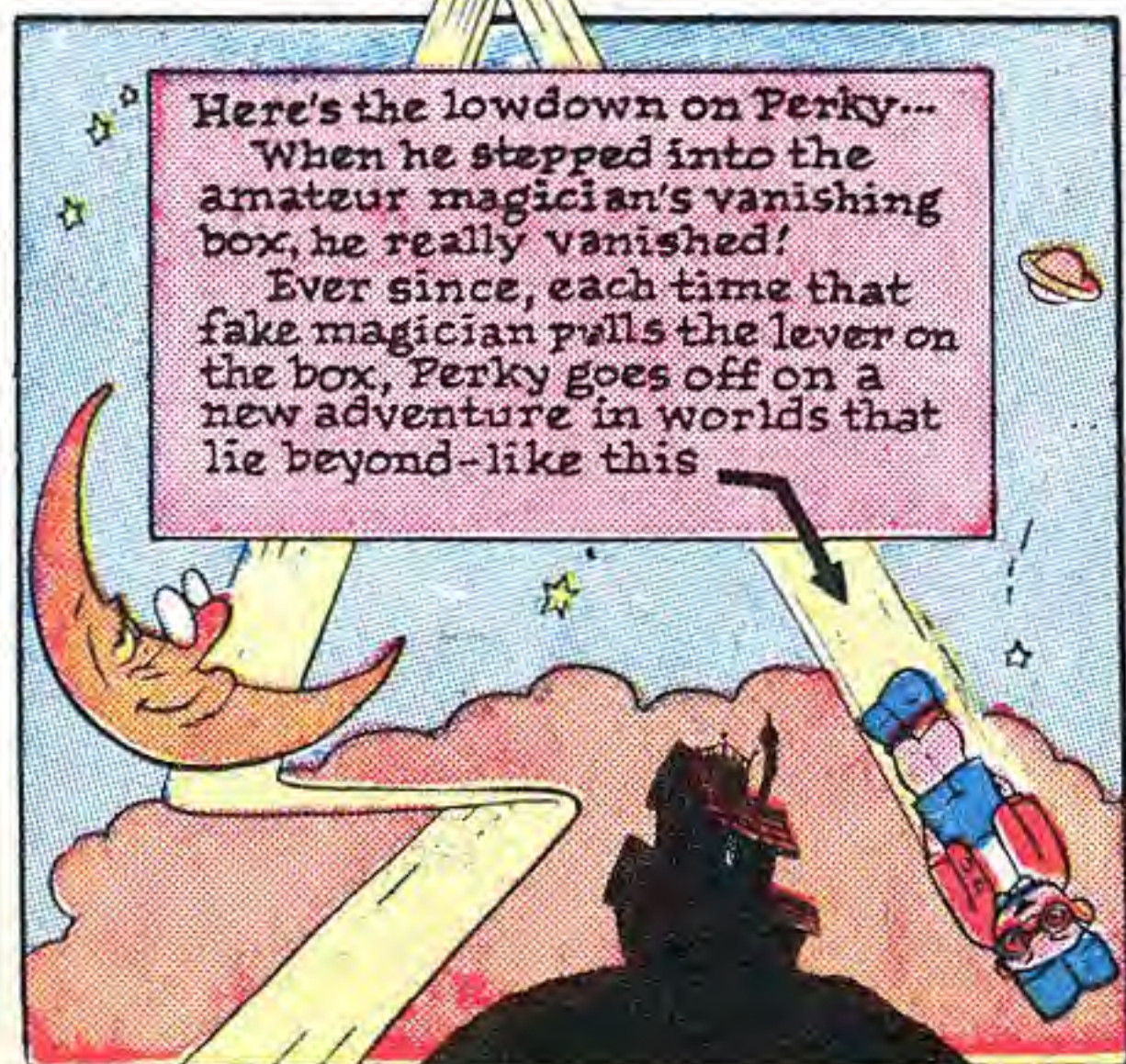




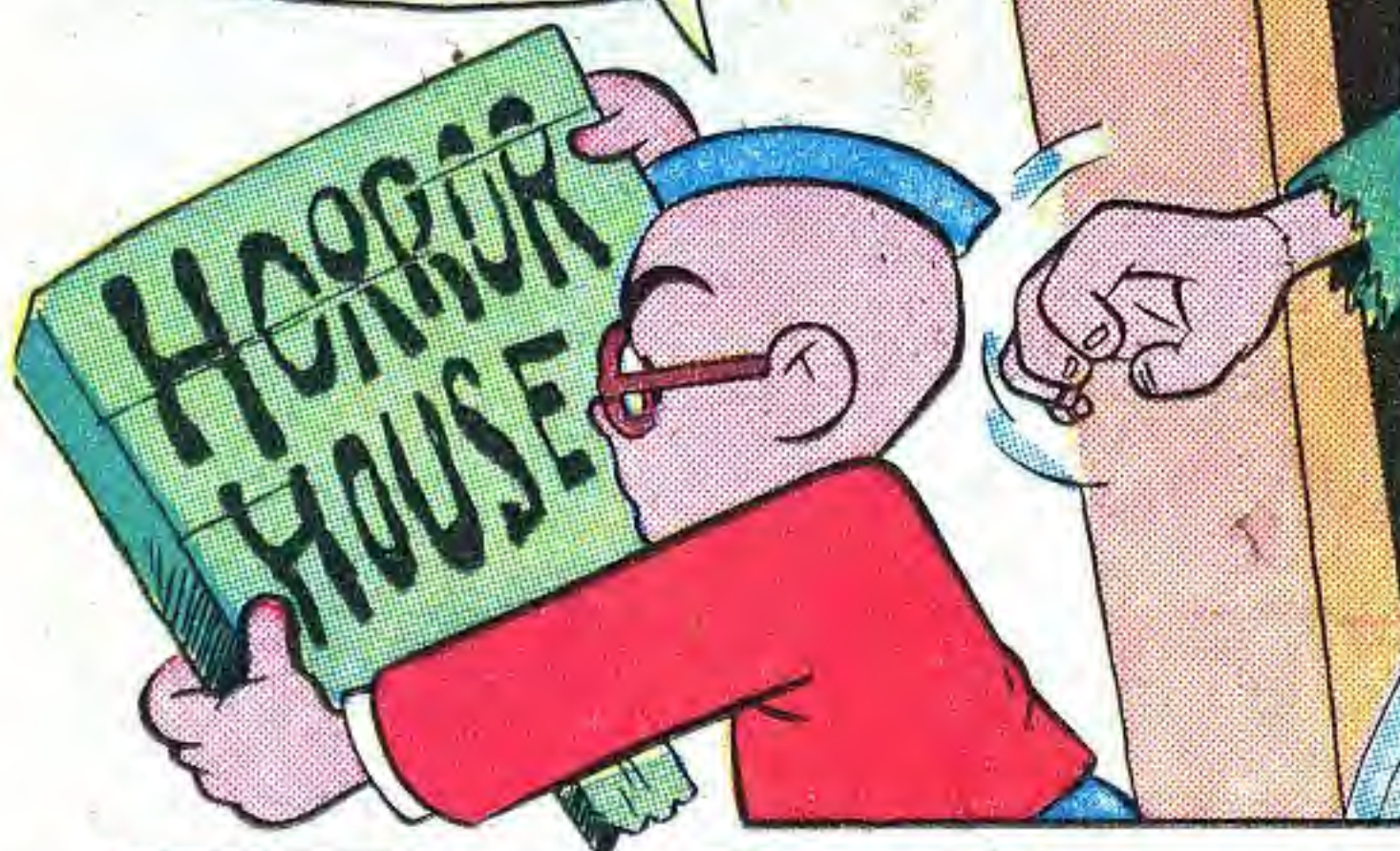








HORROR HOUSE?!!
HMMM! THIS MUST BE THE
PLACE WHERE THE WATER RUNS
HOT AND THE BLOOD
RUNS COLD!



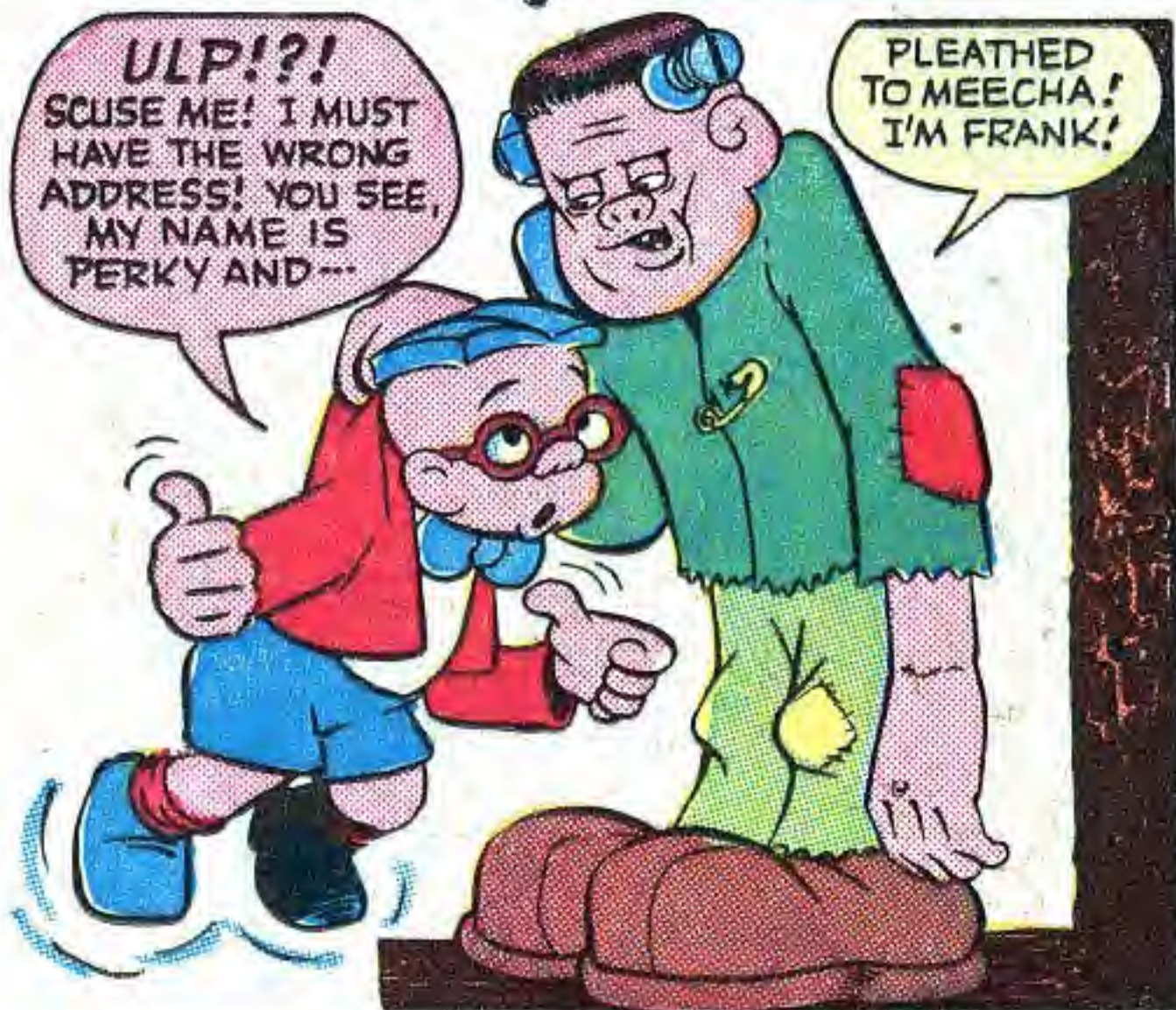
AHH! A VITHITOR!
WELCOME AND COME
ON IN! HAW!
HAW!

?



ULP!?!
SCUSE ME! I MUST
HAVE THE WRONG
ADDRESS! YOU SEE,
MY NAME IS
PERKY AND---

PLEATED
TO MEECHA!
I'M FRANK!



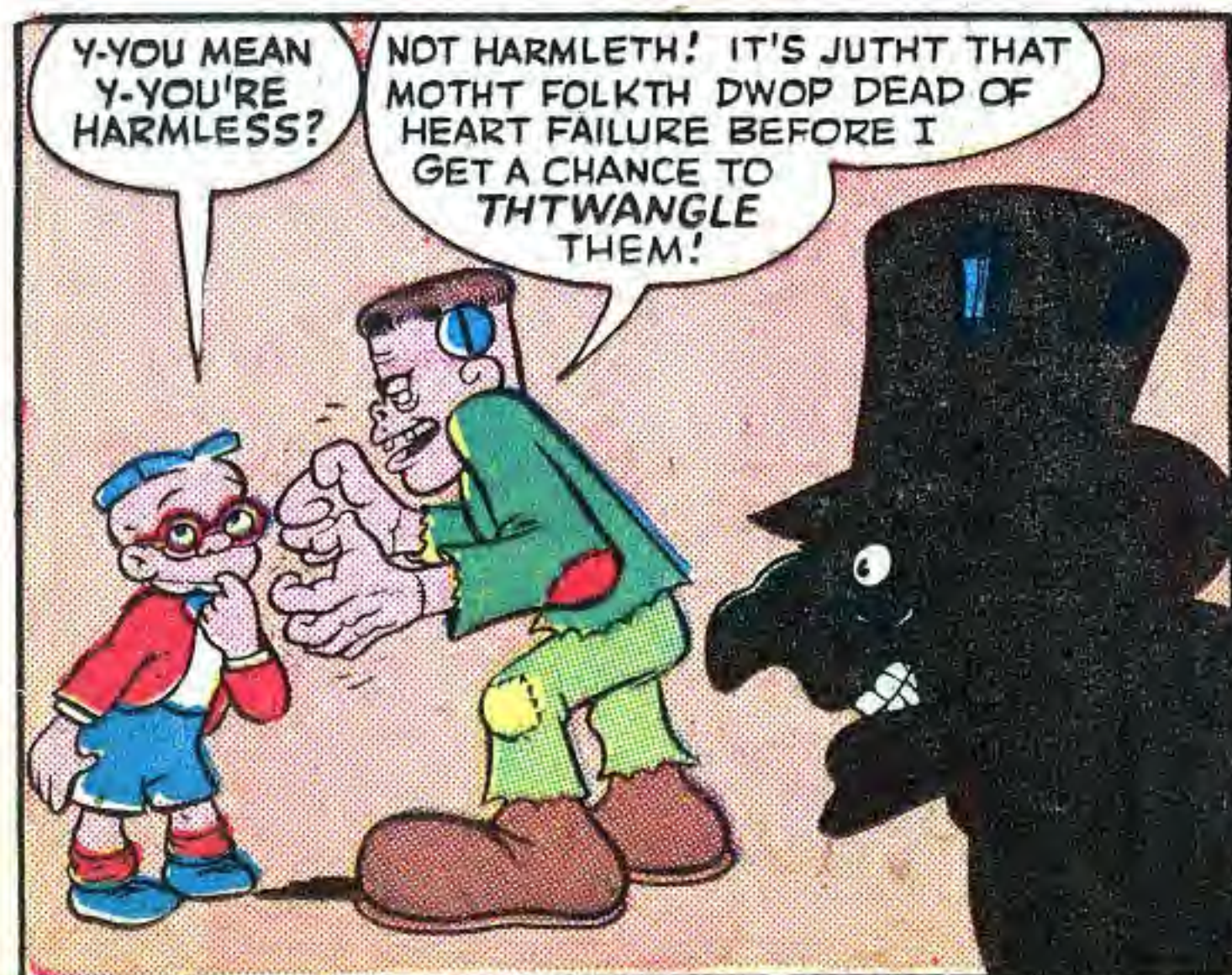
I'M FRANK, TOO!
FRANKLY, I'D
FEEL A LOT
SAFER OUTSIDE!

DON'T BE
THILLY! I NEVER
HARMED ANYONE
IN MY LIFE!



Y-YOU MEAN
Y-YOU'RE
HARMLESS?

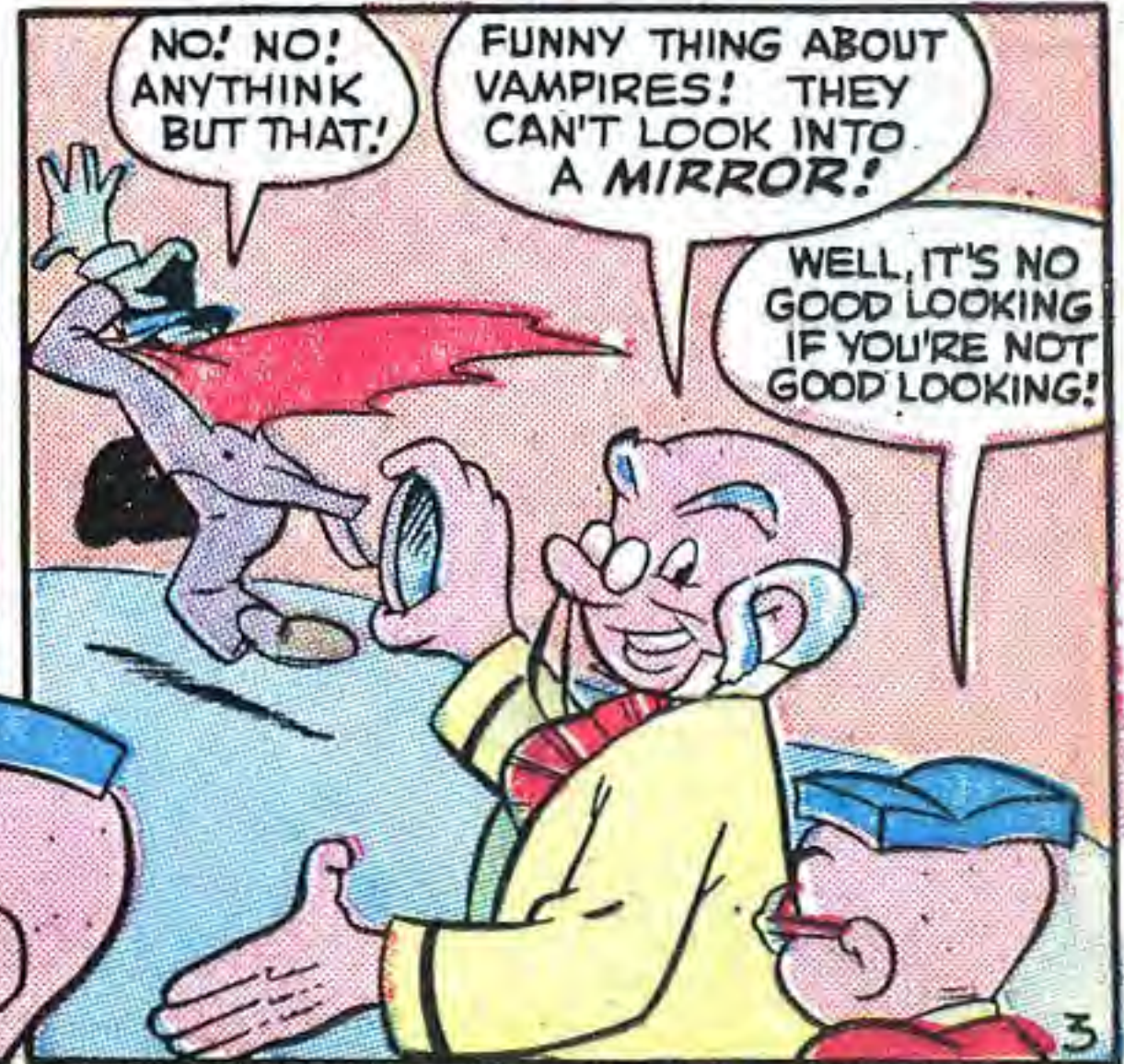
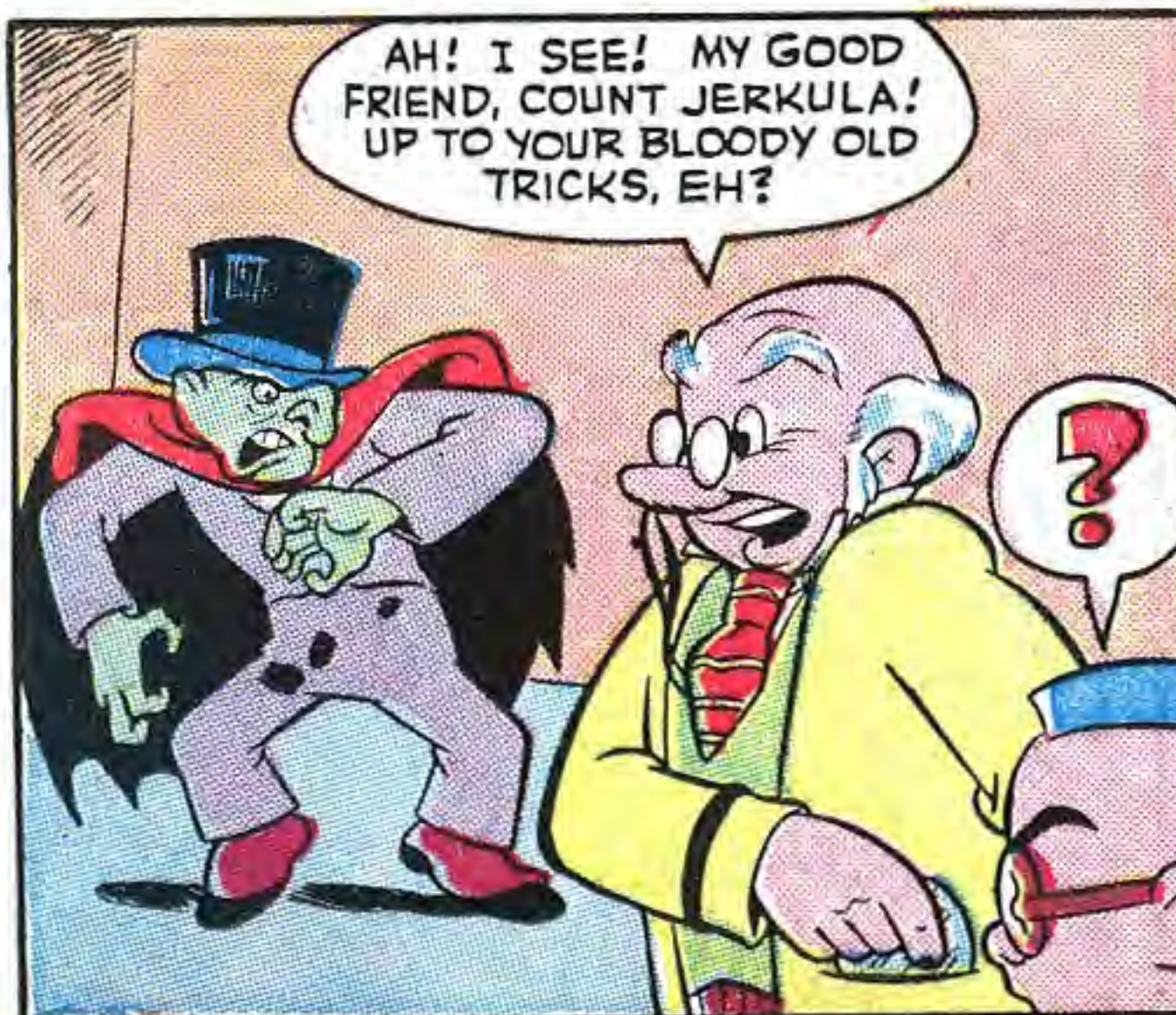
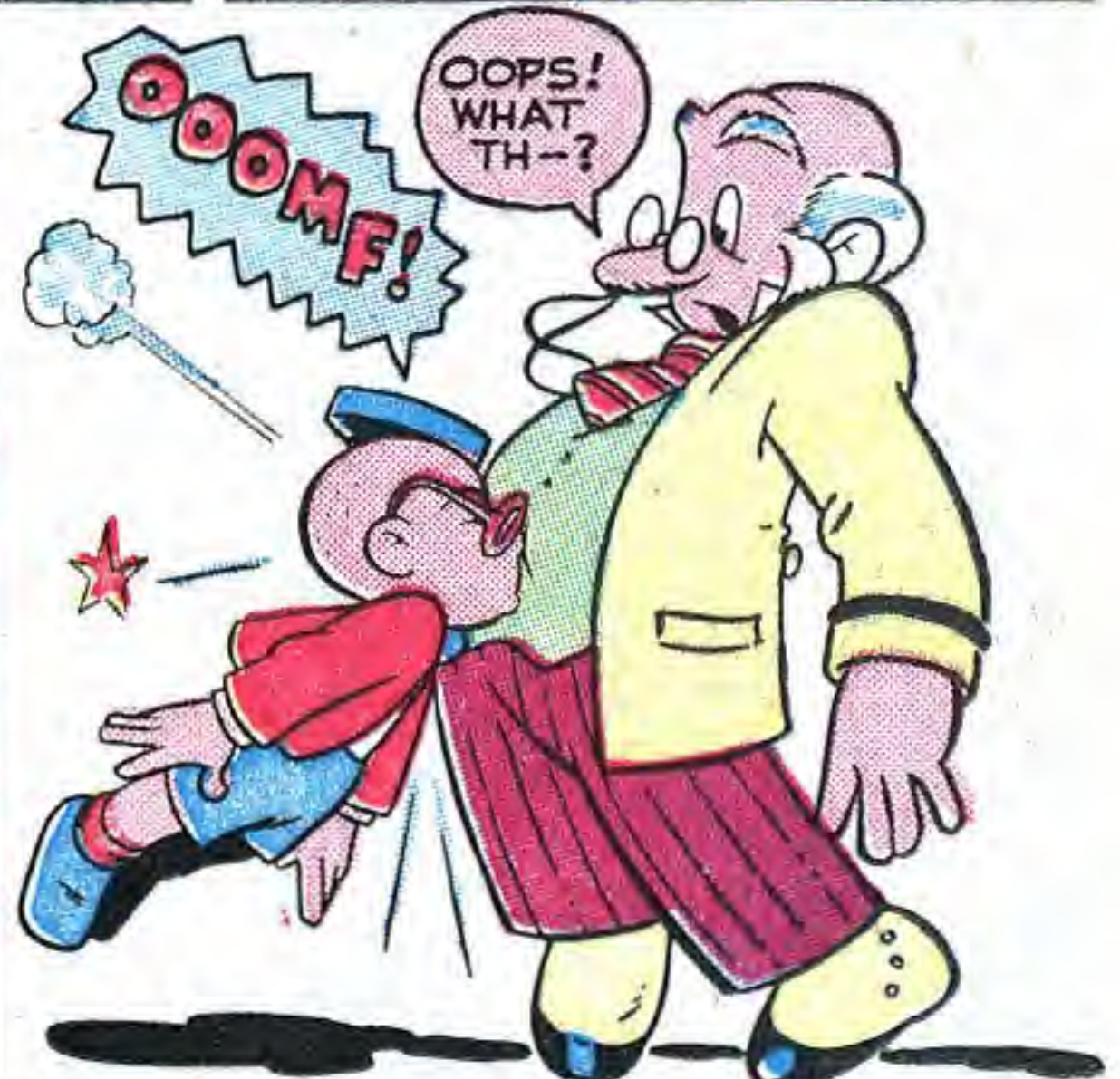
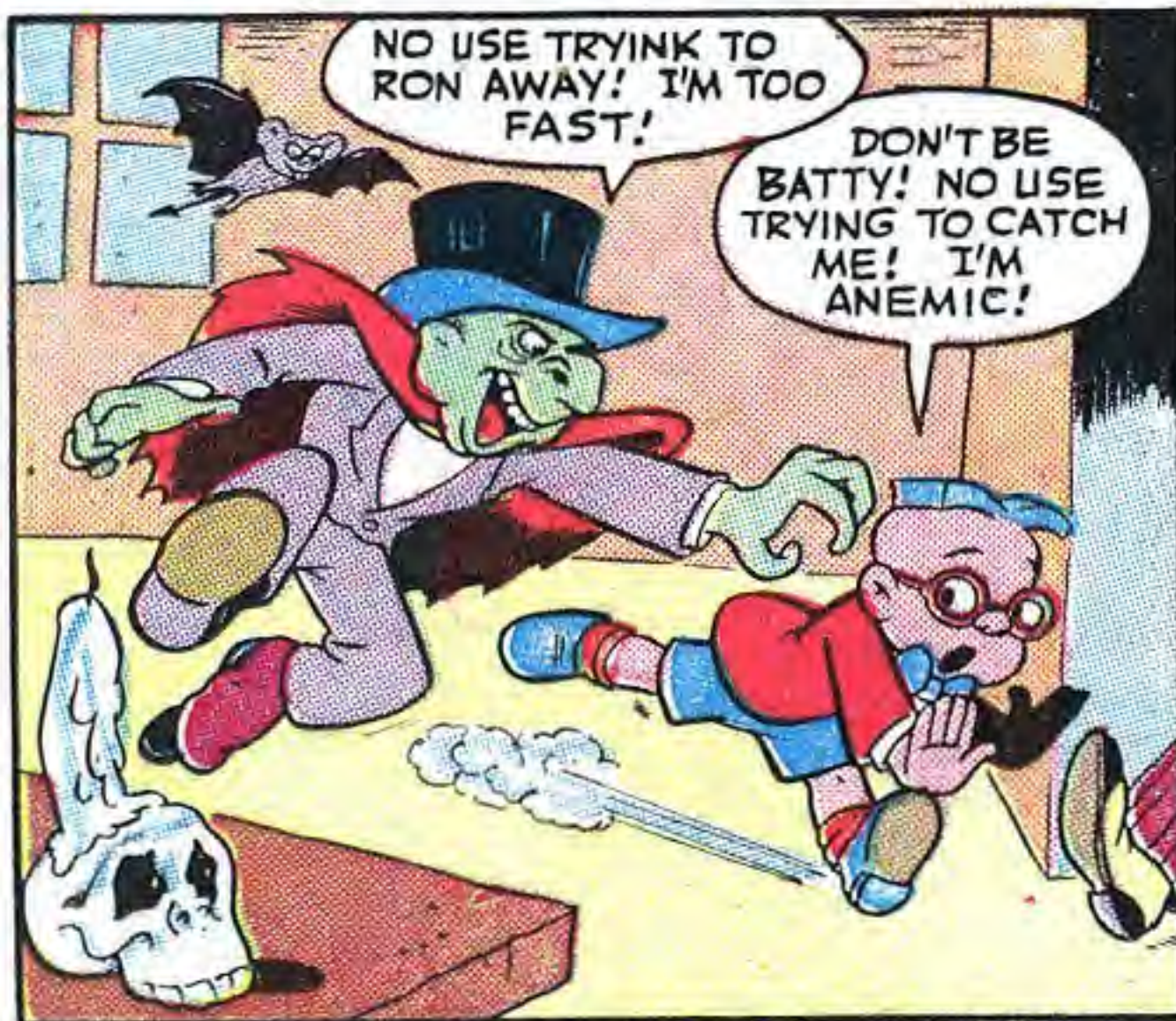
NOT HARMLETH! IT'S JUTHT THAT
MOTHT FOLKTH DWOP DEAD OF
HEART FAILURE BEFORE I
GET A CHANCE TO
THTWANGLE
THEM!

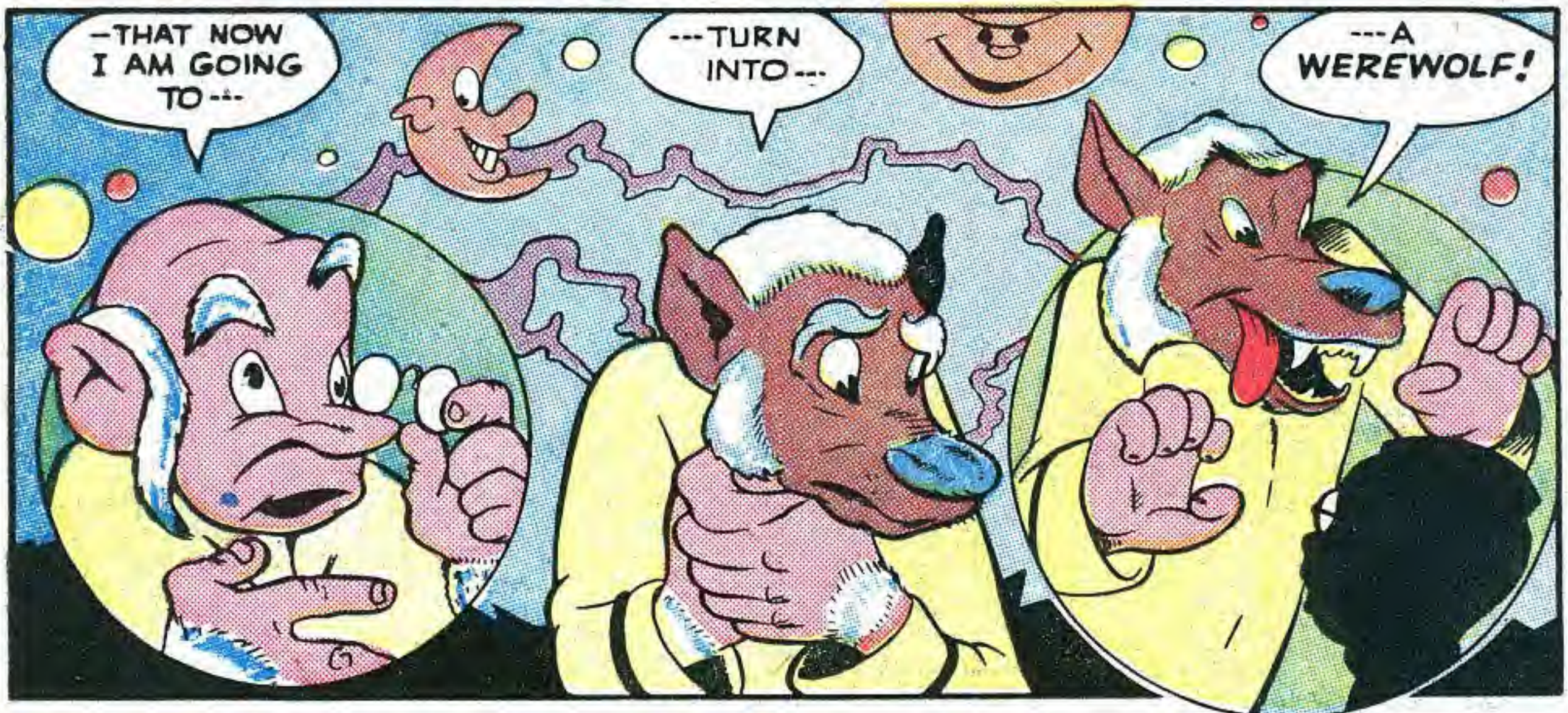
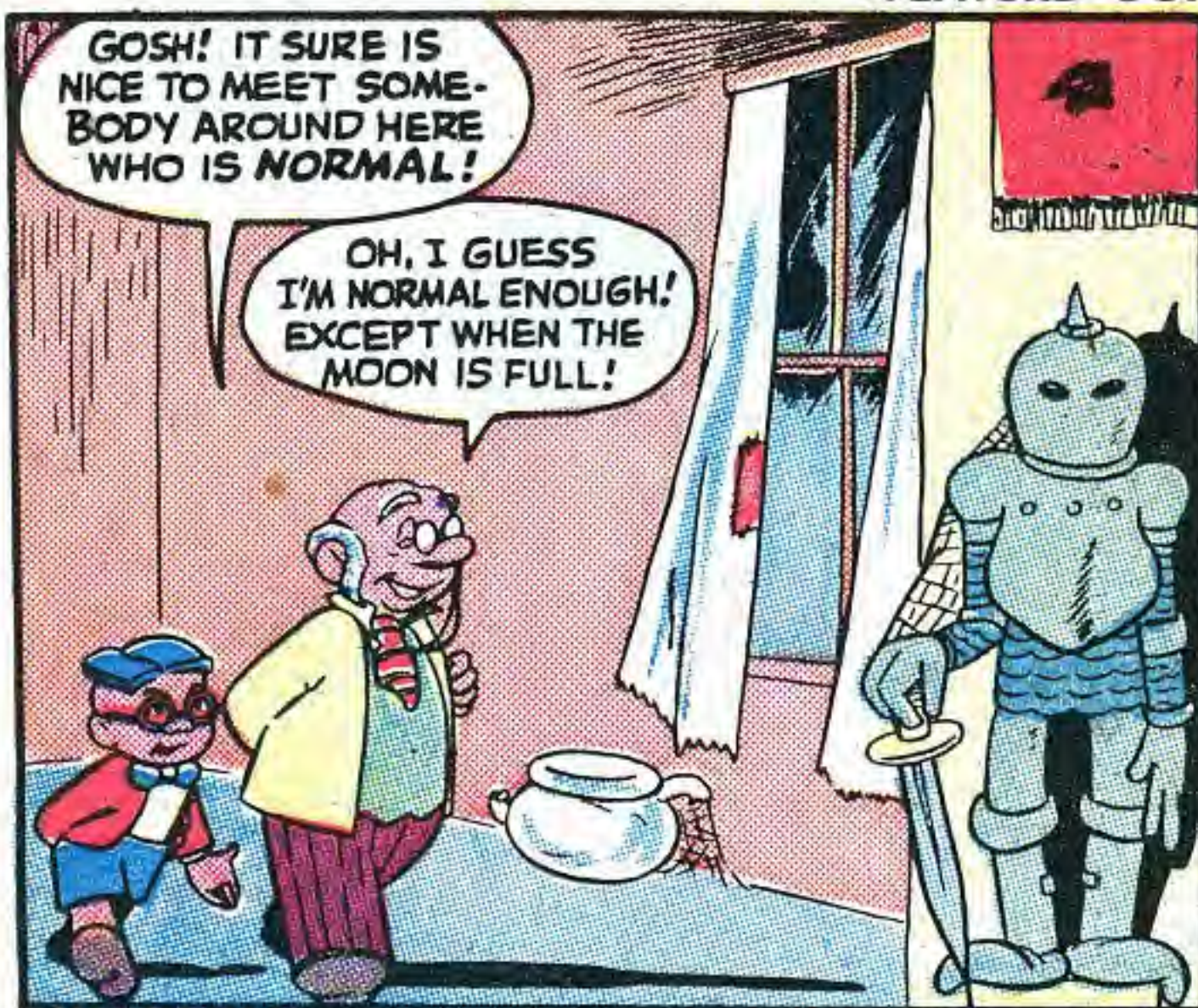


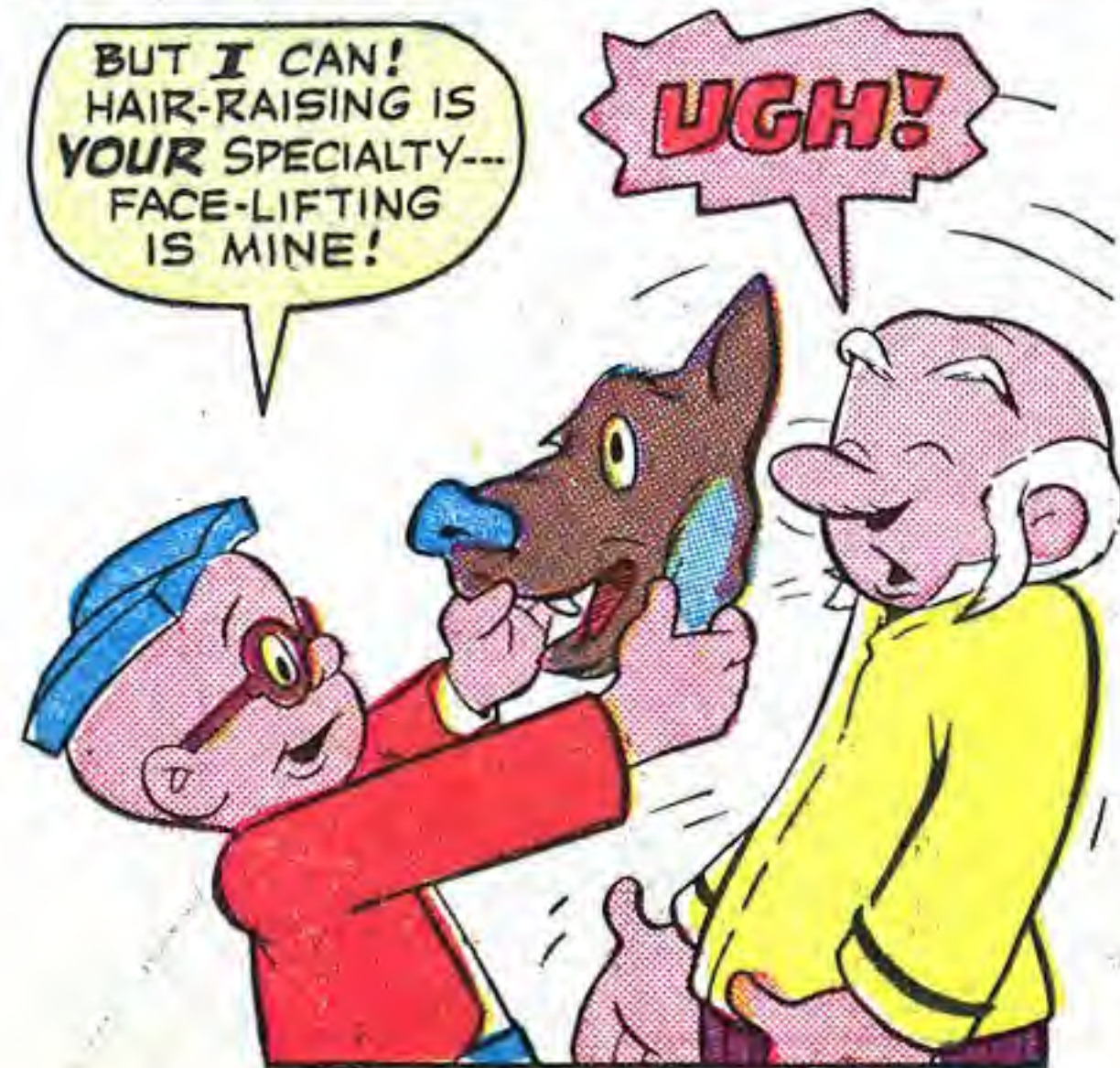
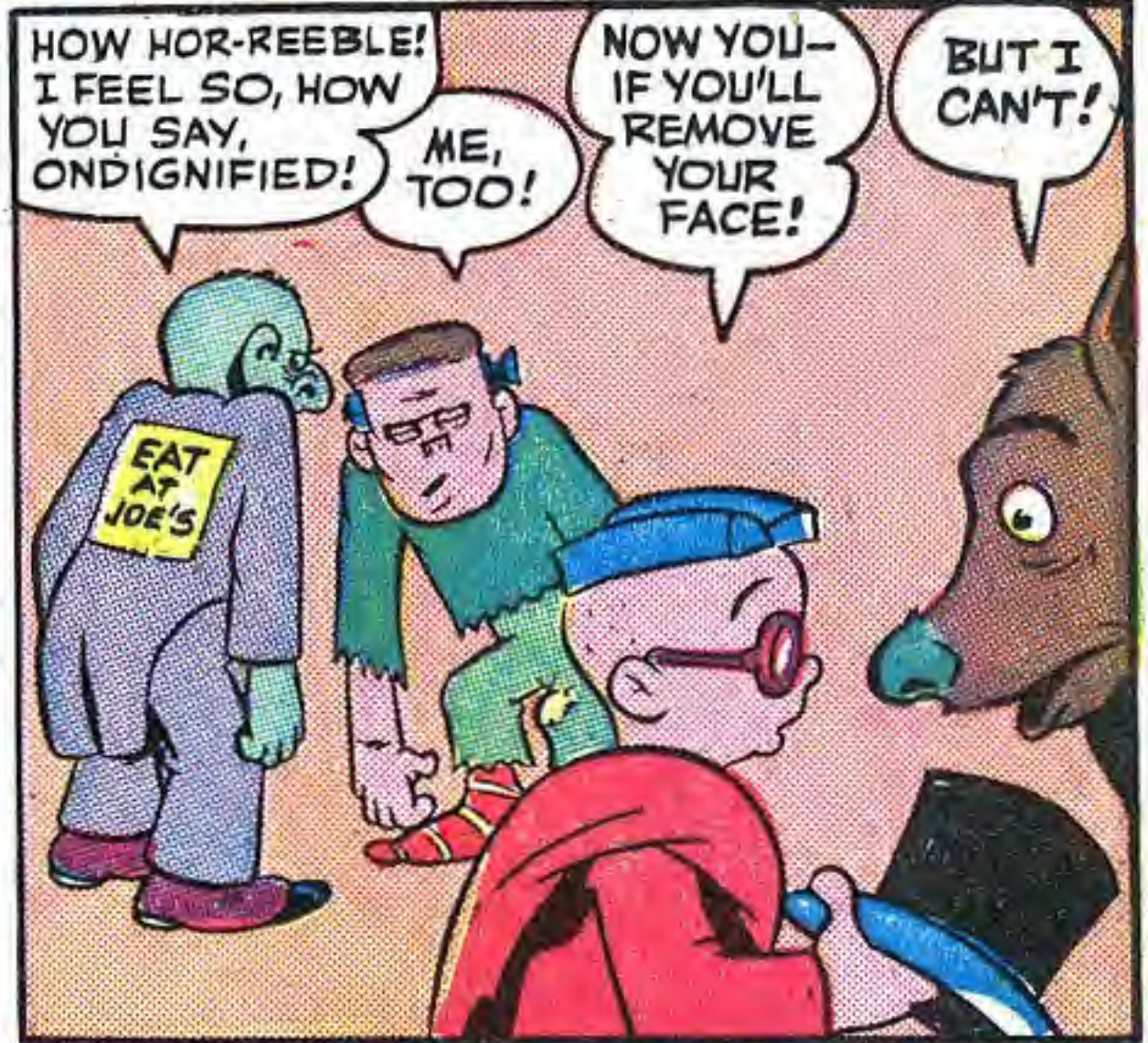
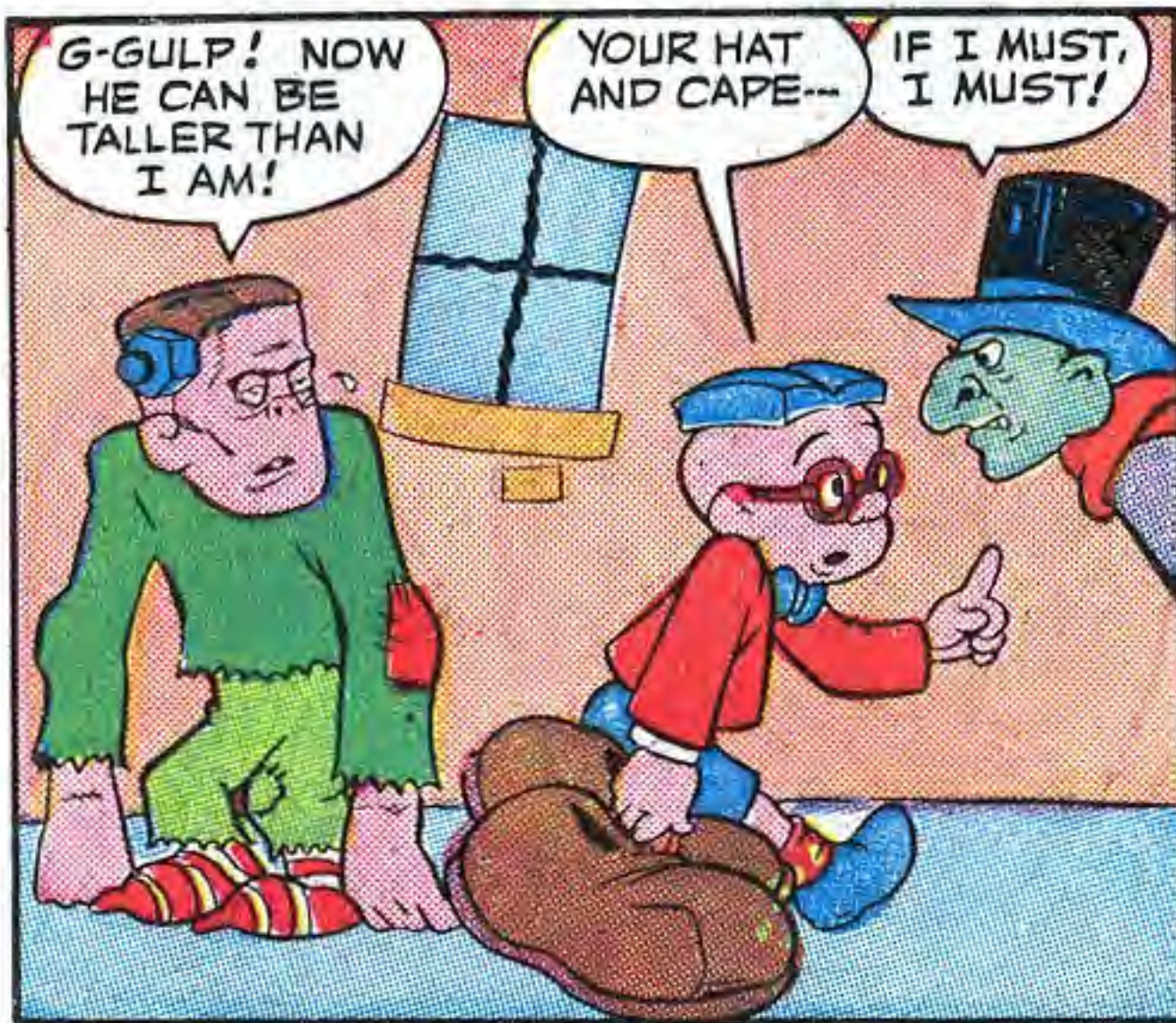
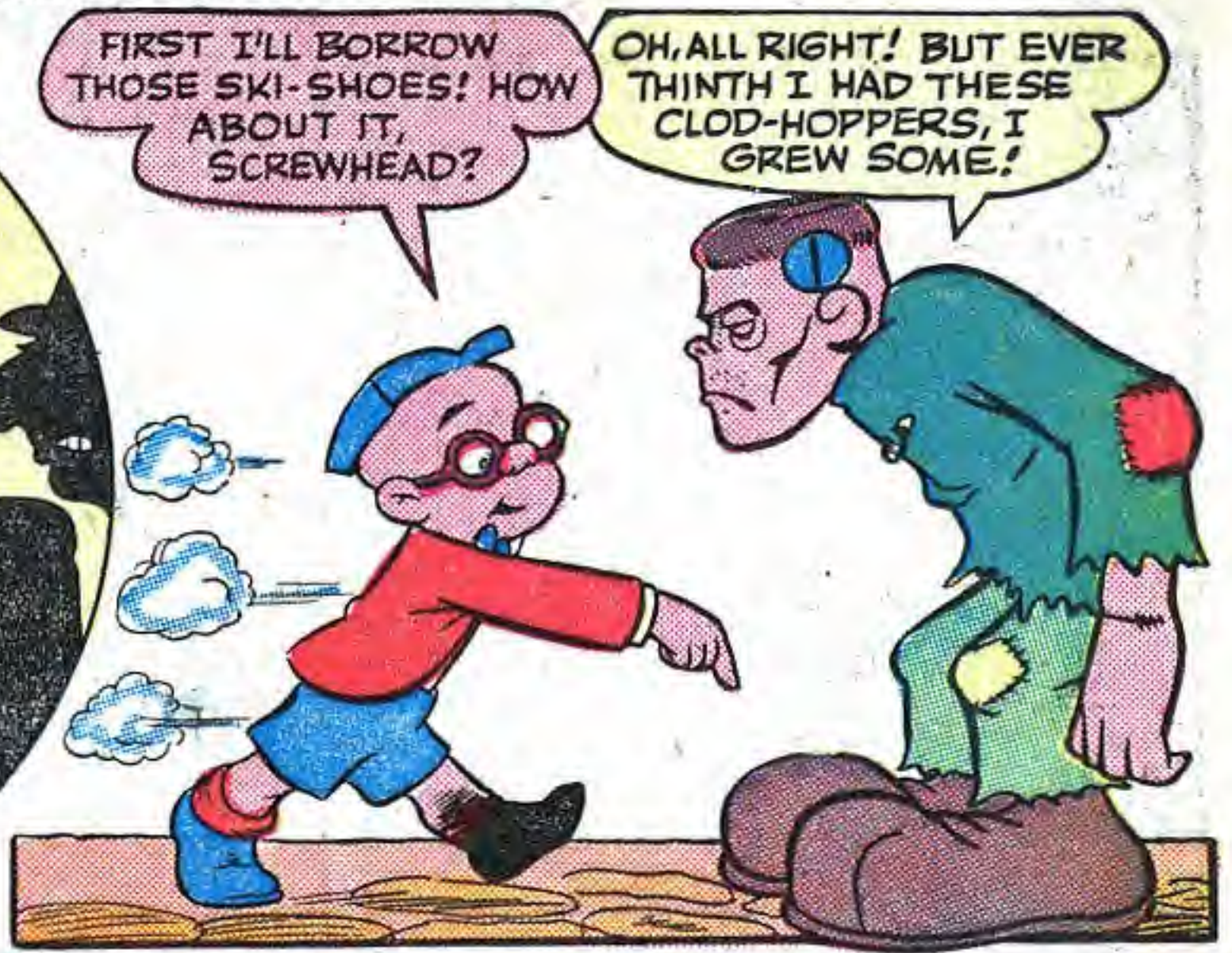
**STOP! ONHAND MY
NEXT VICTIM, YOU
CLOMSY BRUTE!**

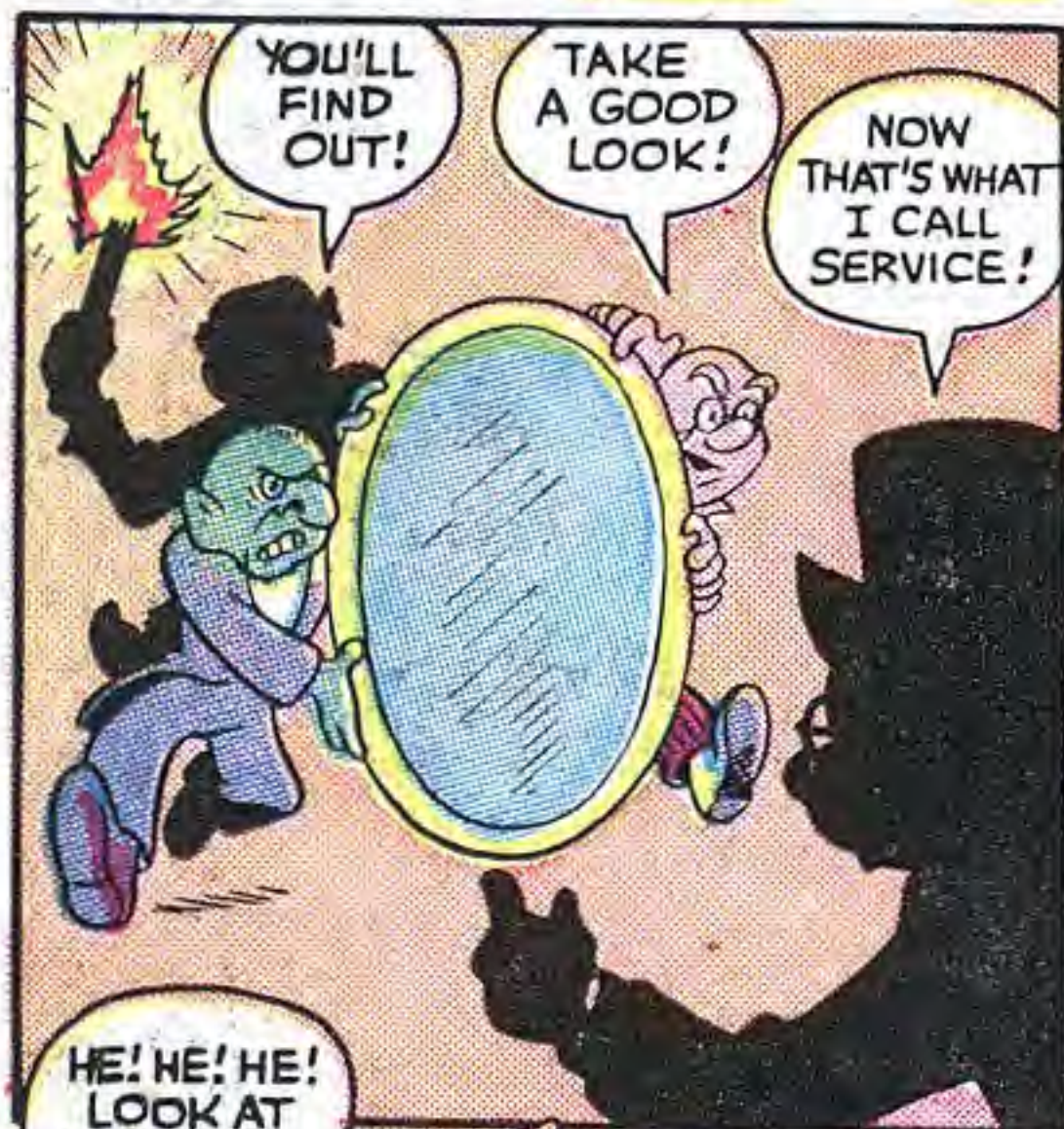
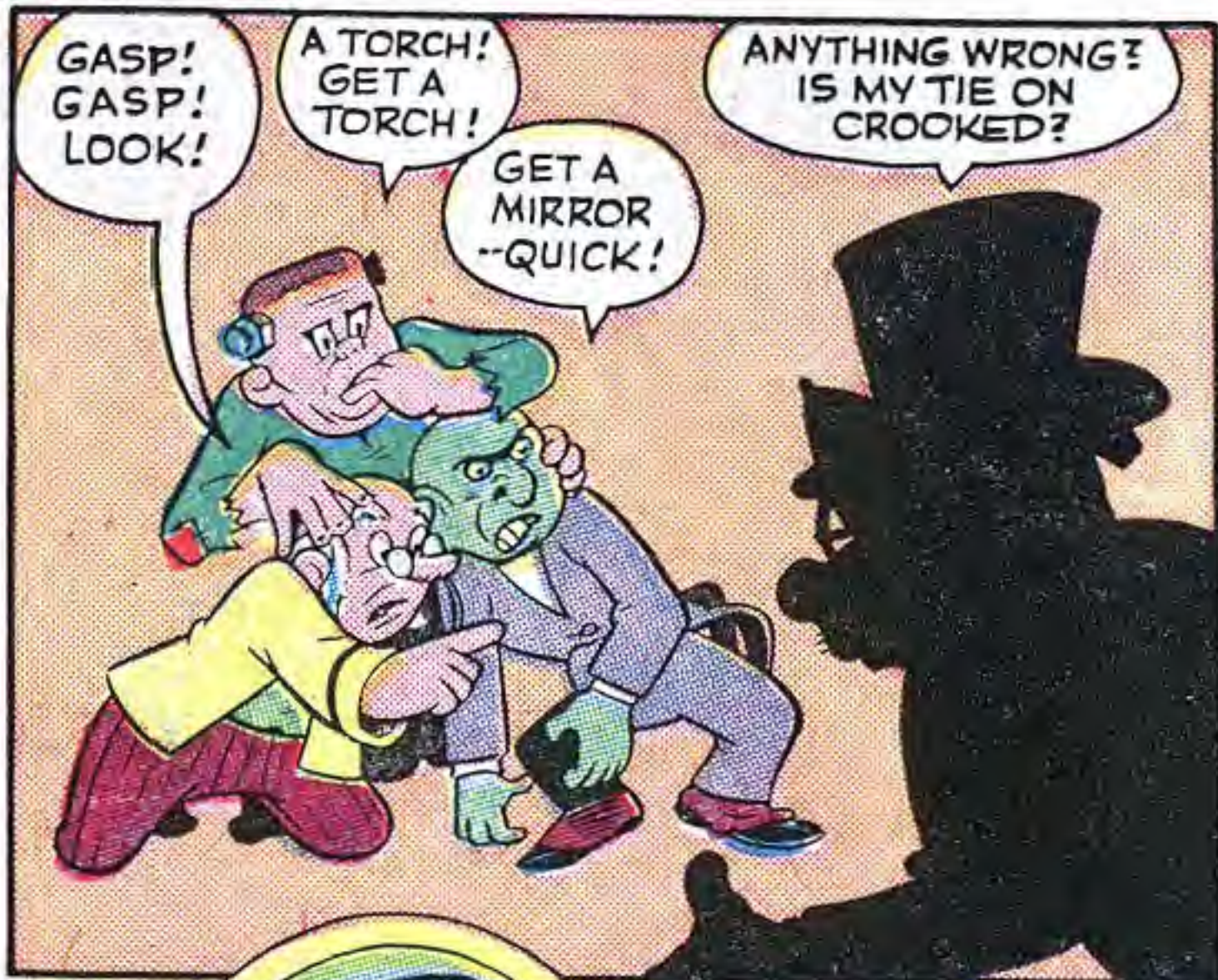
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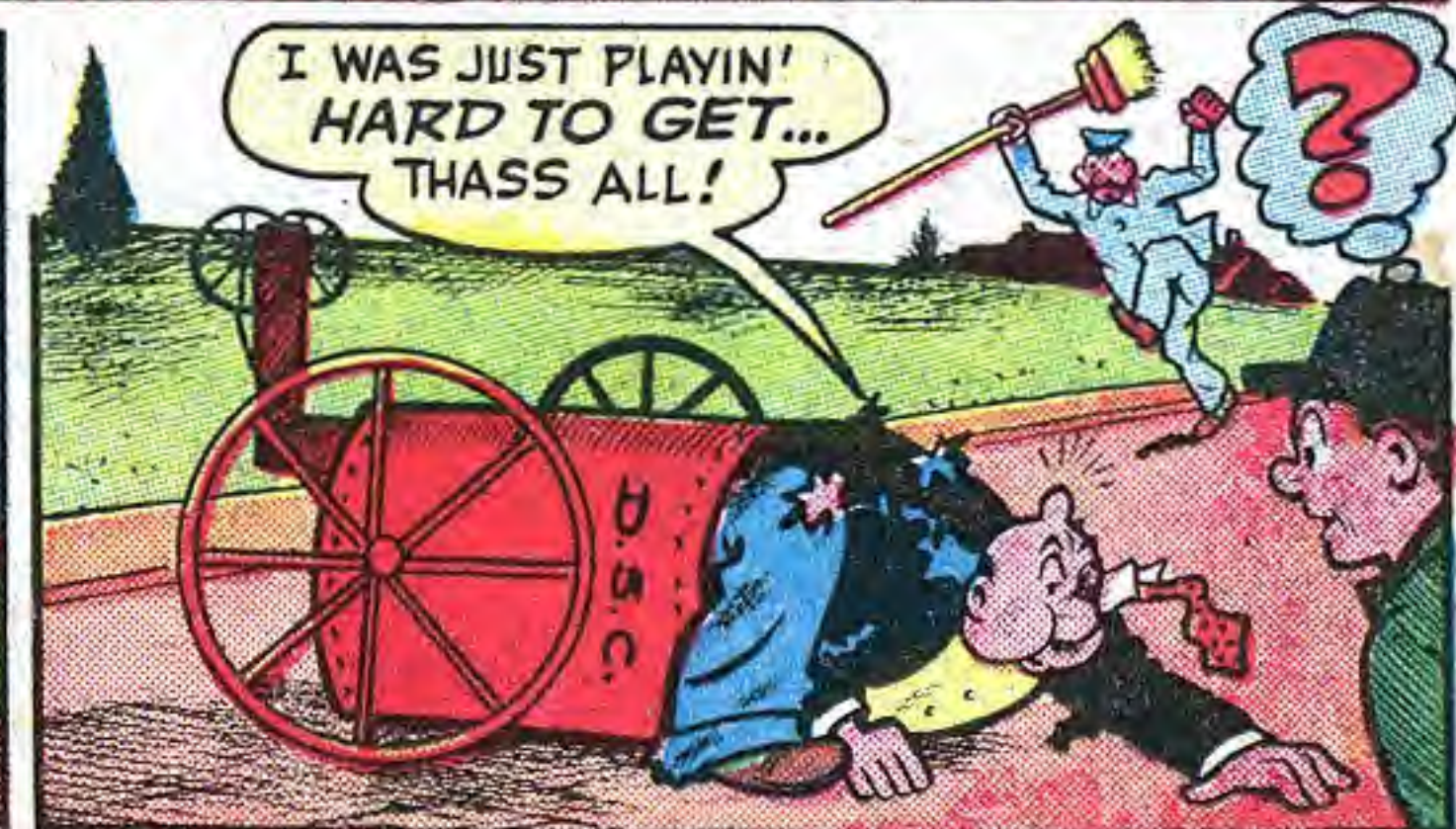
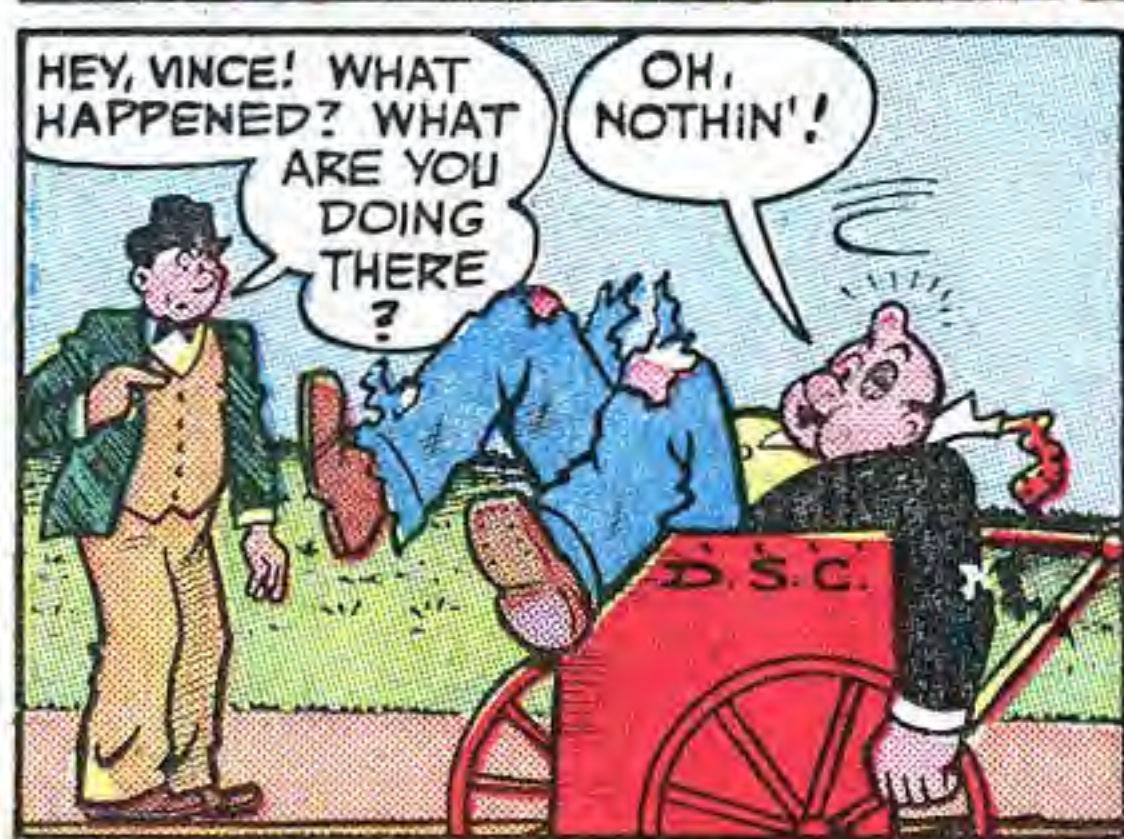
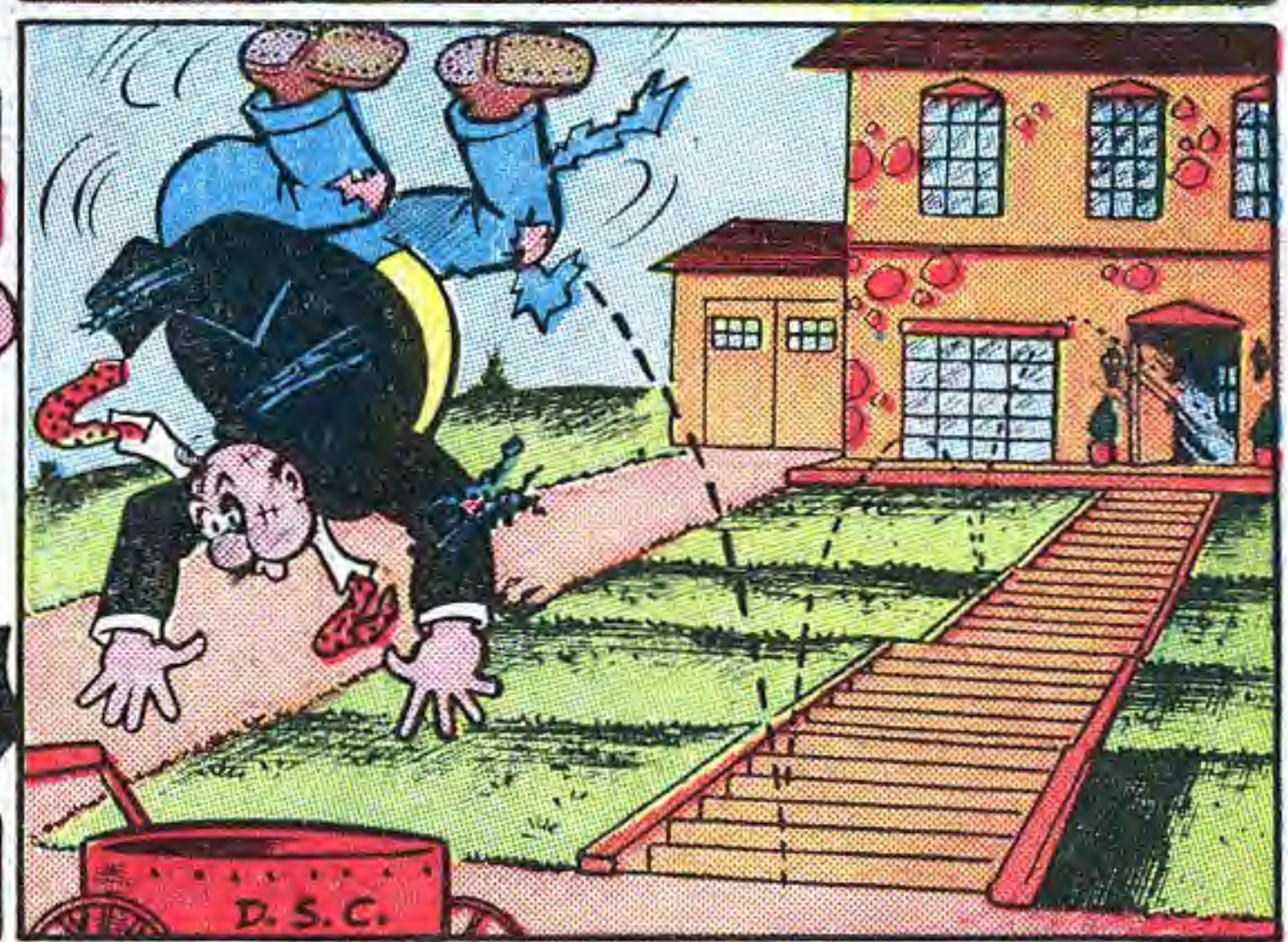
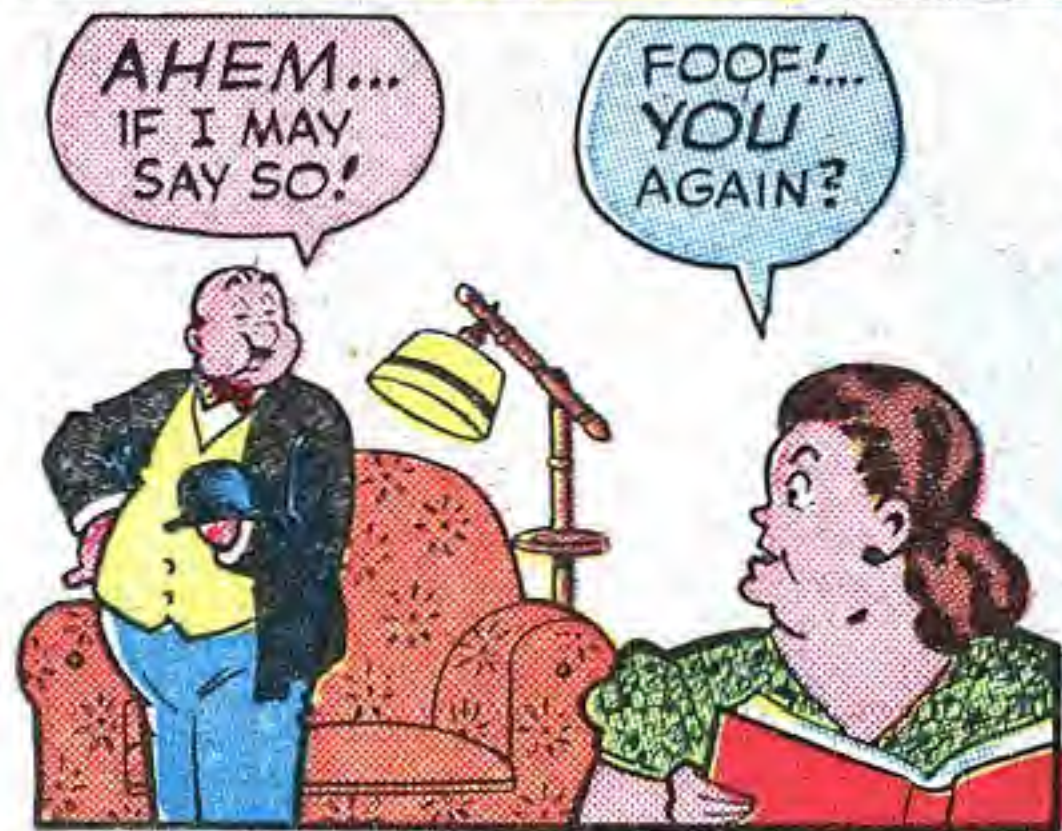
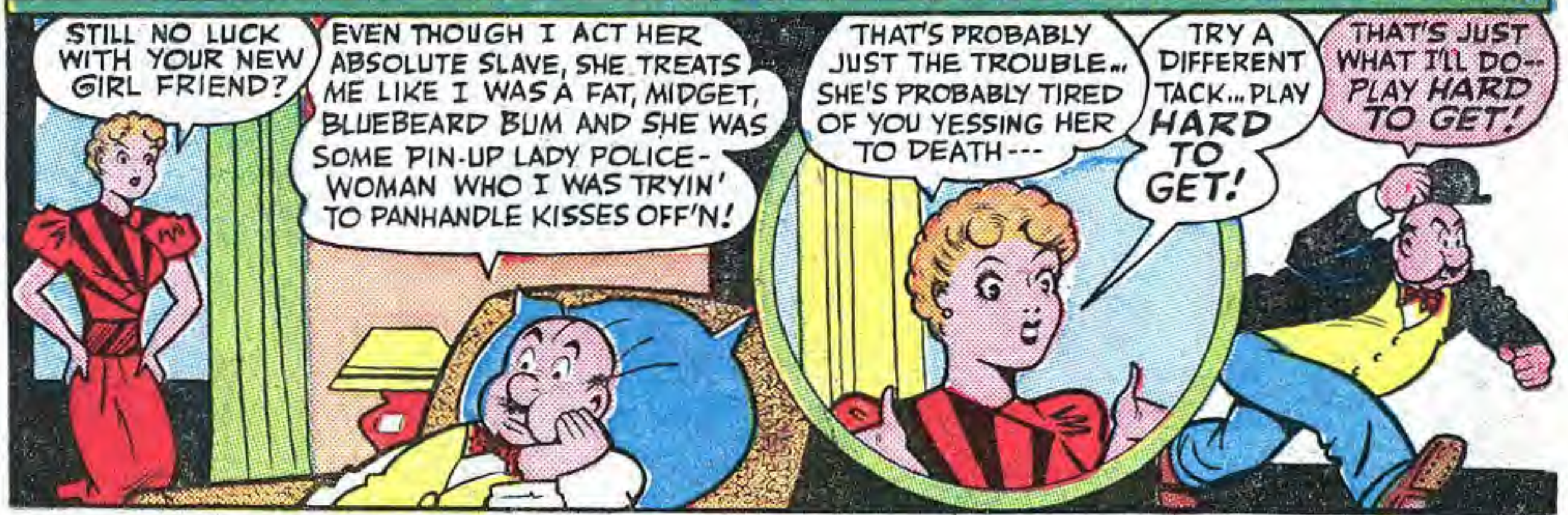








LALA PALOOZA



LALA PALOOZA

by DIB

LALA SAYS I SHOULD READ MORE GOOD BOOKS! WELL, THESE FAIRY TALES AND FOLK LORE YARNS ARE GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!

MMM... "LEPRECHAUNS ARE THE RAREST OF ALL THE LITTLE PEOPLE. THEY'RE PRACTICALLY HERMITS!"

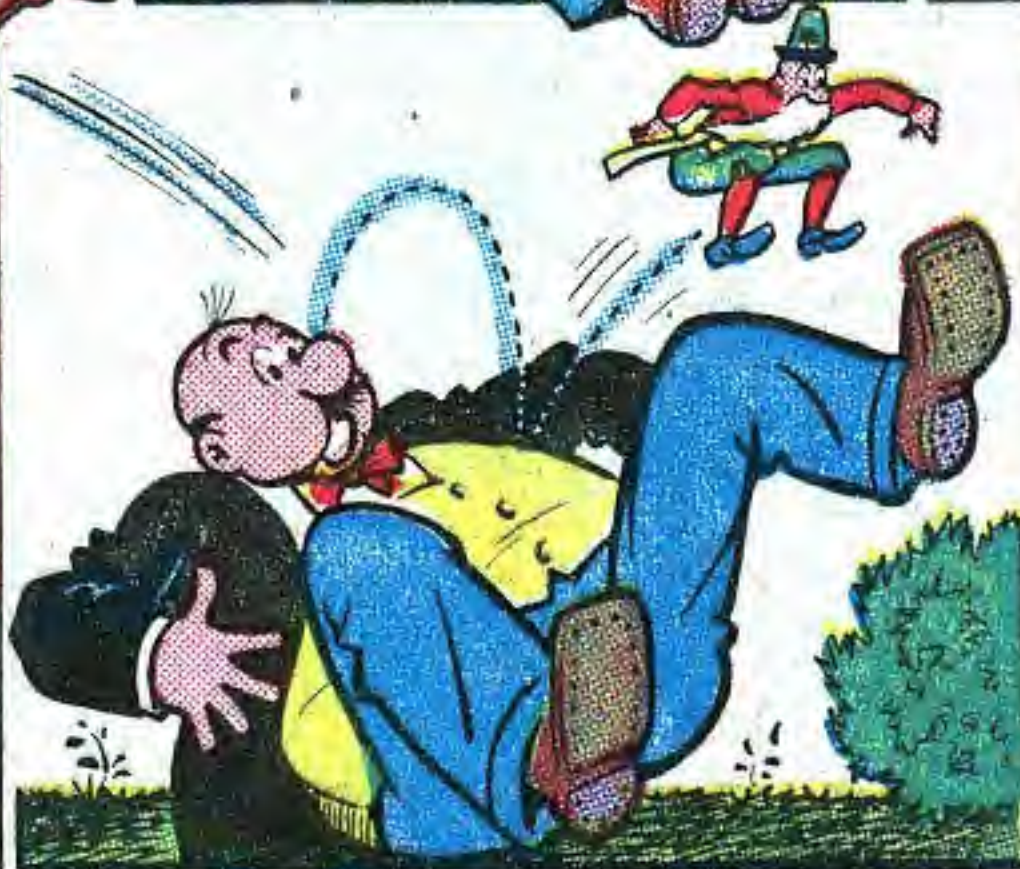
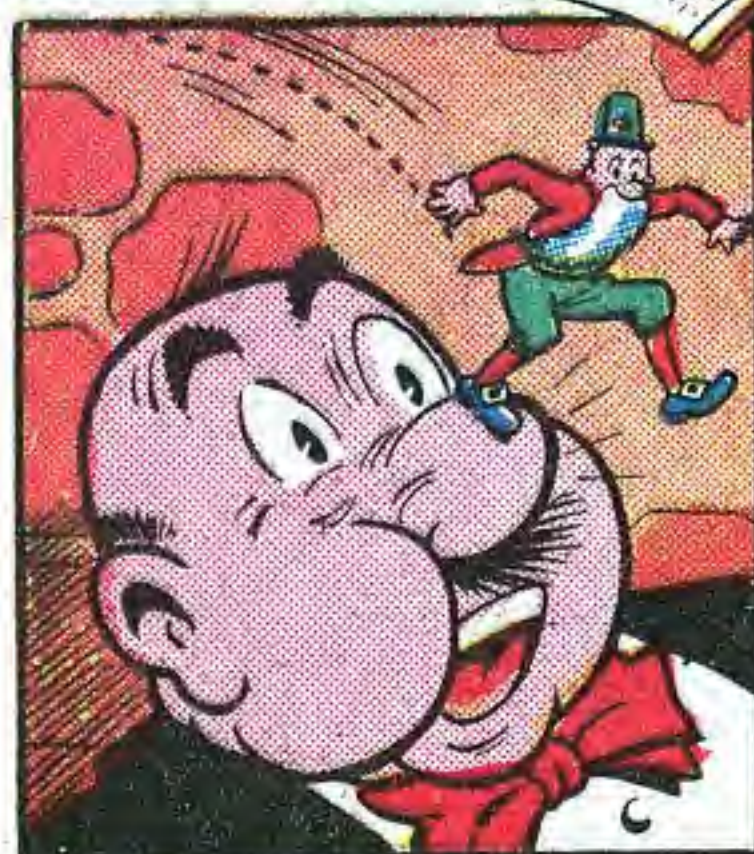
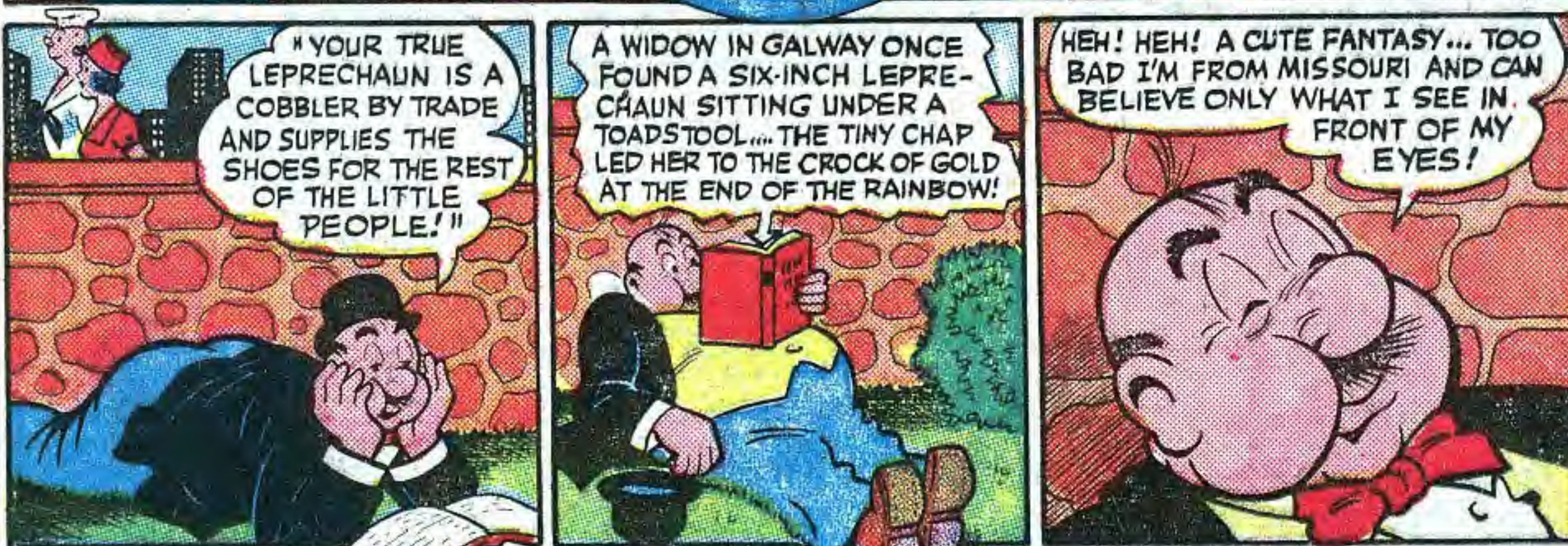
"LEPRECHAUNS ARE NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH ELVES, GNOMES AND PIXIES!"



"YOUR TRUE LEPRECHAUN IS A COBBLER BY TRADE AND SUPPLIES THE SHOES FOR THE REST OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE!"

A WIDOW IN GALWAY ONCE FOUND A SIX-INCH LEPRECHAUN SITTING UNDER A TOADSTOOL... THE TINY CHAP LED HER TO THE CROCK OF GOLD AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW!

HEH! HEH! A CUTE FANTASY... TOO BAD I'M FROM MISSOURI AND CAN BELIEVE ONLY WHAT I SEE IN FRONT OF MY EYES!

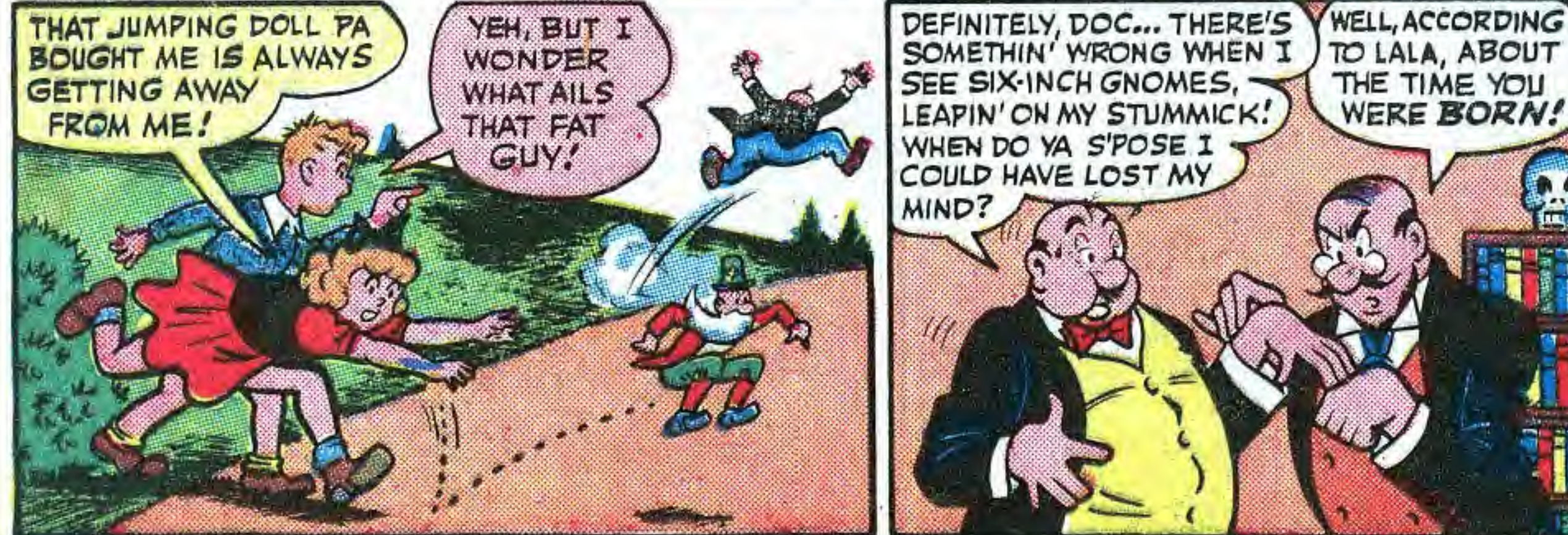


THAT JUMPING DOLL PA BOUGHT ME IS ALWAYS GETTING AWAY FROM ME!

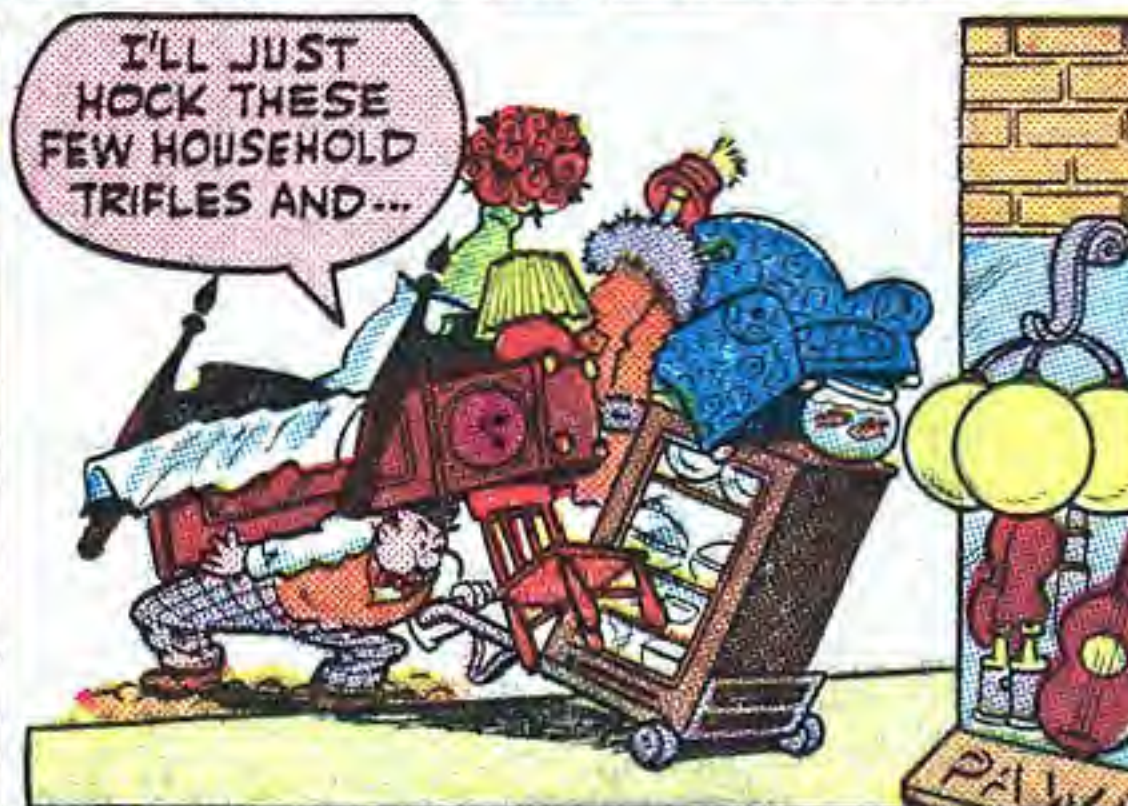
YEH, BUT I WONDER WHAT AILS THAT FAT GUY!

DEFINITELY, DOC... THERE'S SOMETHIN' WRONG WHEN I SEE SIX-INCH GNOMES, LEAPIN' ON MY STUMMICK! WHEN DO YA S'POSE I COULD HAVE LOST MY MIND?

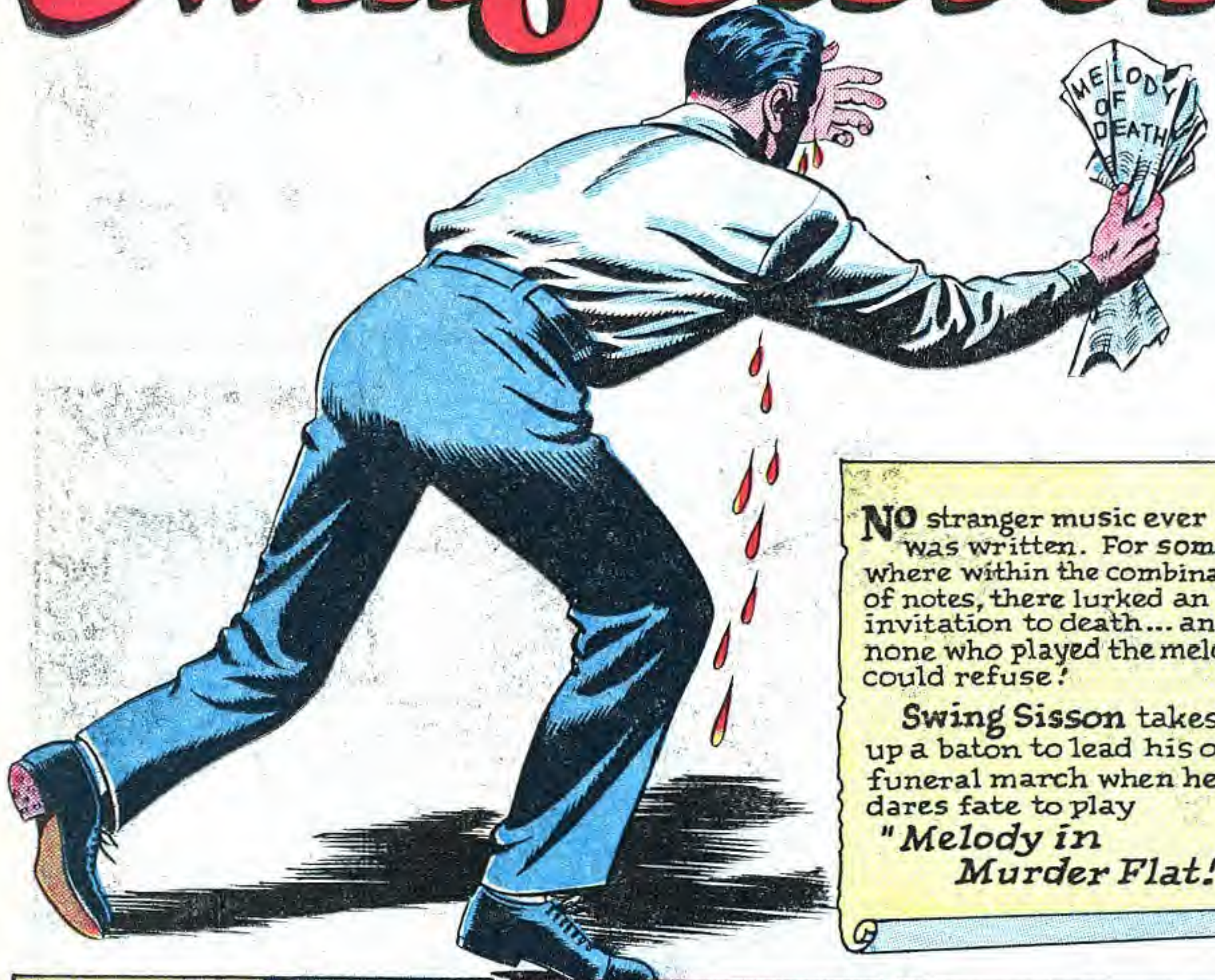
WELL, ACCORDING TO LALA, ABOUT THE TIME YOU WERE BORN!



LALA PALOOZA



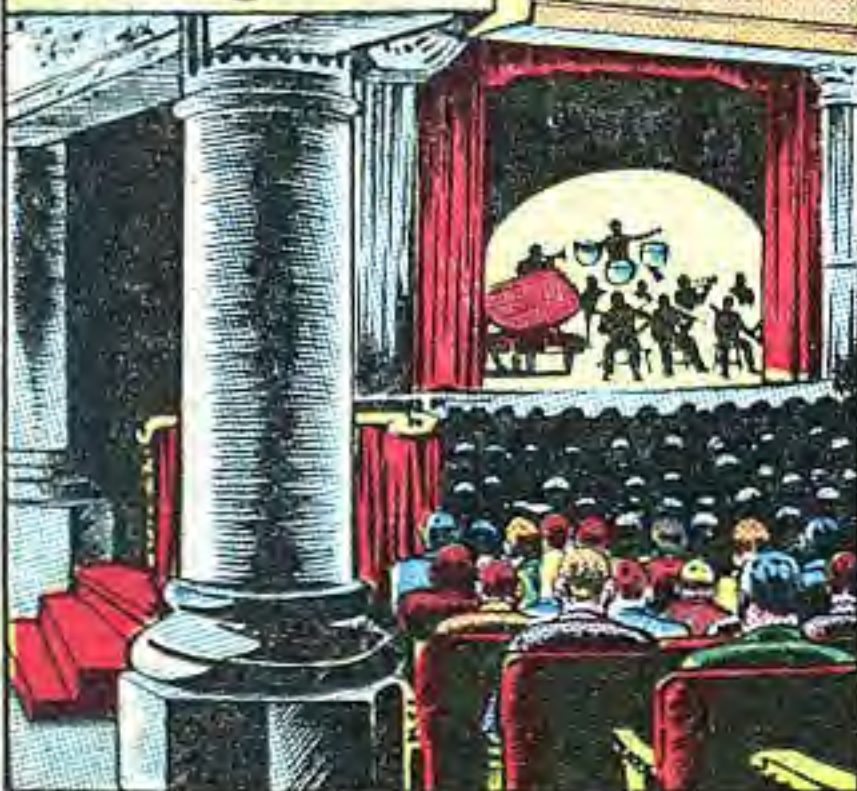
Swing Sisson



NO stranger music ever was written. For somewhere within the combination of notes, there lurked an invitation to death... and none who played the melody could refuse!

Swing Sisson takes up a baton to lead his own funeral march when he dares fate to play "*Melody in Murder Flat!*"

In the moment before the concert begins, there is an interval of silence and waiting...

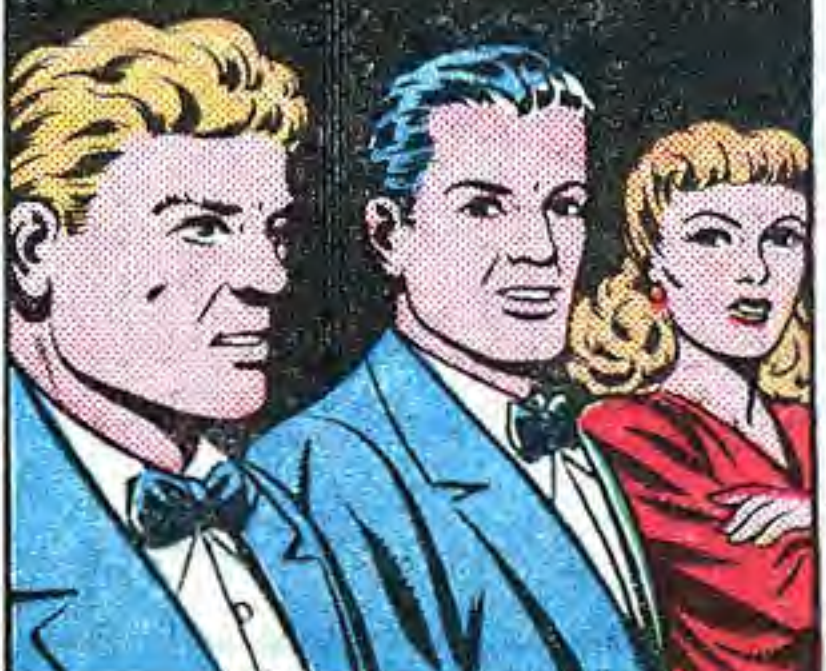


Then masterful fingers strike the opening chords...

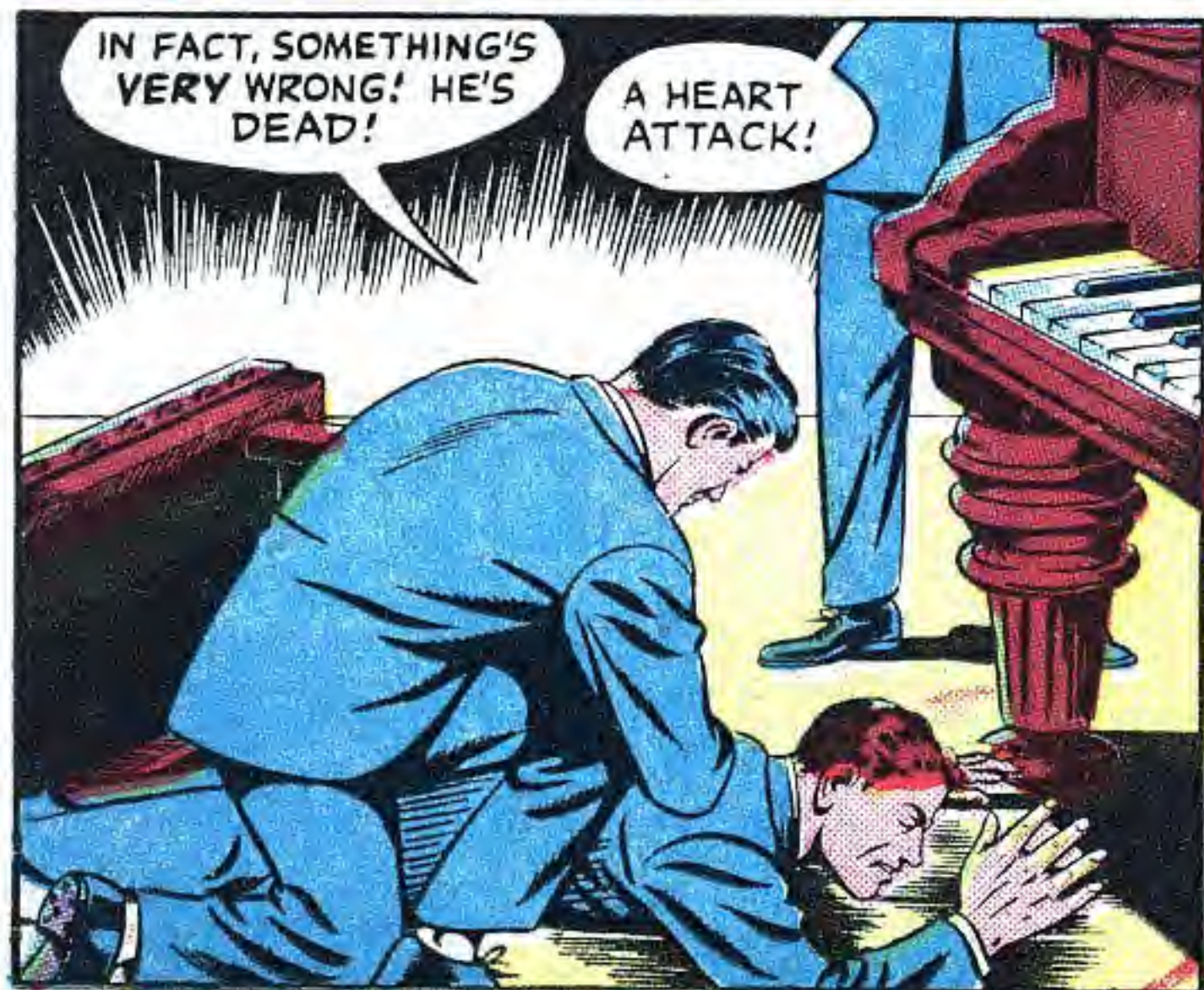
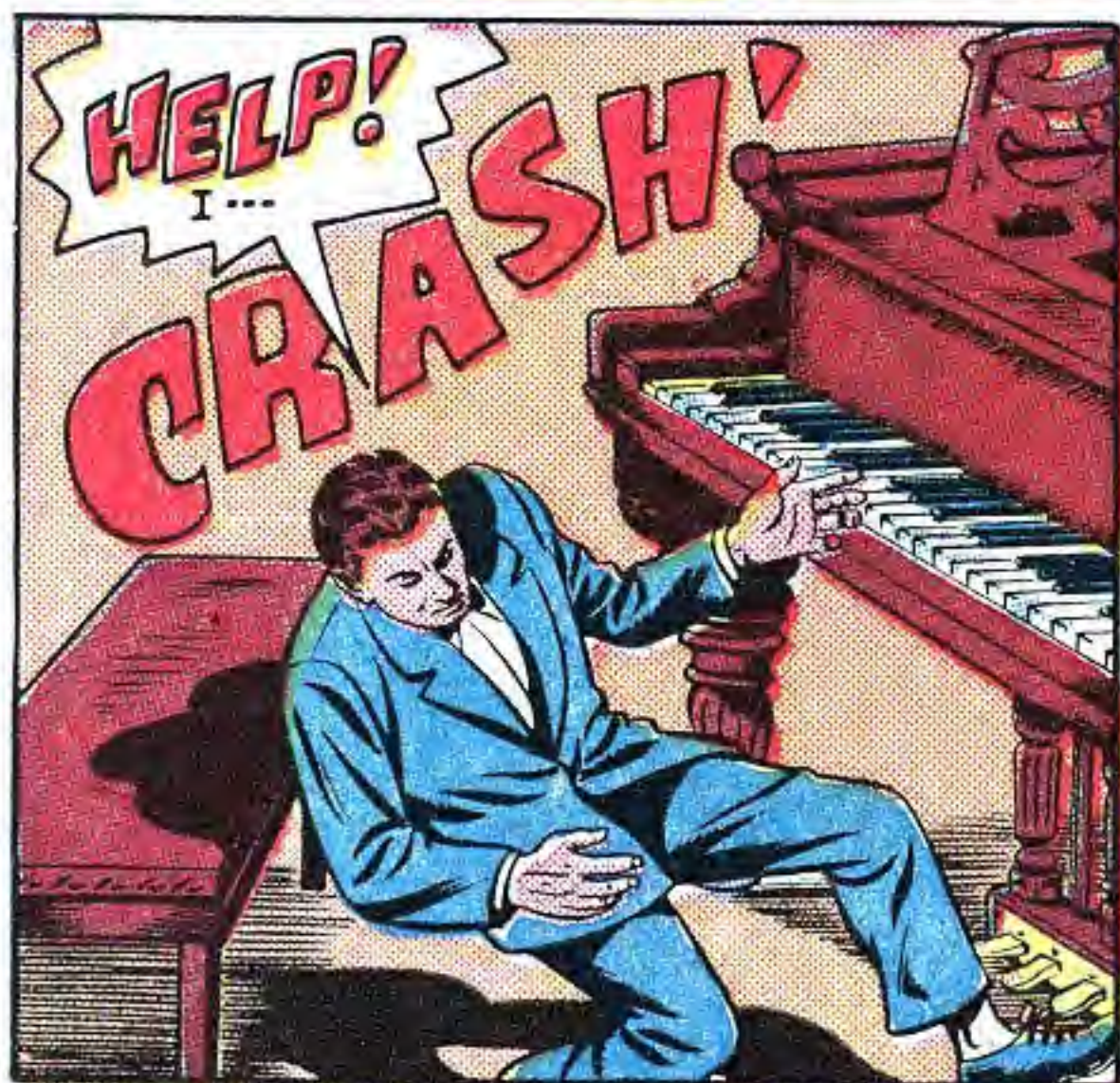


EDDY HARMOR CAN REALLY TICKLE THOSE IVORIES!

YOU'RE NOT KIDDING!



FEATURE COMICS



Later, in Swing Sisson's apartment...

HARMOR WAS PLAYING THE CONCERTO IN F! THE NEWS-PAPERS ARE CALLING IT "THE MELODY OF DEATH"! IT SEEMS HARMOR IS THE THIRD MAN CONNECTED WITH THE SONG WHO DIED RECENTLY!



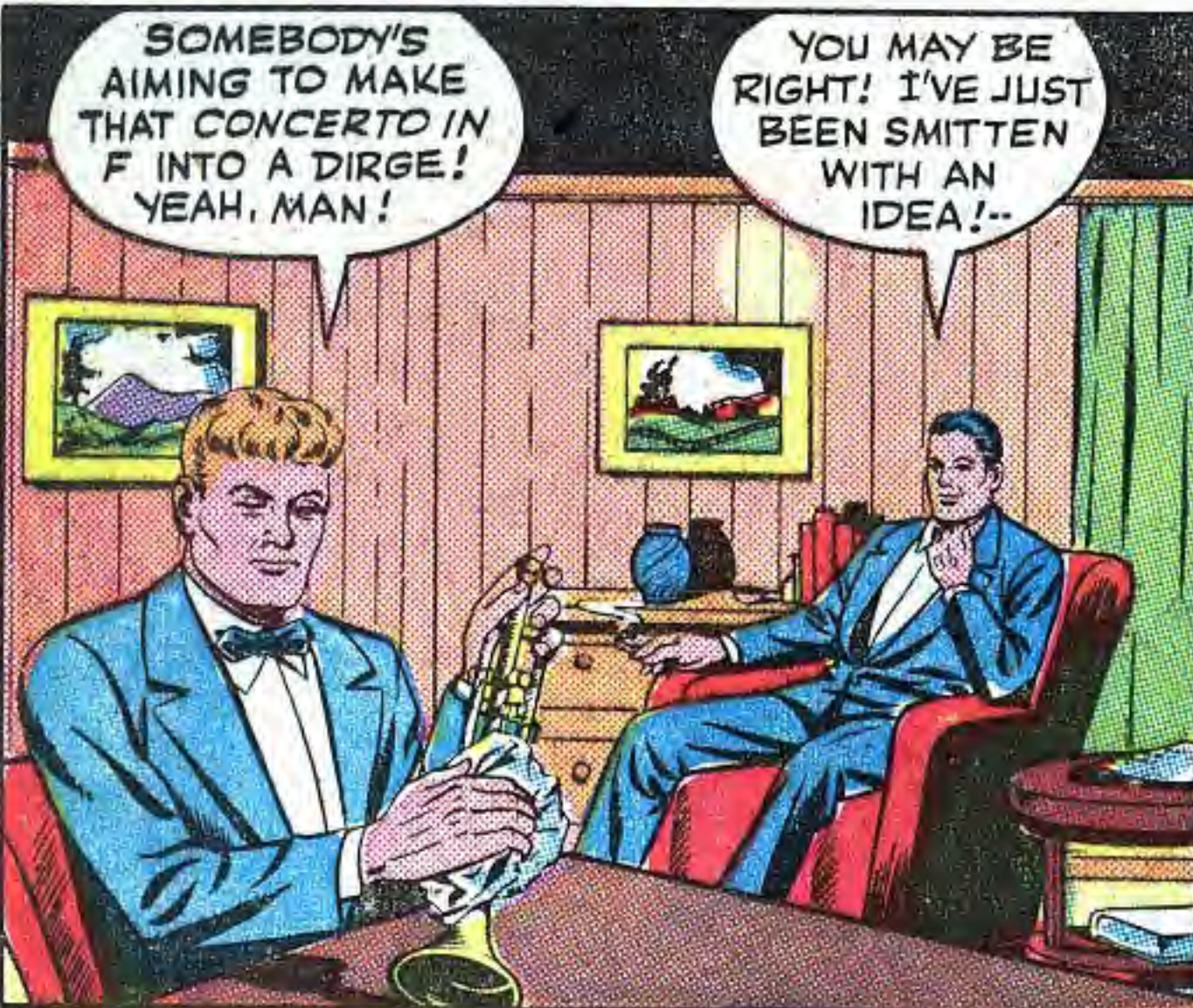
SHORTLY AFTER IT WAS WRITTEN, THE COMPOSER AND PUBLISHER WERE KILLED WHEN THEIR CAR PLUNGED OFF A BRIDGE!

I'LL BET IT WASN'T ANY ACCIDENT!



SOMEBODY'S AIMING TO MAKE THAT CONCERTO IN F INTO A DIRGE! YEAH, MAN!

YOU MAY BE RIGHT! I'VE JUST BEEN SMITTEN WITH AN IDEA!--



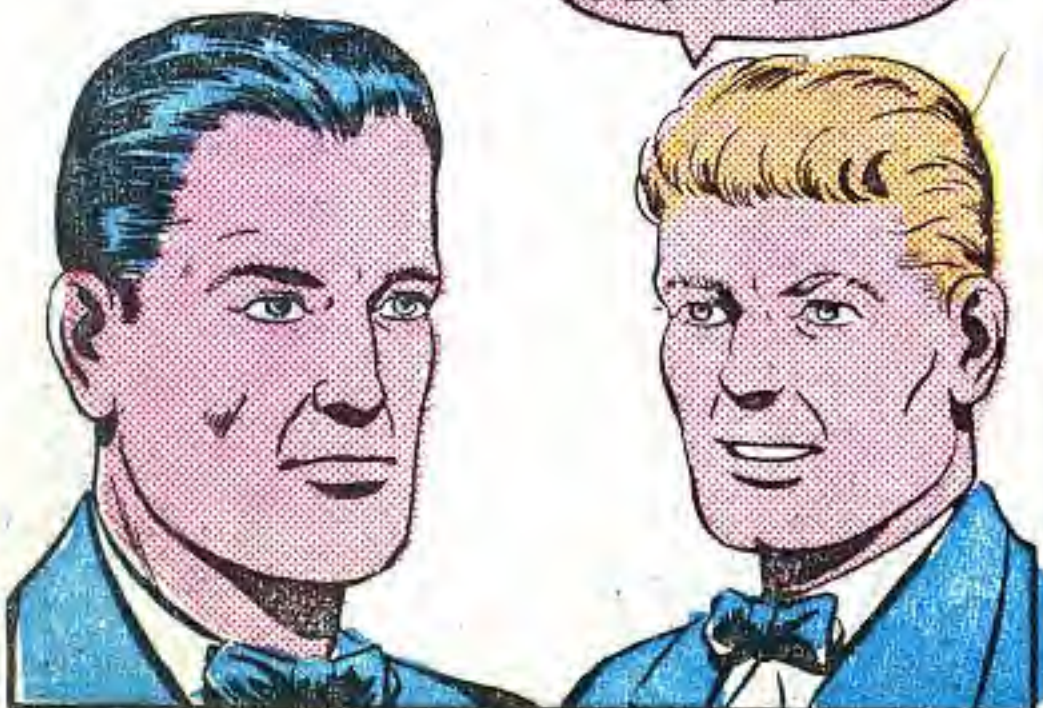
WE'RE GOING TO PLAY THE CONCERTO IN F AT THE CONCERT HALL NEXT WEEK!

ARE YOU CRAZY? IF THE KILLER HEARS ABOUT IT, YOU'LL BECOME HIS TARGET FOR THE NIGHT!



THAT'S WHAT I'M HOPING! EDDY HARMOR WAS A FRIEND OF MINE! AND GOOD MUSICIANS STICK TOGETHER!...

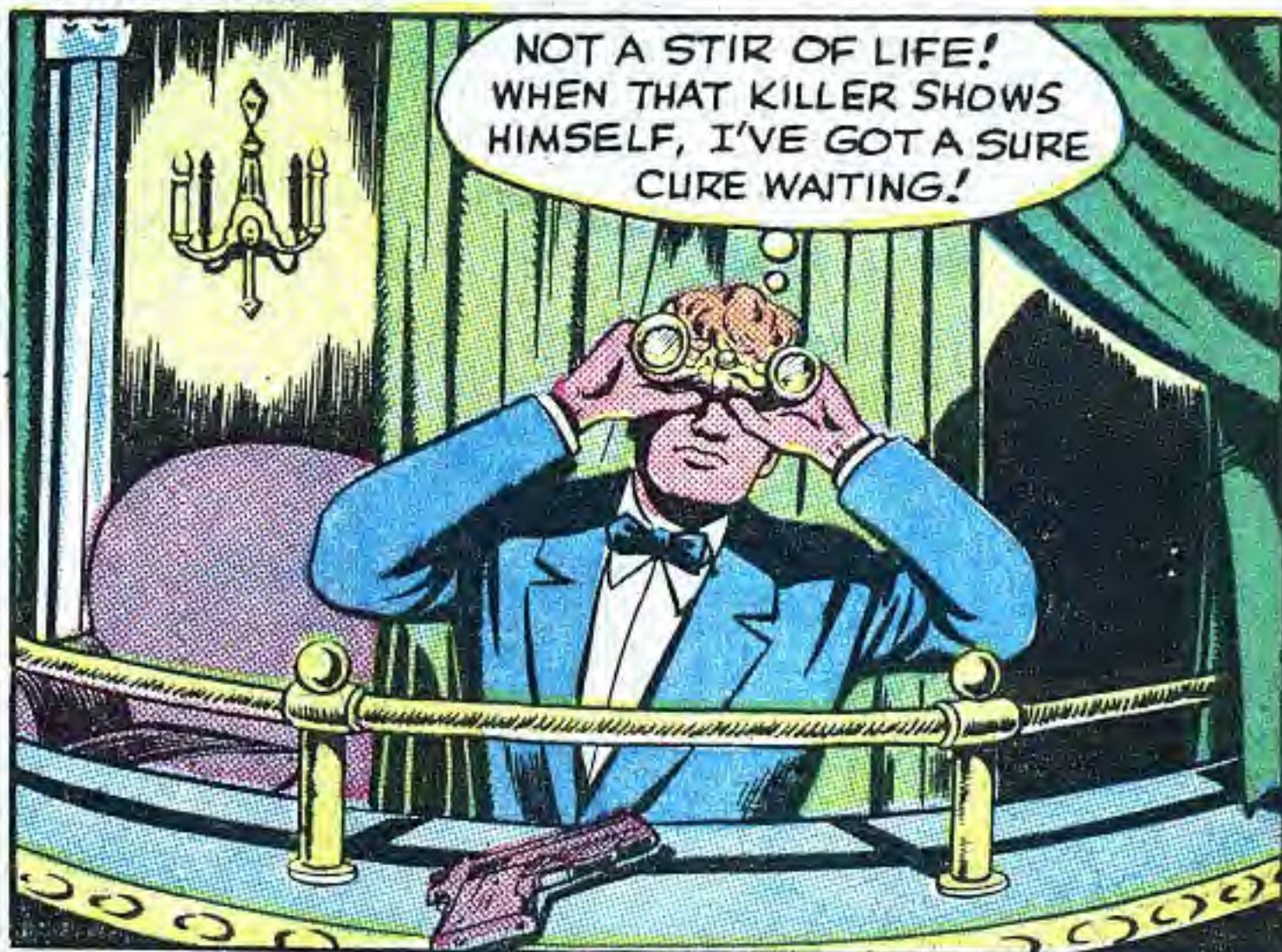
MAKE US A COMMON GRAVE, DIGGER! I HOPE THOSE OBIT WRITERS TREAT OLD TOBY WITH KINDNESS--EVEN IF I DON'T DESERVE IT!

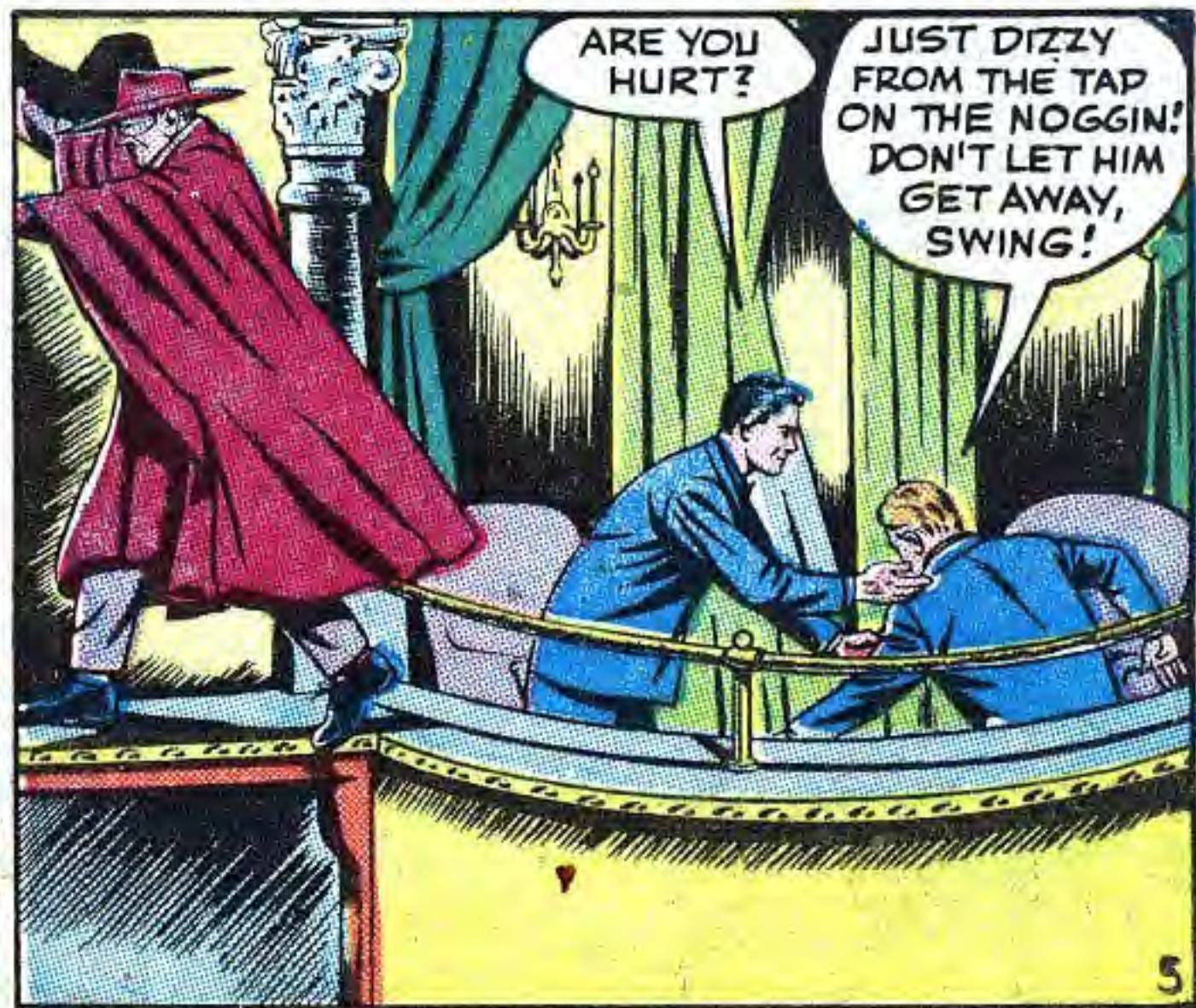


Opening night at the concert hall--

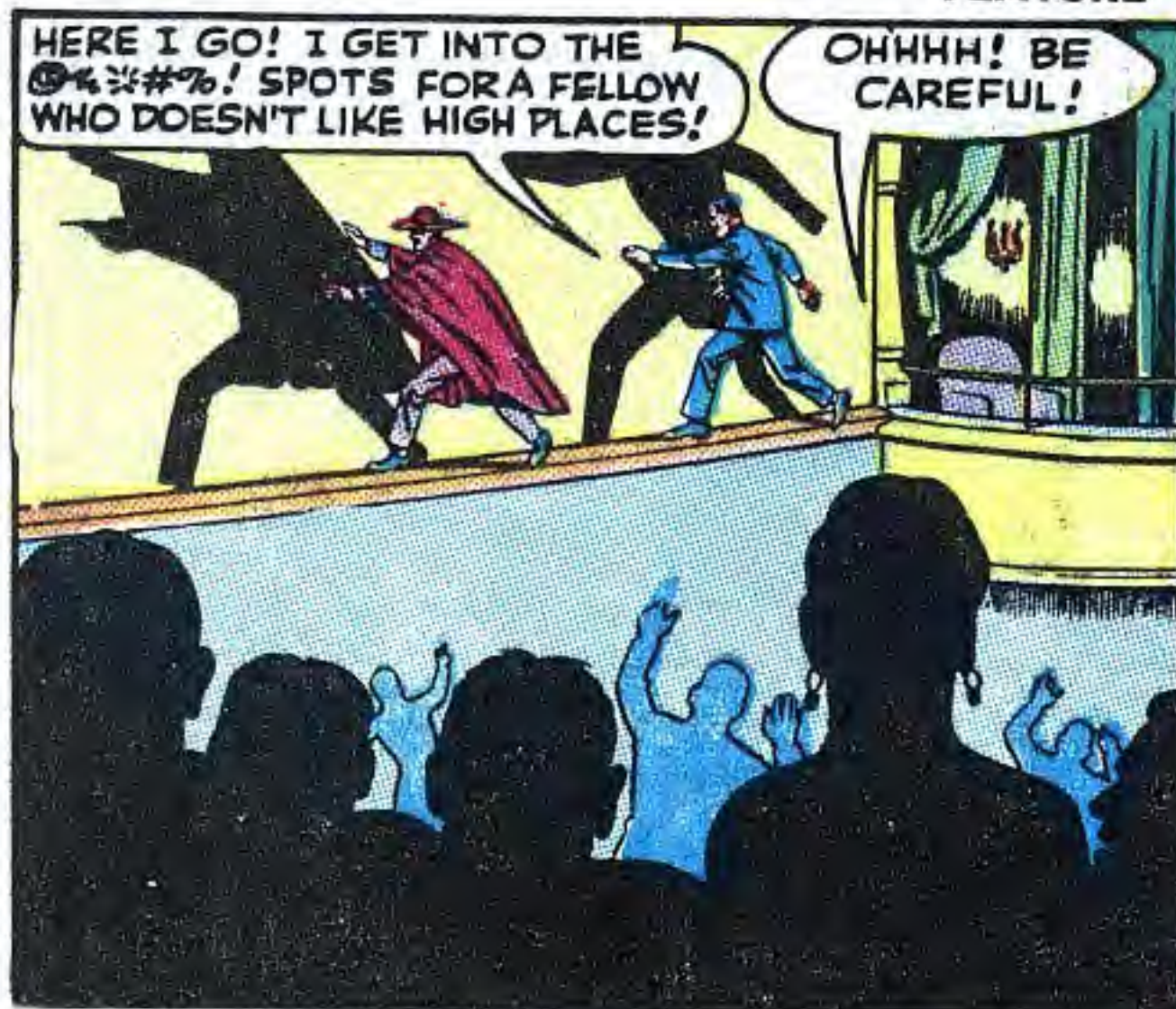
HERE WE GO, GANG!... THE CONCERTO IN F!







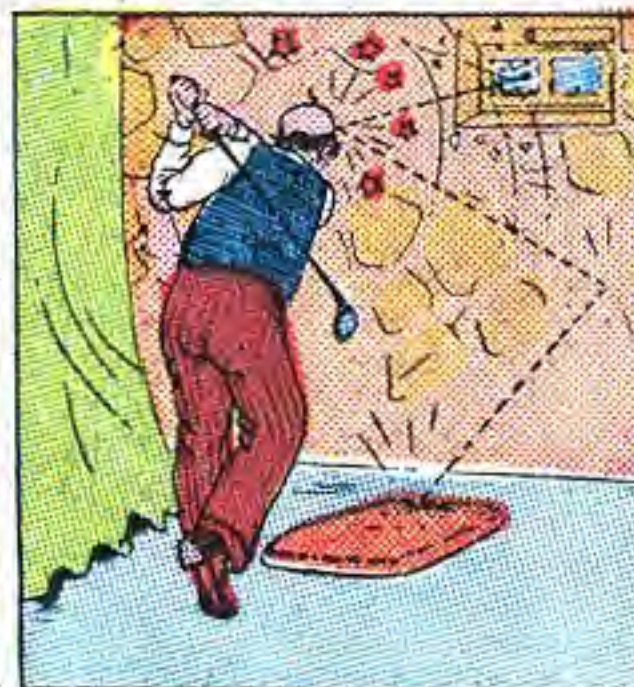
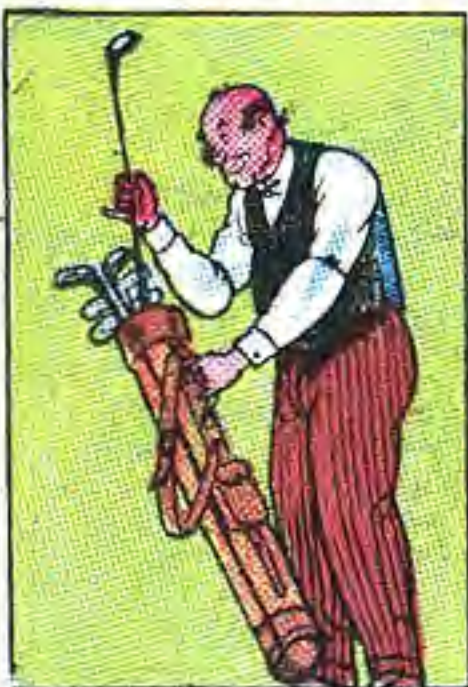
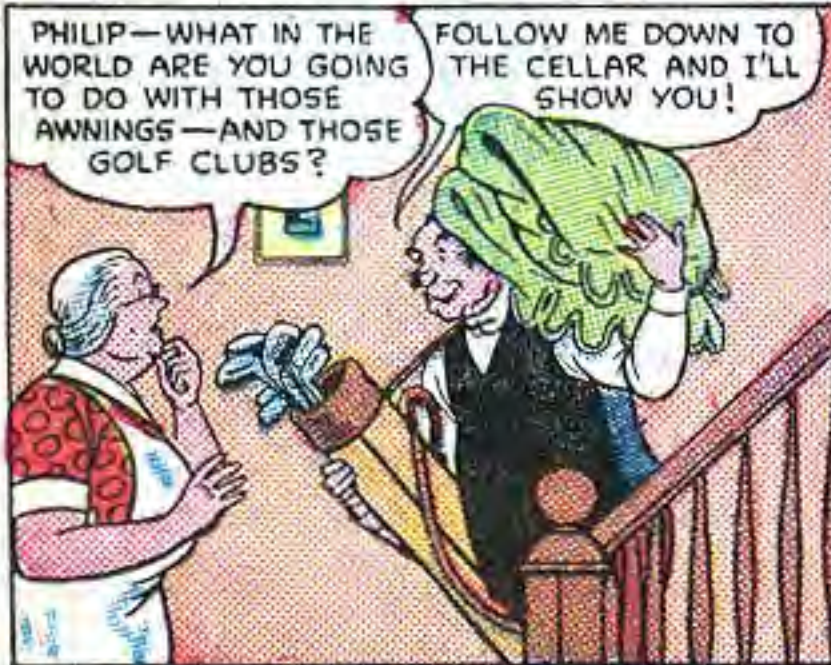
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

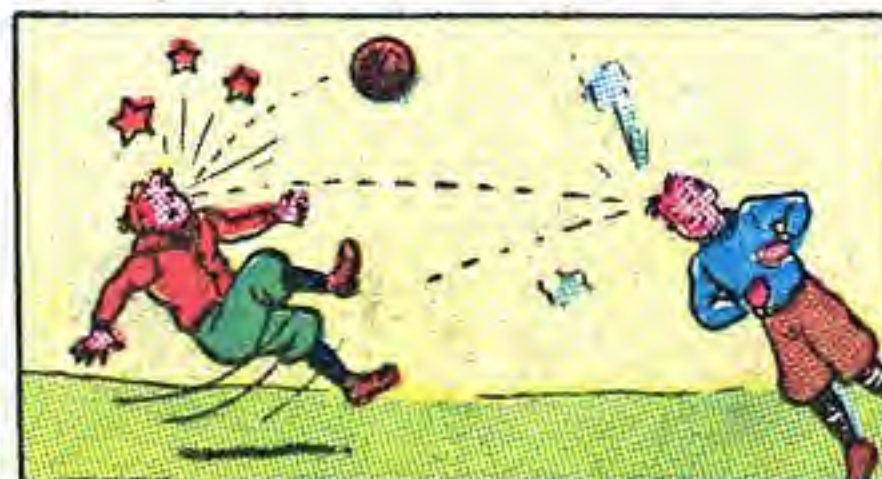
MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

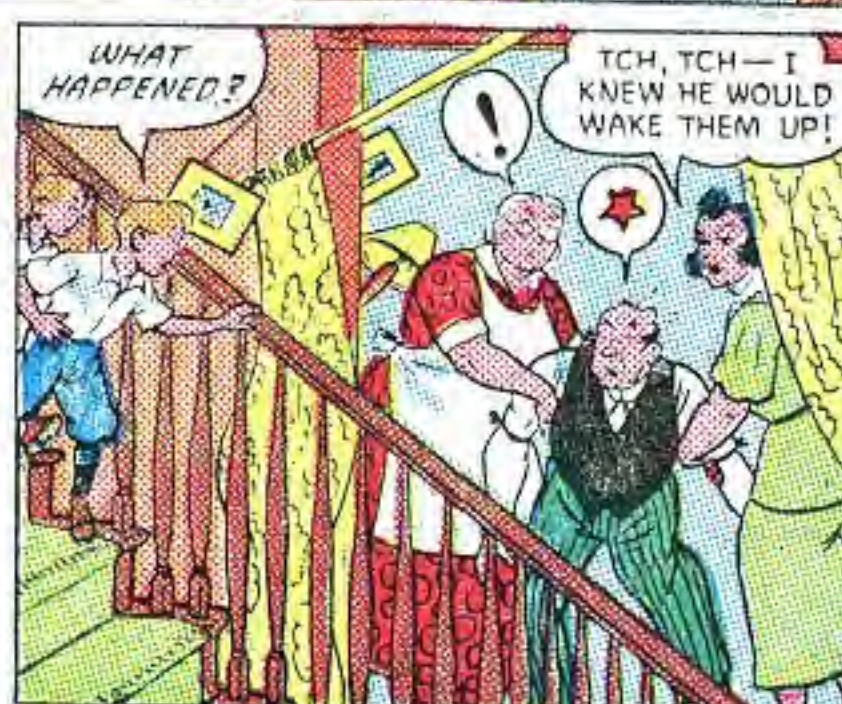
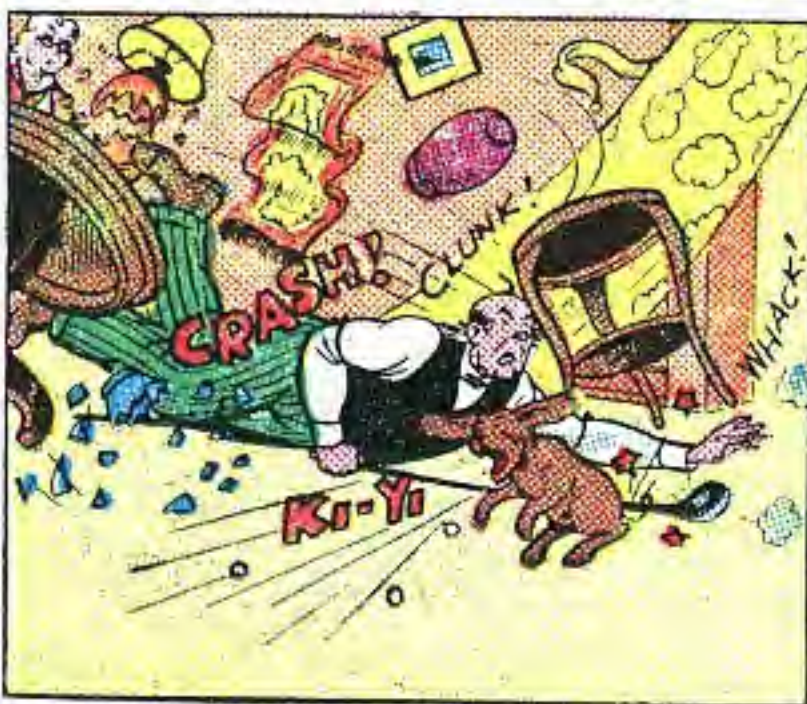
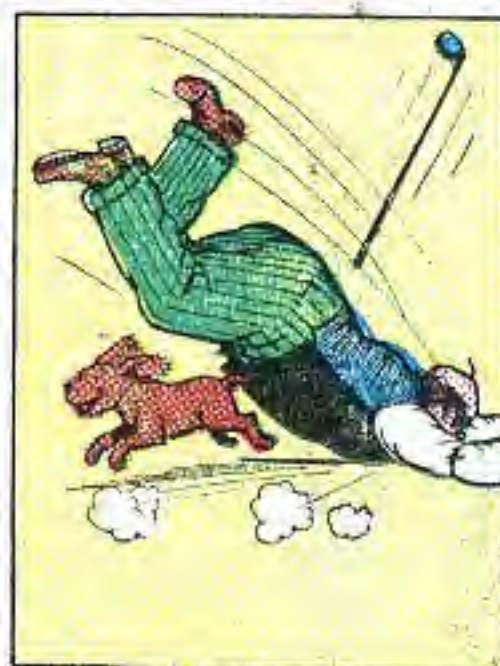
By Lank Leonard



FEATURE COMICS

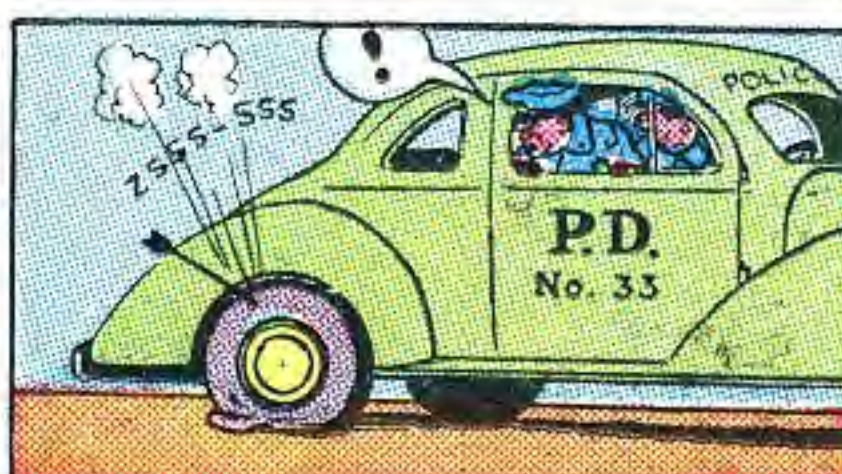
MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



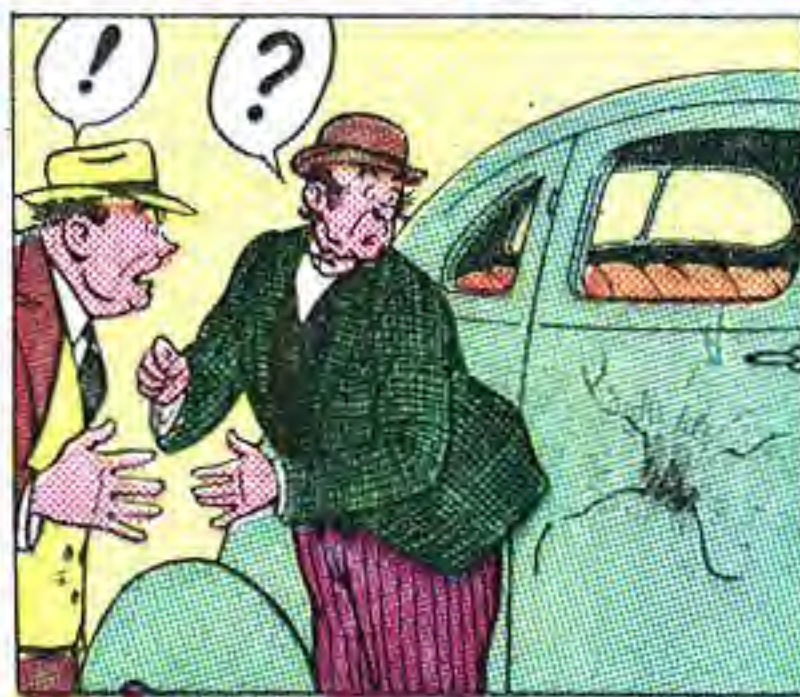
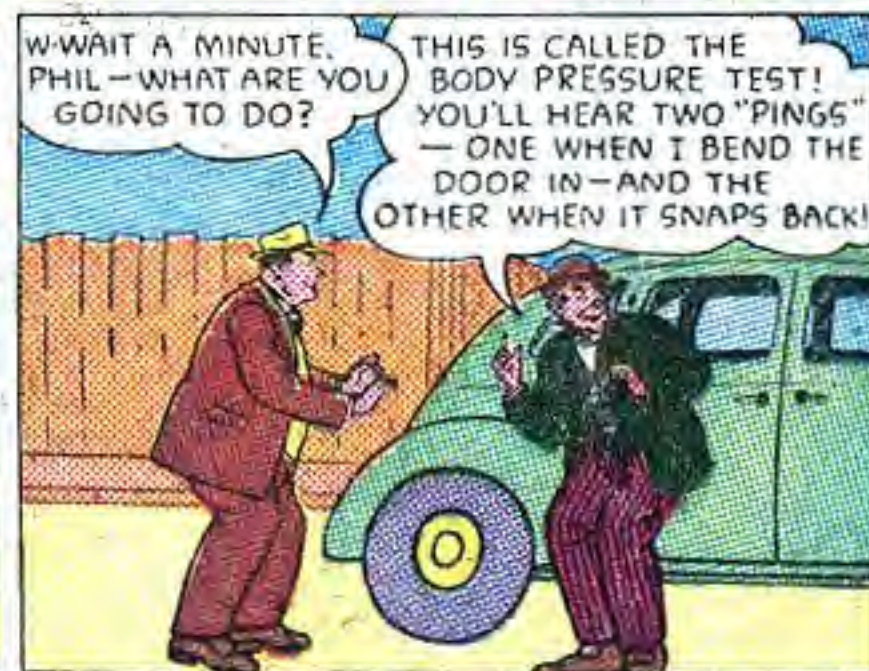
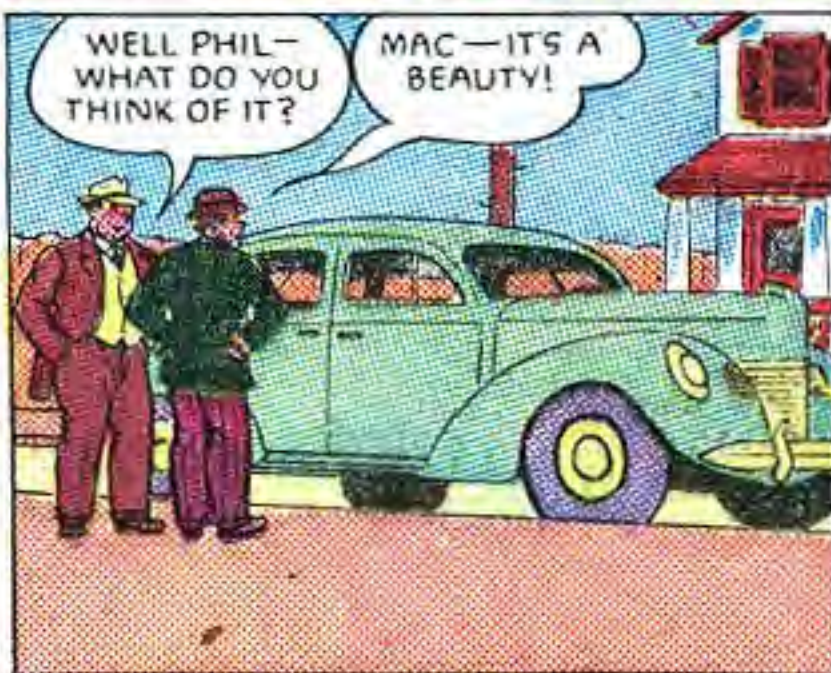
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By Lank Leonard



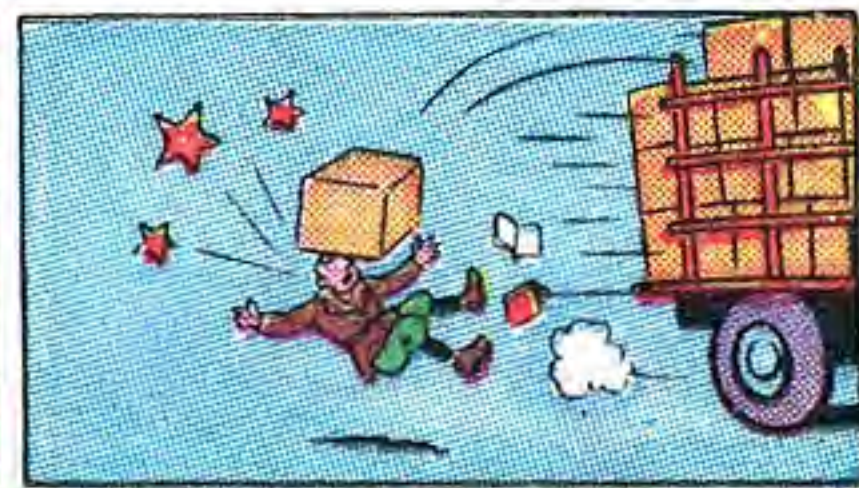
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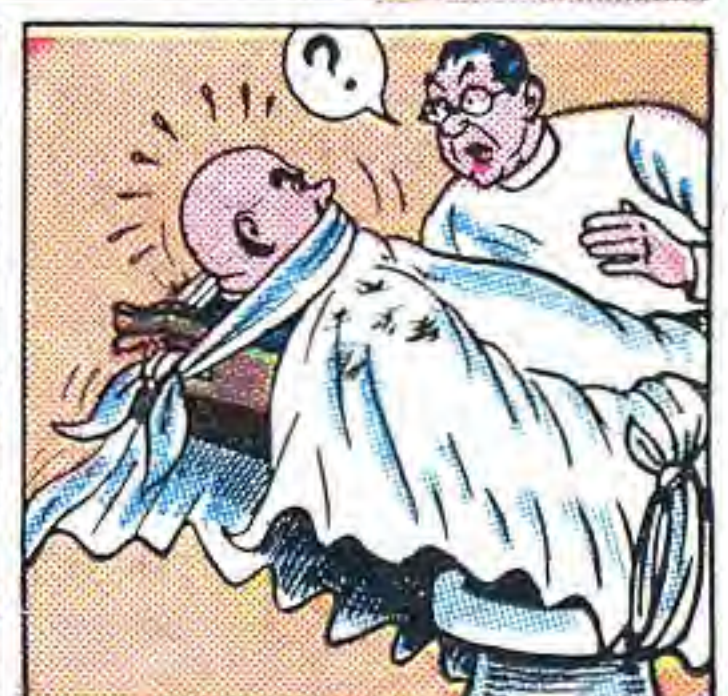
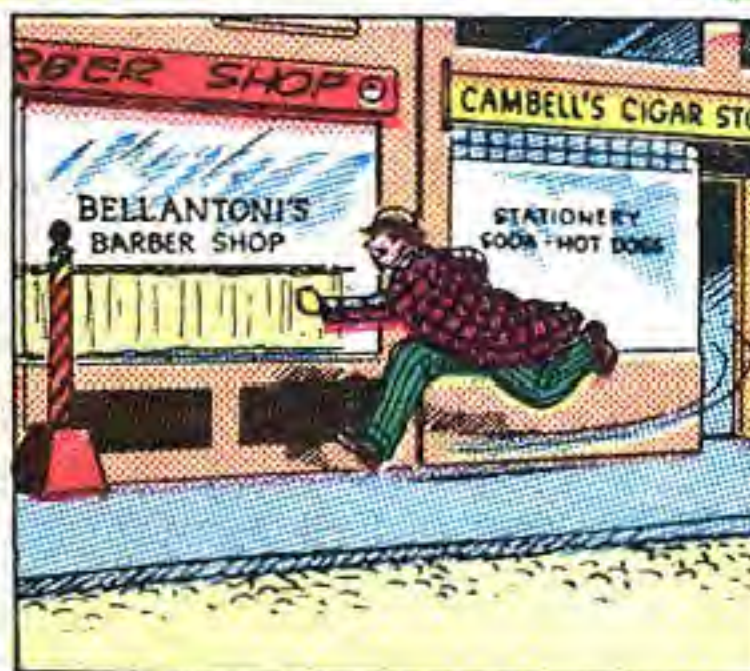
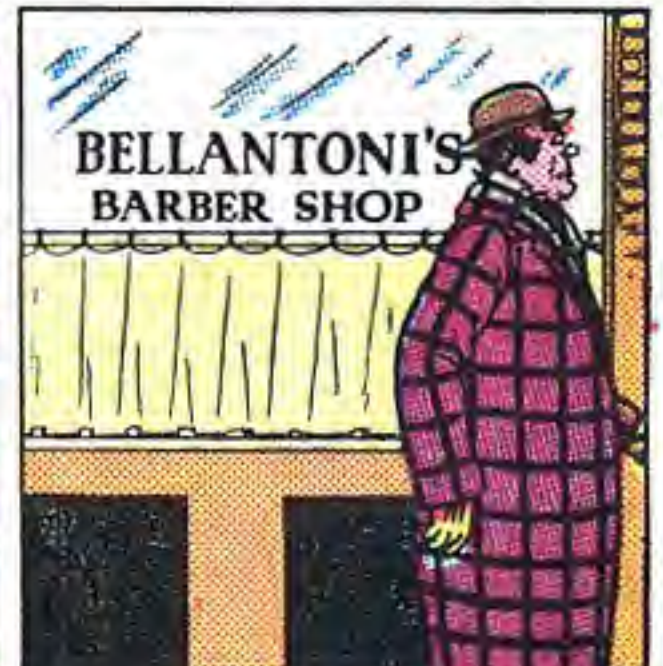
By Lank Leonard



FEATURE COMICS

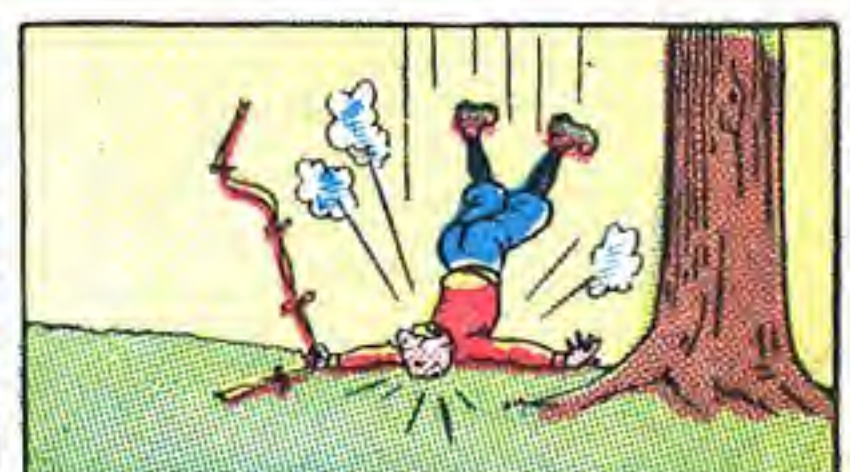
MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



GUN OF THE GHOST

CAL BLAKE cantered along the silent street of Ghost Town, feeling icy fingers creep up his spine. He didn't like this old city of the dead past. False fronted buildings reared spectral facades, eery in the moonlight.

Cal's horse shied suddenly, almost unseating his rider. Cal spoke softly to the animal, wondering what had made him jumpy.

At the end of the deserted street, Cal breathed more easily. Always he had the feeling that unseen eyes watched as he rode through Ghost Town—sinister, evil eyes. Eyes of some long-dead, hateful menace.

He wouldn't go through again, short cut or no short cut. He'd take the long way to the ranch from now on.

As Cal left the town, a spot of brilliant light the size of a saucer darted across the sand behind him, swept up over the horse's flank and stopped on the man's broad back. A moment only it centered there, then a tiny hole appeared in the leather jacket. With a gurgling cry, Cal pitched out of the saddle, to lay, twitching, in the sand.

The horse spun around, nickered fearfully, and galloped off toward the ranch, a mile distant.

There had been no sound. The whole weird drama had occurred in utter silence. Death had struck out of Ghost Town—death in the form of a skeletal finger of light!

Perry Scott was riding with Jeb Moffatt, owner of the Double Bar X ranch next day when they were led to Cal Blake's lifeless body by a pair of wheeling buzzards. A rifle bullet had gone through Cal's body.

Moffatt swore. "Who could have done it? Cal never had an

enemy. He was shot in the back without a chance."

Perry helped sling the dead man over Moffatt's saddle. He had met Cal a few days earlier. A nice, quiet chap.

"Someone hidden in there?" asked Perry, indicating Ghost Town.

"Looks like it," said Jeb. "Let's ride through."

They walked their horses the length of the single street, raising a cloud of powdery dust, without seeing anything out of the way. At the "boothill" cemetery, where many bleached wooden crosses bore mute witness to the men who had long since died violent deaths, they turned and rode back.

Ghost Town, shimmering under the blazing afternoon sun, slept on, dead for a half century. But not all dead! A pair of burning, hate-filled eyes watched their every move!

The hate-filled eyes belonged to Lige Moffatt, Jeb's cousin. Lige had just been released from state's prison. Now he crouched in a secret room of Ghost Town and listened to Barney Yates, tight-fisted old banker of Silver City.

"Fine, Lige. You keep on shooting Double Bar X rannies. Pretty soon they won't be able to stand it, and then Jeb'll sell out and be glad to. We gotta have that ranch, Lige."

Lige spat contemptuously. "Don't worry, we'll get it. An' I'll get that blasted Jeb, too. Five years in prison!" He clenched his fists. "I'll get 'em all if I have to!"

Yates got up, flicking the dust off his "store" clothes. "All right, Lige. Now I'm going out to have a nice chat with Jeb."

The next night another Double Bar X rider was killed

near Ghost Town, shot through the back with the same caliber bullet.

Jeb Moffatt ranted when some riders carried the second dead man into the bunkhouse. It was Hill, a good cow puncher.

"Scott," cried the old rancher, "you're a detective. You've gotta do something about this crazy thing. Am I gonna lose all my riders?"

"I'll do everything I can, Mr. Moffatt," Scott soothed. "The thing's got me, too."

That night, Perry Scott walked to the old town, taking a dark alley behind the buildings facing Main Street. No use taking unnecessary chances. He wasn't superstitious, but the eery story of the deadly beam had got around the valley, and nobody had a solution.

Behind the old Dollar Hotel, Perry halted, listening. Silence. Silence that beat against his eardrums. Then suddenly the hot air vibrated with the thunder of a horse's hoofs. Perry hurried through a narrow alley to the street. A rider was galloping along it. As he flashed past, a streaking finger of light swept out of the darkness, flicked up across the man's dark coat and abruptly blinked out. The rider kept on, vanishing into another alley a hundred yards down the street.

"Hm," said Perry softly. "He didn't get shot; must be one of the gang." He hurried to the alley into which horse and rider had disappeared. At its end was a large wooden door, locked. Perry listened, heard voices which rapidly faded into silence.

With his flash to the crack of the door, Perry saw the bar that held it and with a shingle he easily lifted the barrier and

lowered one end to the ground. He pushed the door open, stepped inside. It led into a tunnel.

Perry moved ahead cautiously, ducking the beams and finding the floor sloping downward. He kept on for what he surmised was a good half mile, then a sharp turn brought him up with an exclamation. Light ahead. And in its radiance he saw three men at work. One of them he knew was the well-dressed man who had recently ridden into town. He listened a moment to their conversation, then quietly headed back to the opening.

"Old Banker Yates, that was him, all right," said Jeb Moffatt when Perry had explained his adventure. "And the young un must be Lige, my cousin. Just got out of prison. Killed my brother, John, six years ago."

The story came out then. Lige had shot John Moffatt when the latter had caught him burglarizing his safe.

"You see," Jeb explained, "John found an old map showing where a Spanish gold mine was located on his ranch. I never put much stock in it, but I guess it was true. Lige wanted that map, an' he got it. Must have had it hid while he was doing time."

"But this Banker Yates—" began Perry.

"He's been trying to buy my spread for weeks. This explains why. He's in with Lige. Well, they won't get the ranch, or the gold mine. Lige is a murderer."

"A murderer several times over," added Perry. "What is your plan, Mr. Moffatt?"

"Round 'em up. Yates is in it as much as that young scallawag Lige!"

The sheriff's posse included every rider on the Double Bar X. They closed in on Ghost Town in the darkness, dismounting and creeping in from

all directions. Unless Lige surrendered, it would be a fight to the finish.

The sheriff called to the hidden gunman to come out with his hands up. Nothing happened. The men crept closer, guns ready. Suddenly a thin pencil of light stabbed the darkness and a man cried out in death. Guns blazed. Then silence. Again the light beam darted, picked out a victim, and again bullets raked the old buildings from every angle.

Five times that terrible light cut the blackness, and five times men screamed as they were mortally hit. It was weird and unnerving, this noiseless finger of death from the night. The sheriff's men muttered and whispered of supernatural things. It was getting them.

Perry crept quietly toward the dark alley that had swallowed old Banker Yates and his horse. From this general direction the light beam had come each time. Somewhere thereabouts Lige was hidden, controlling the monstrous device that cut men down in cold blood and without a sound.

He reached the huge door through which he had gone the night before. It was unlocked. He opened it and entered. And this time he found a second door, set in the wall of the tunnel. It creaked once as he drew it open. Then a roaring volley outside told him that Lige must be busily engaged. He began a slow ascent of steps he found beyond the door.

Half way up, he heard footsteps on the floor above. Lige, or whoever it was, had moved his position. Again guns crashed. Bullets thudded into the walls of the building. A scream as someone was hit. Then Perry's hair stood on end. A slight sound on the stairs below told him that someone else was stalking. But stalking whom? He was between two fires, with probable death at either end. He threw himself upward, just

as a .45 crashed in the darkness at the foot of the stairs. A man groaned and collapsed.

Perry slammed onto the floor above in time to see a vicious looking youngster whirl, grasping a strange rifle in one hand. Perry covered him, ordered him to drop the weapon and put up his hands. The youth snarled and went for his revolver, letting the rifle clatter to the floor. In falling, the odd-looking weapon turned around, a light blinked on, centering on the youth's chest, and he pitched forward on his face.

Perry yelled to the men to hold their fire. In a moment the sheriff, Jeb Moffatt and all his men were in the upstairs room. Jeb identified the dead youth as Lige Moatt. He had been shot through the left breast.

"Good shooting," he told Perry. "It'll save the county the expense of a trial. Baxter got old Yates at the foot of the back stairs."

"But I didn't shoot him," Perry explained. "That thing did." He pointed to the weapon Lige had dropped. Perry told them how the freak accident had occurred.

"Well, I'll be—" said Jeb as he picked up Lige's startling looking rifle. "What do you make of this?"

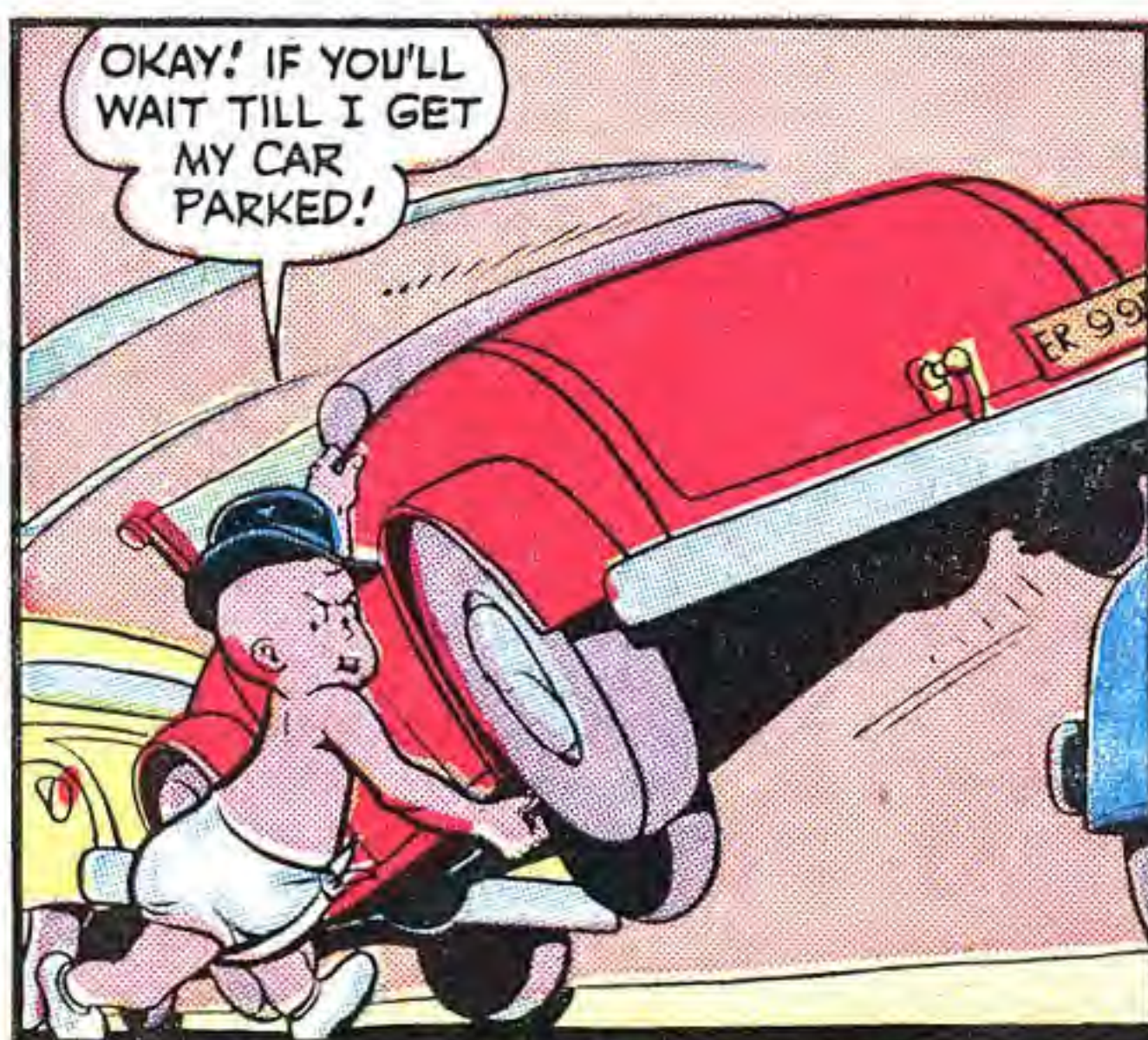
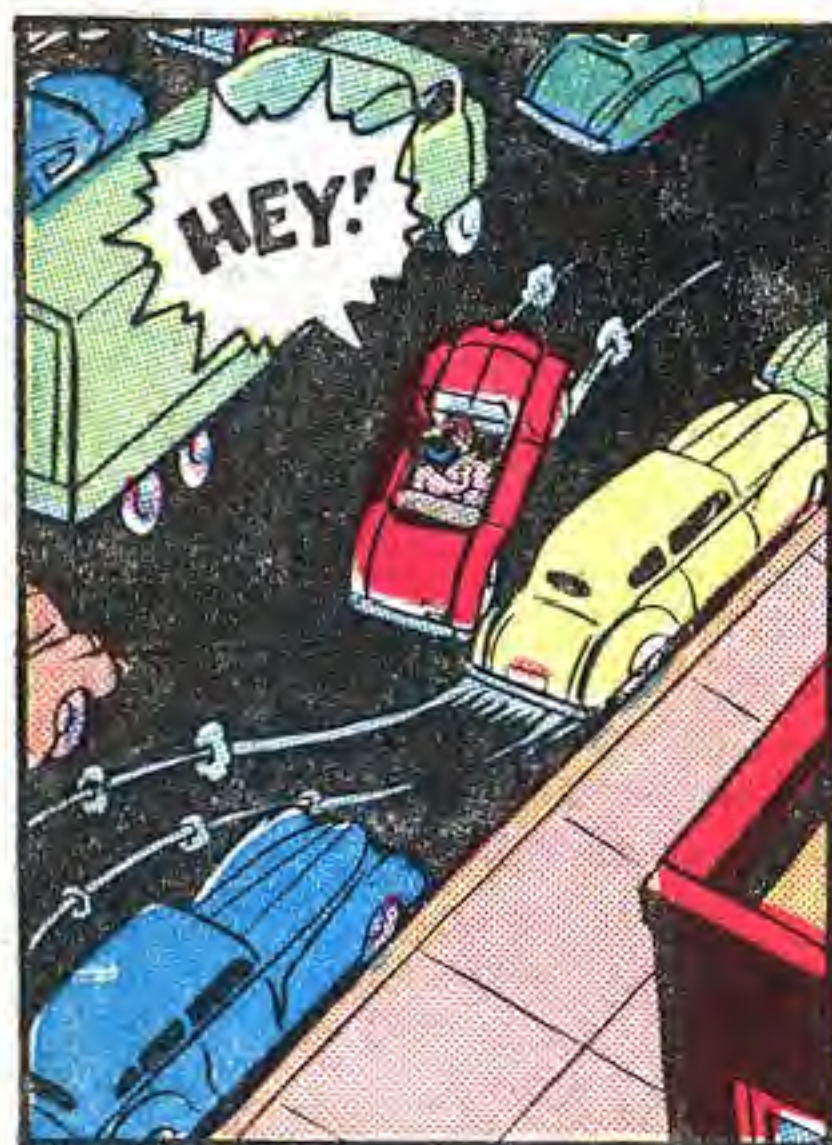
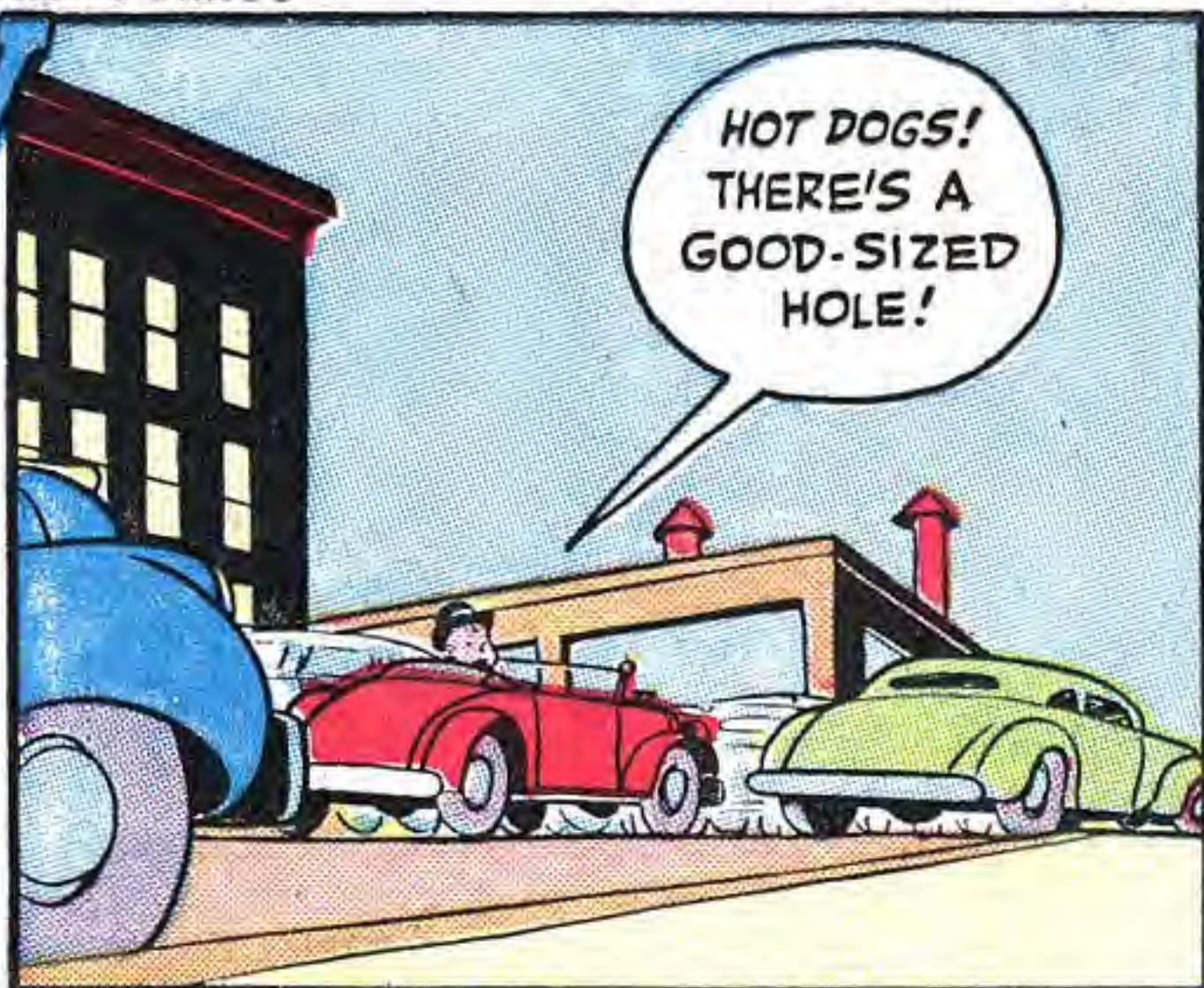
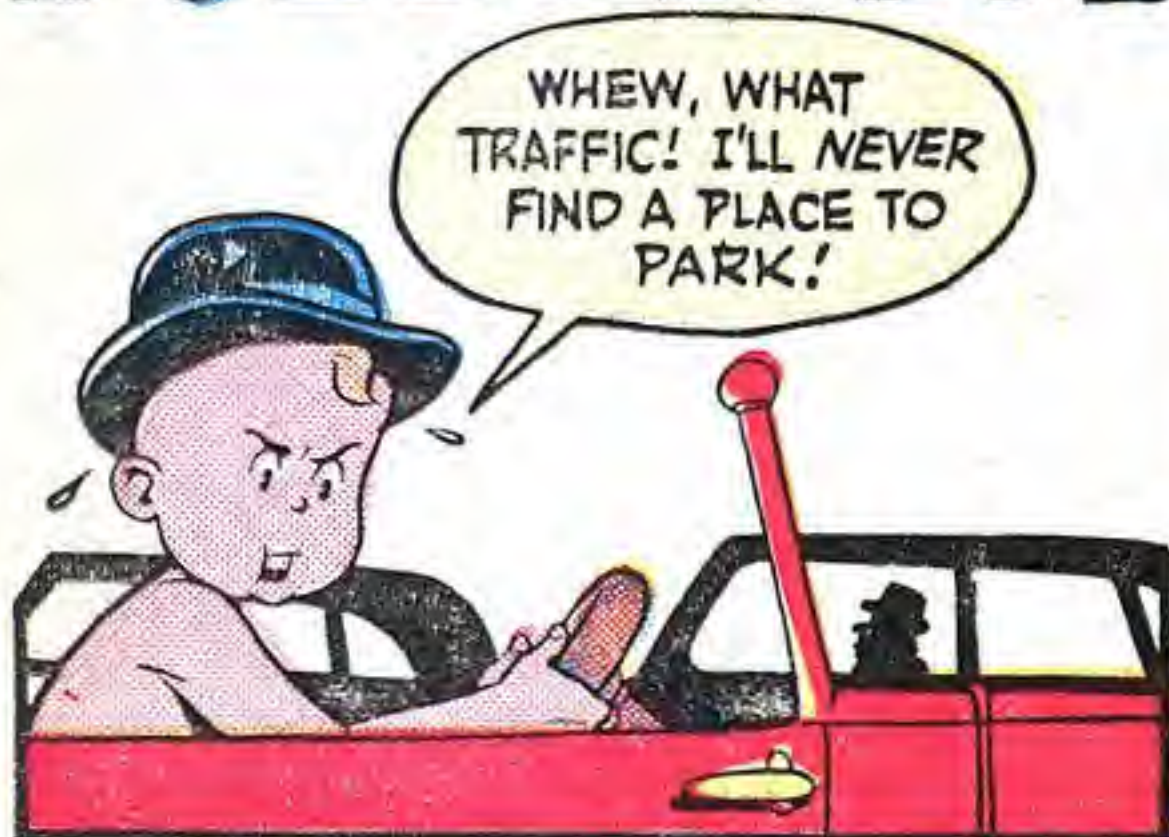
"It's an ordinary high powered rifle, with a powerful spotlight and a silencer. It surely makes night shooting a cinch. Wherever the light strikes, there is where the bullet hits. Look!" He took the rifle and pointed it at a wall, squeezing the trigger. A tiny beam of light spotted the wall, and a minute hole appeared through its center.

The cowmen expressed themselves as cowmen do when they're bowled over.

"And to think that thing got him, the guy who invented it! That's what you call j-just—ret—"

"Just retribution," Perry filled in.

POISON IVY



SPIN SHAW

THOSE SIGNS ABOUT YANKEES DON'T MEAN *ME* --- MY GREAT-AUNT'S COUSIN WAS A *SOUTHERNER*!

ZOOTIBAR was a **FORBIDDEN CITY**... but how can you forbid **CAPTAIN SPIN SHAW** to do **ANYTHING**?

YANKEE !!!
DON'T LET THE SUN
SET ON YOU!

NO YANKEES
WANTED!

Leave of absence for Spin Shaw ---- even a fighting, flying fool has to have relaxation---

WHERE'S THE BEST PLACE TO TAKE A BREATHER, SIR?

ANYWHERE BUT ZOOTIBAR, CAPTAIN!

THAT'S A CRUMMY NATIVE TOWN, ANYWAY--THEY'VE OVERCHARGED AND INSULTED US --- SO WE'VE CALLED IT **OUT OF BOUNDS!**

I SEE! THANK YOU, SIR!

One guess! How does Spin plan to spend his leave?

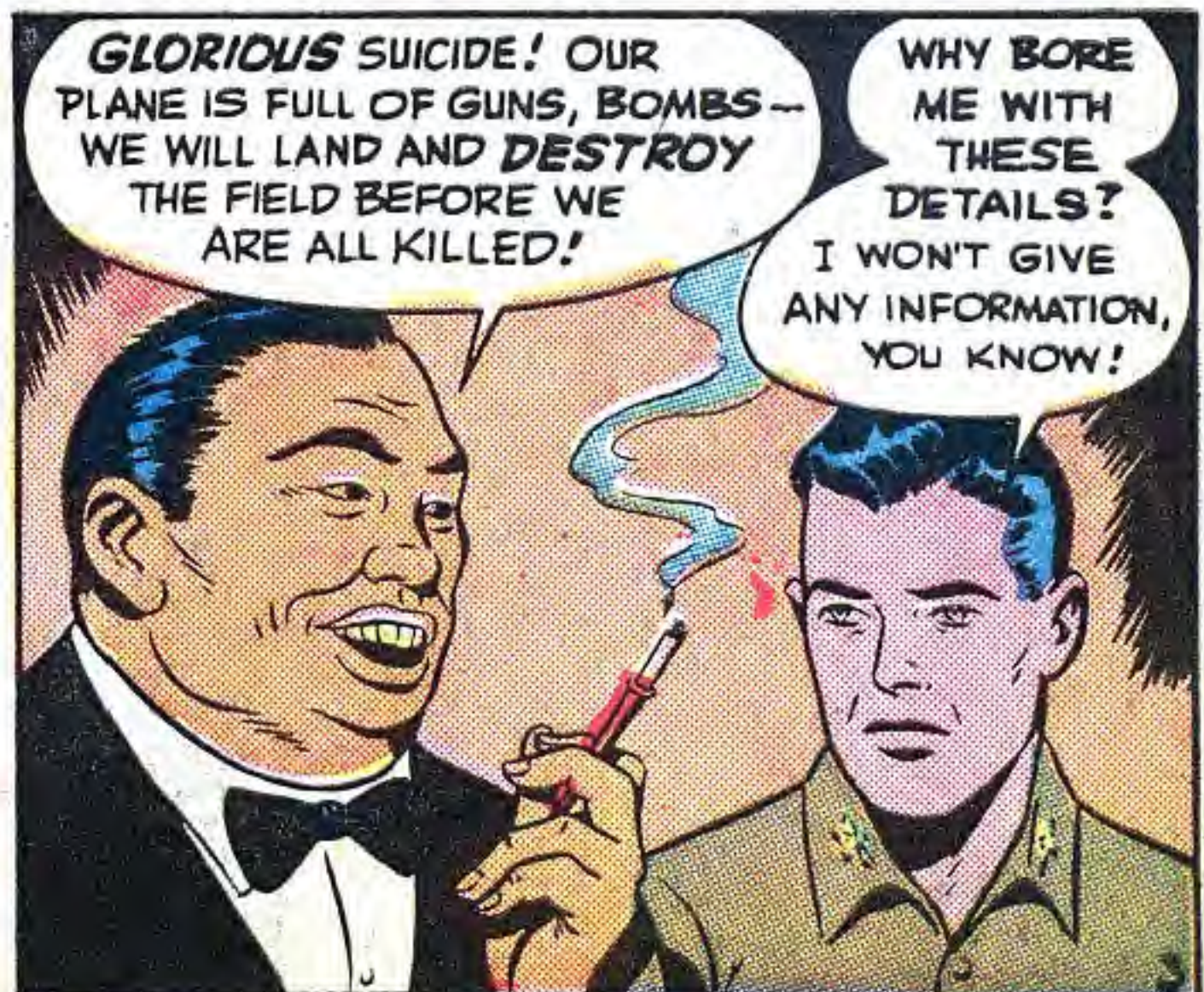
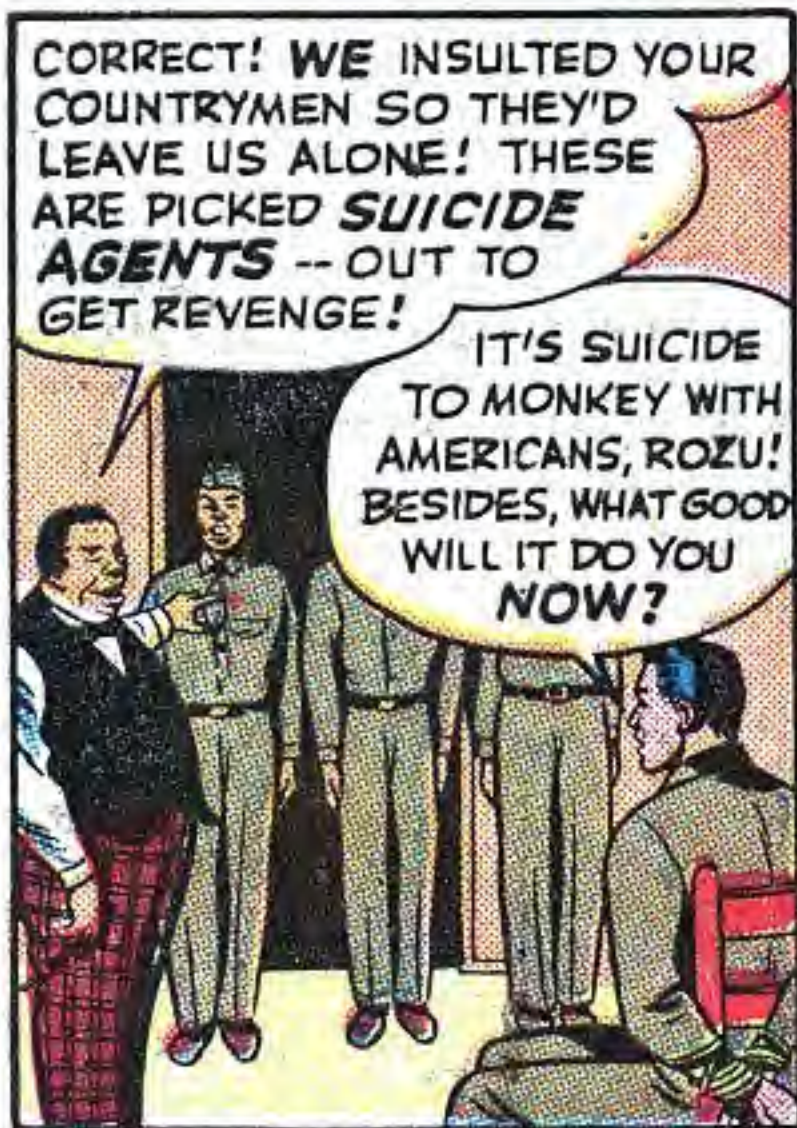
NO DARE COME CLOSER TO ZOOTIBAR, SIR! THEY *KILL* NATIVE IF HE IS FOUND WITH AMERICAN!

OKAY! START PADDLING BACK! I'LL SWIM THE REST OF THE WAY!



FEATURE COMICS







The falling explosives blow the heart of Zootibar to bits!



HE HAS DESTROYED ZOOTIBAR! DESTROY HIM!

I DON'T SEE ANY DESTROYERS -- ONLY A BUNCH OF JAPANESE JUNKS!



I'M TAKING OVER!

NO! I CRASH PLANE!



NOT A BAD IDEA! I'LL CRASH IT MYSELF!



I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD REACH THE OPEN PANEL! I HOPE THESE BRANCHES WILL HOLD ME WHEN I LIGHT!



THE PLANE'S FINISHED --- AND SO'S THE TOWN!---

HEY, WERE YOU IN ZOOTIBAR? THAT'S OUT OF BOUNDS -- I'LL HAVE TO ARREST YOU!



YOU CAN'T DO IT, SOLDIER! BECAUSE THERE'S NO ZOOTIBAR LEFT TO BE OUT OF BOUNDS!

SO I SEE--- SO I SEE----



Big Top

BUTCH, UNLESS EVERY SINGLE SOUL IN THIS SMALL TOWN ATTENDS OUR SHOW, WE WON'T MAKE EXPENSES! SO I WANT YOU TO DO SOME HEAVY PROMOTION WORK!

WANDER THROUGH TOWN AND BUILD UP FANTASTIC STORIES ABOUT ALL OUR FEATURES!

Y'MEAN FIB A BIT?

TELL 'EM ANYTHING!... I DON'T CARE, JUST SO YOU WHET THEIR CURIOSITY AND CREATE WILD INTEREST AMONG THE YOKELS!

OKAY, BOSS!

Later... YEP, OUR LION CHEWED UP HIS SIX LAST KEEPERS, OUR BARE-BACK RIDER IS A QUEEN IN DISGUISE AND OUR WILD MAN EATS A WHOLE COW EVERY MORNING FOR BREAKFAST!

AND SEE THAT FELLOW PASSING? IT'S JEFF BANGS, OWNER OF OUR CIRCUS!

DON'T BREATHE THIS TO A SOUL, BUT UNDER HIS CLOTHES HE IS TATTOOED FROM HEAD TO FOOT TO COVER THE BIG BLACK STRIPES ALL OVER HIS BODY LIKE A ZEBRA, AND UNDER HIS SHOES HE HAS WEBBED FEET LIKE A DUCK!

WELL, SO LONG, BOYS... SEE YOU LATER!

THIS WE GOTTA SEE! LET'S CATCH THAT JEFF BANGS!

MAYBE THAT CLOWN WAS LYIN'!

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!

HELP! WHAT IS THIS?

OFF WITH HIS CLOTHES, BOYS!

WANNA SEE THEM ZEEBRY STRIPES!

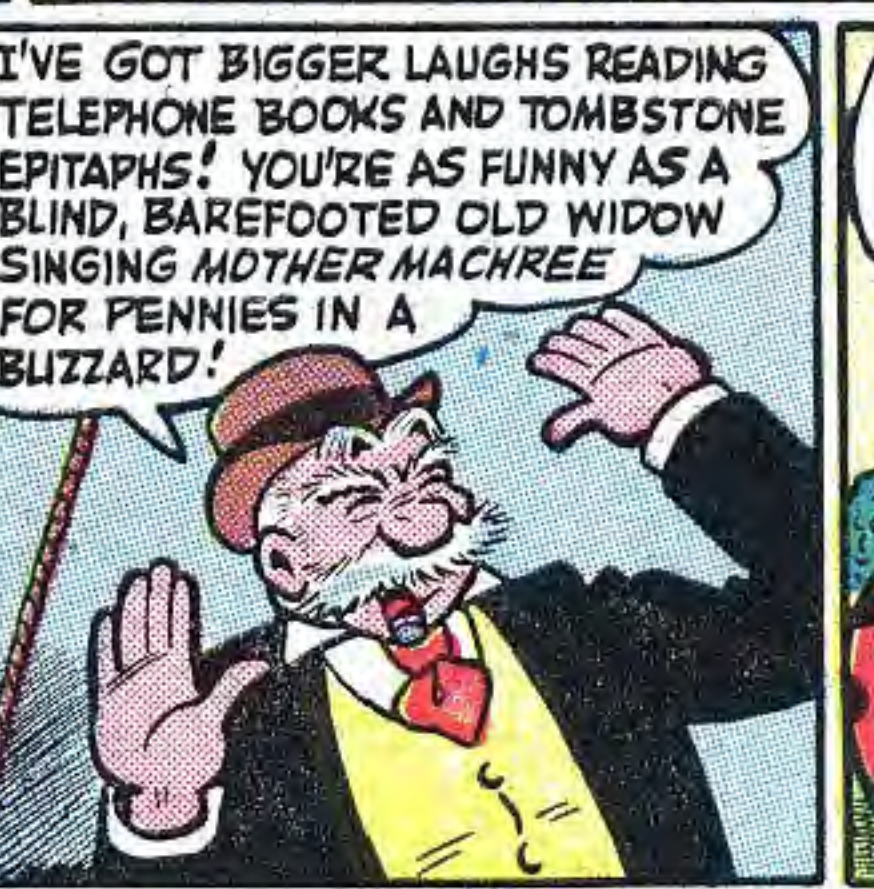
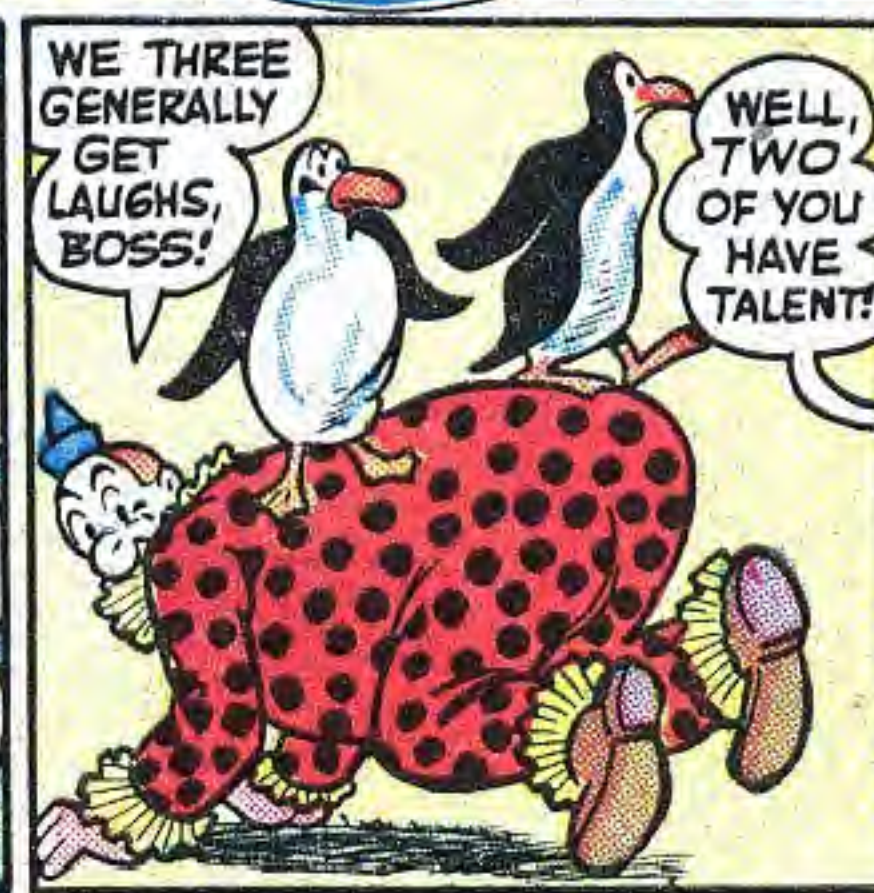
AND THEM WEB FEET!

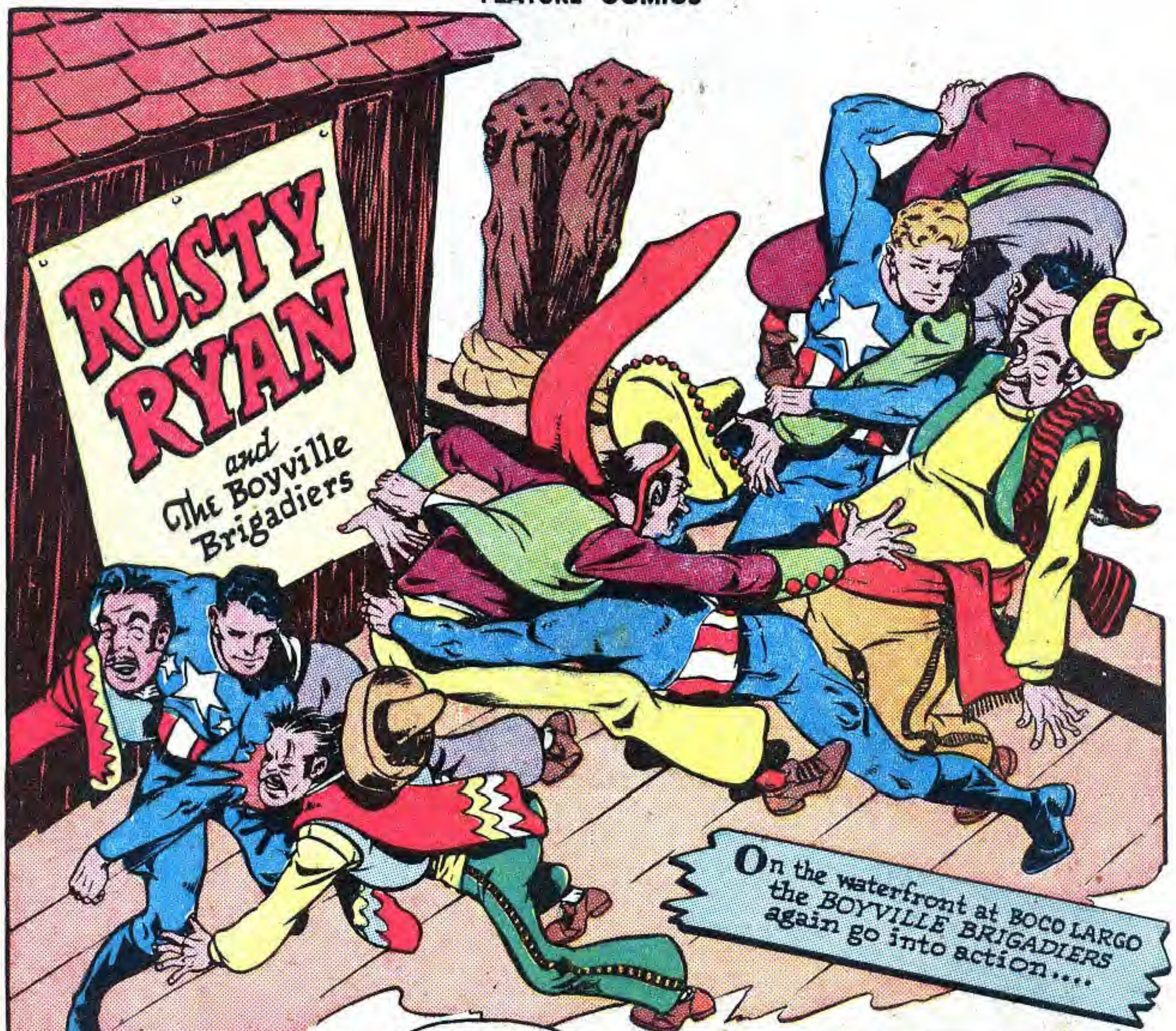
COME BACK HERE!

EEE-YOW!! HELP!!

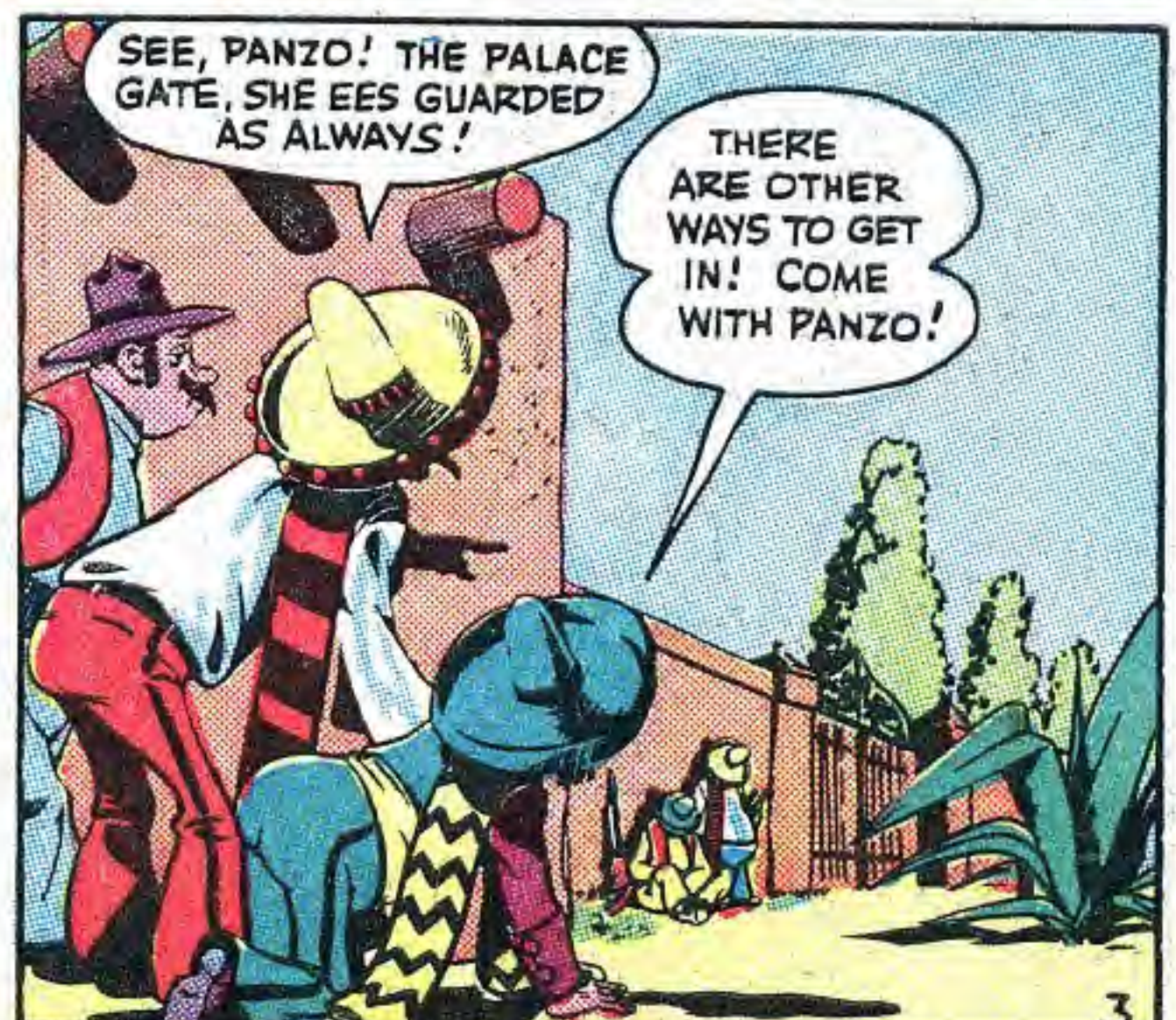
WELL, BOSS, I SURE LAID IT ON THICK LIKE YOU TOLD ME!

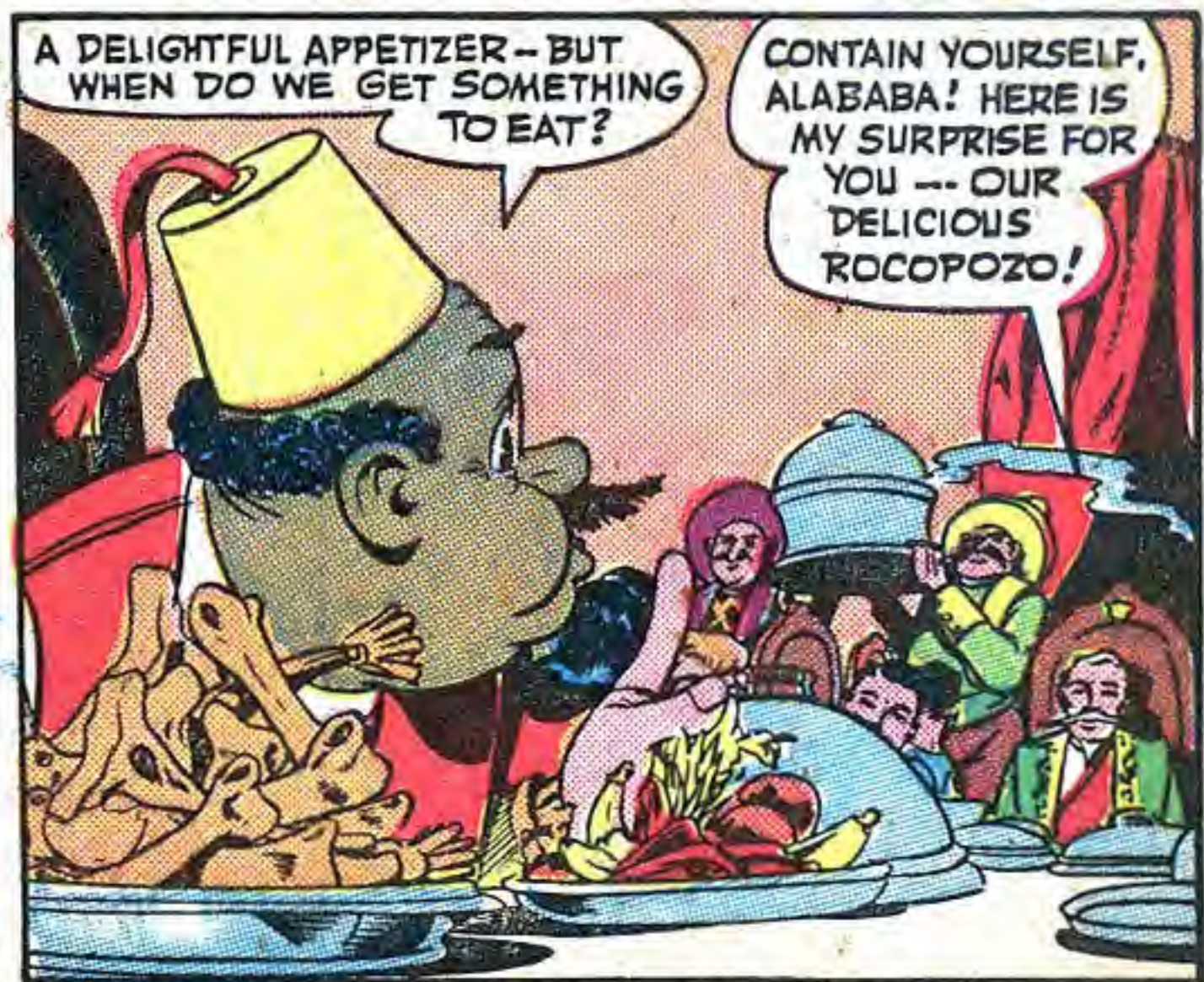
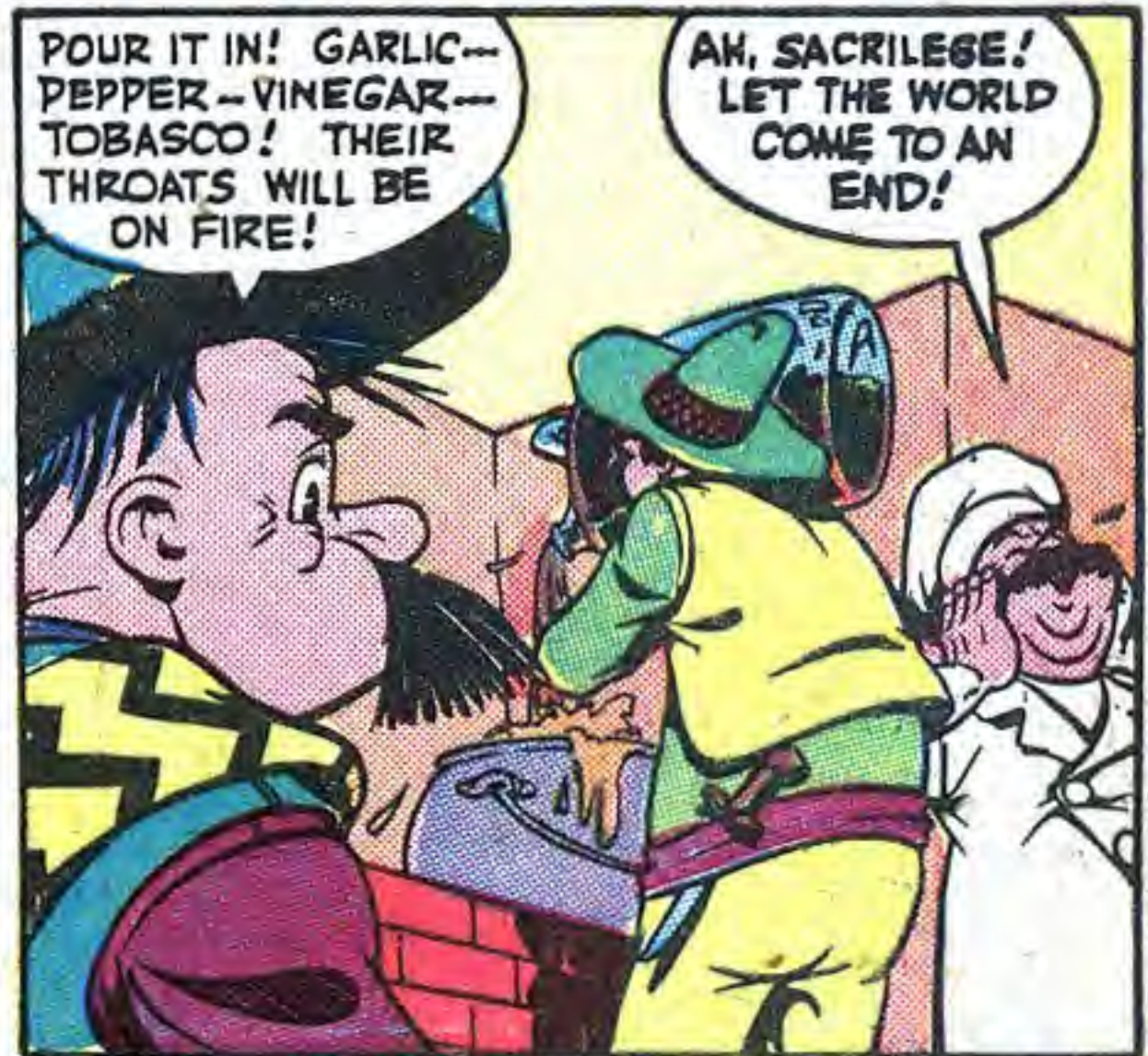
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, YOU FAT SCOUNDREL!

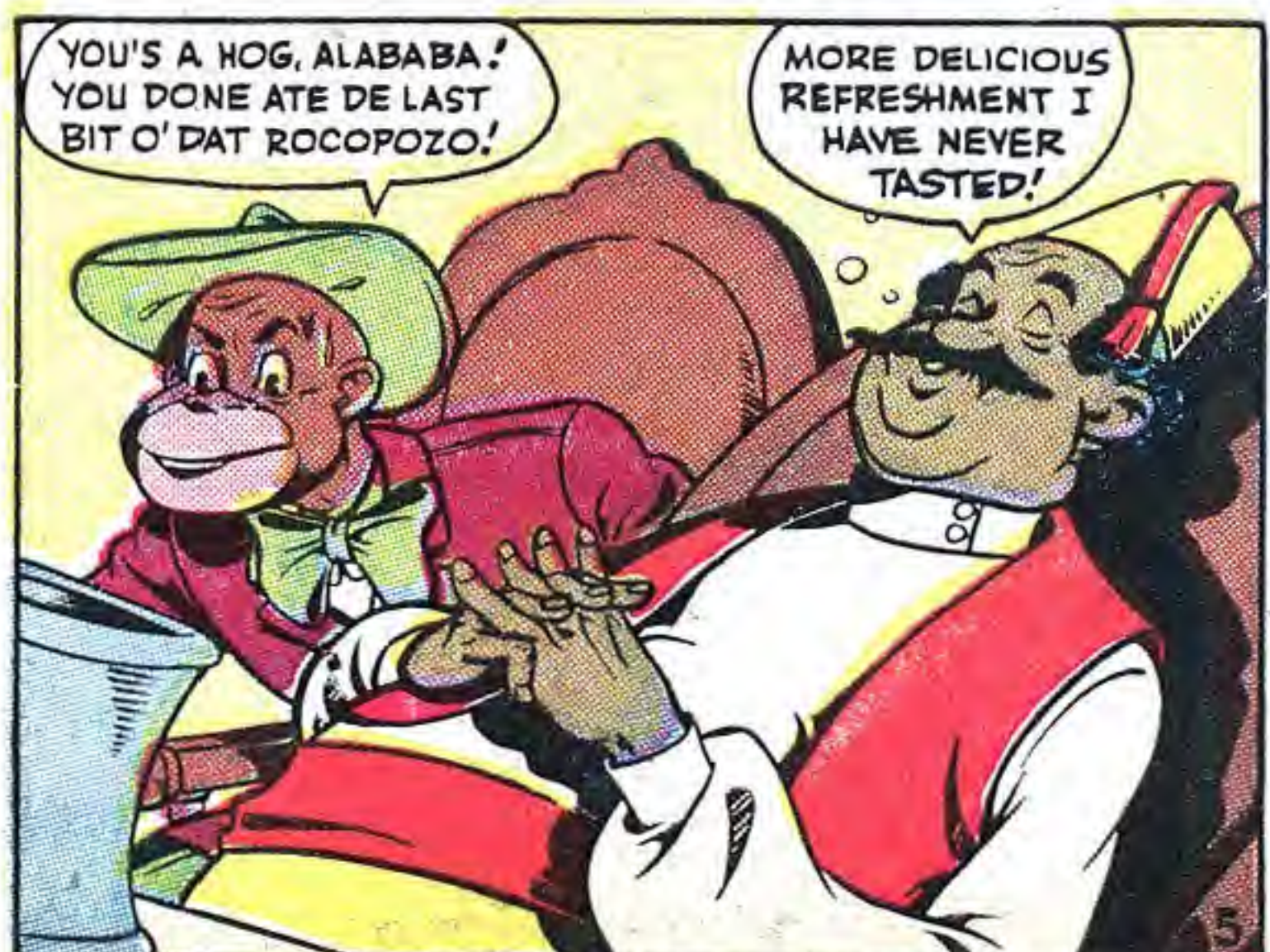
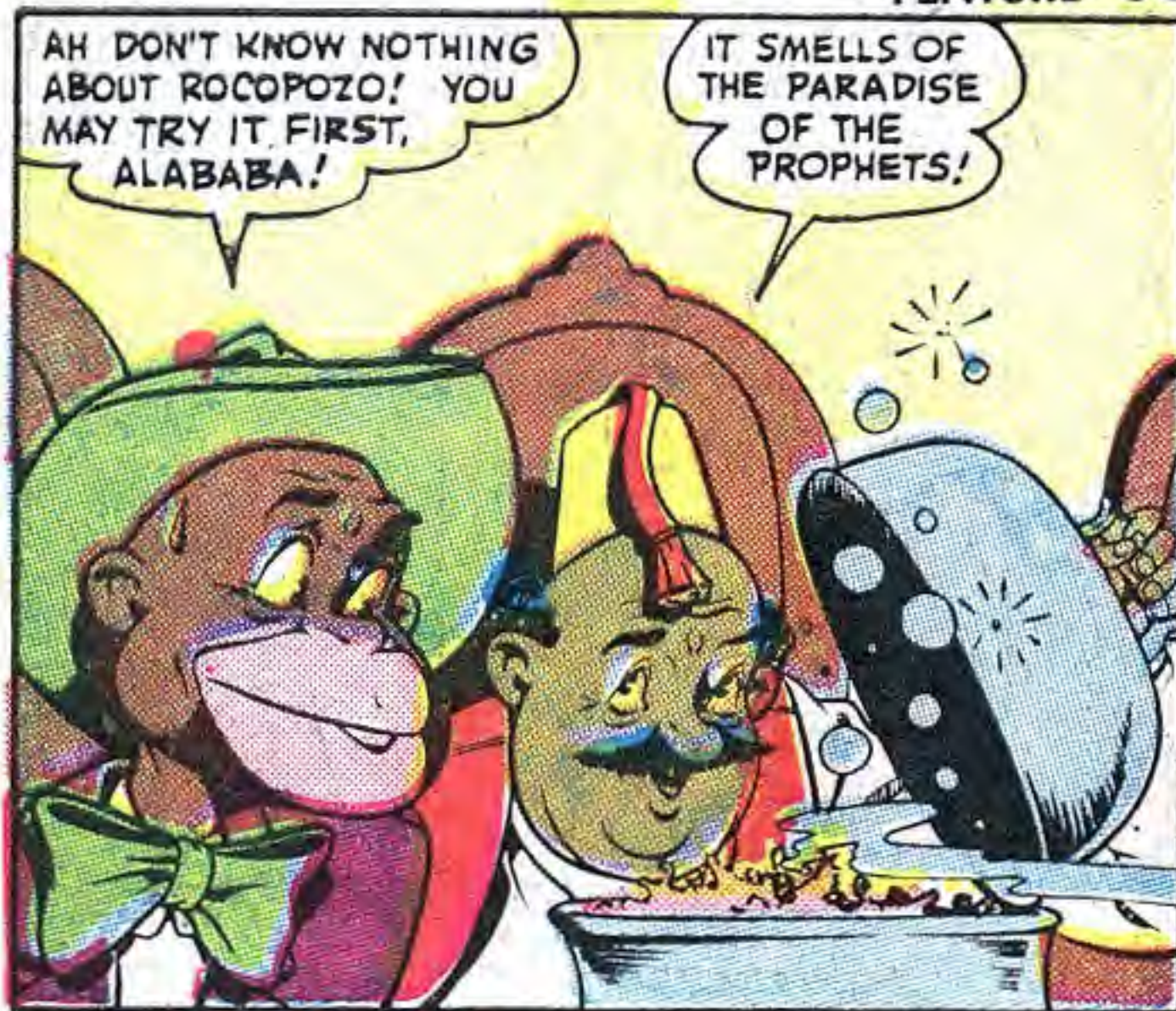


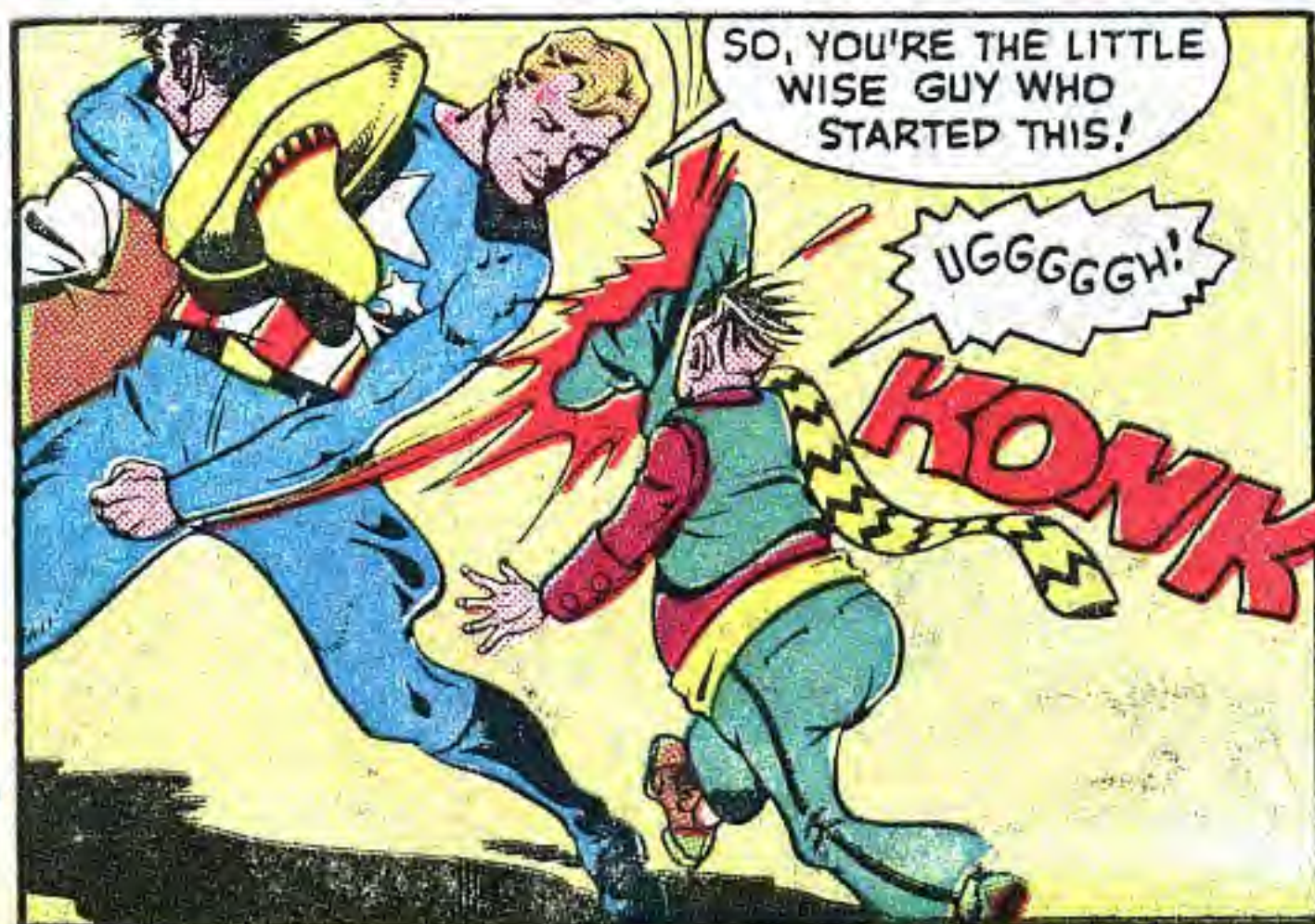
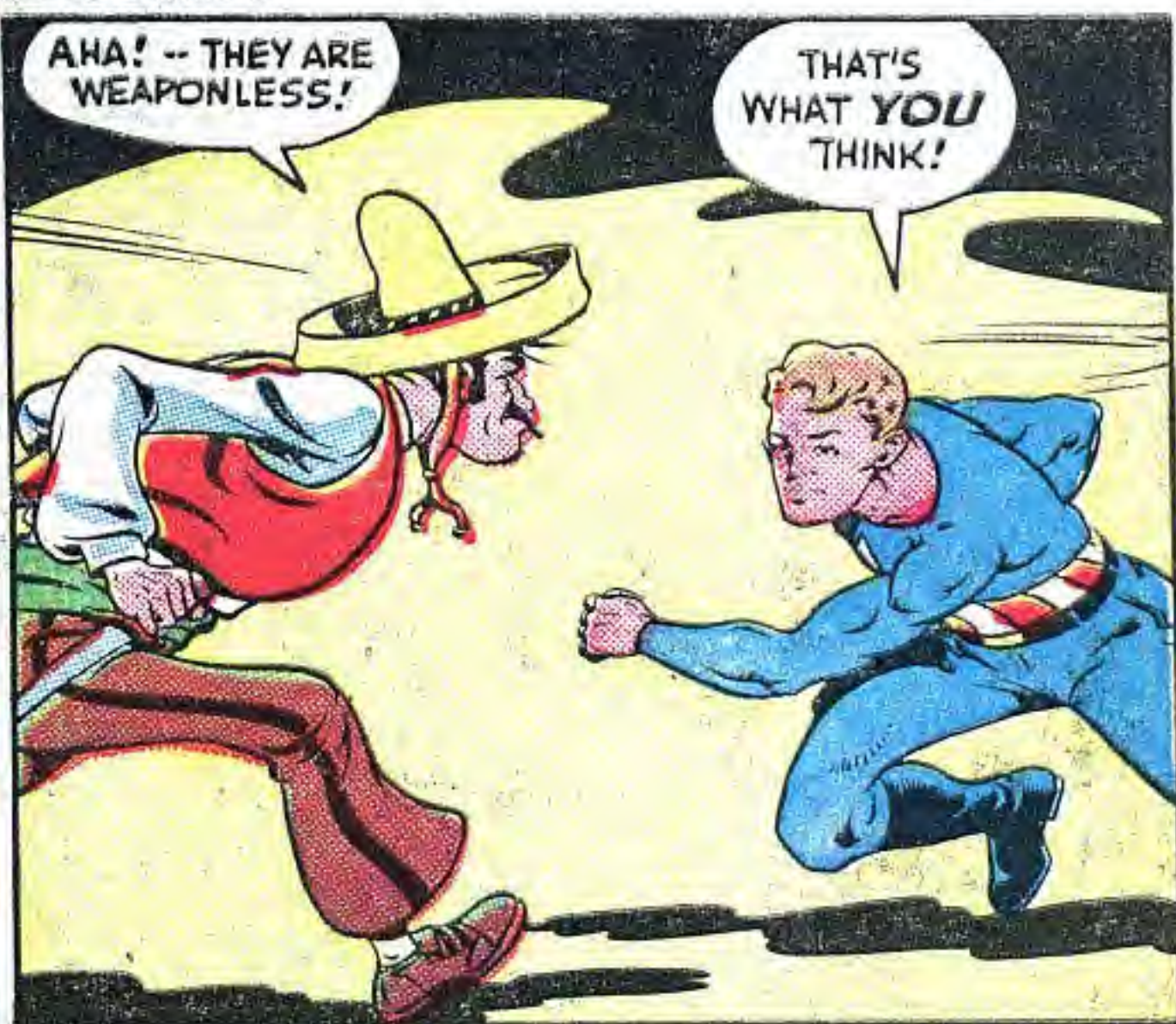




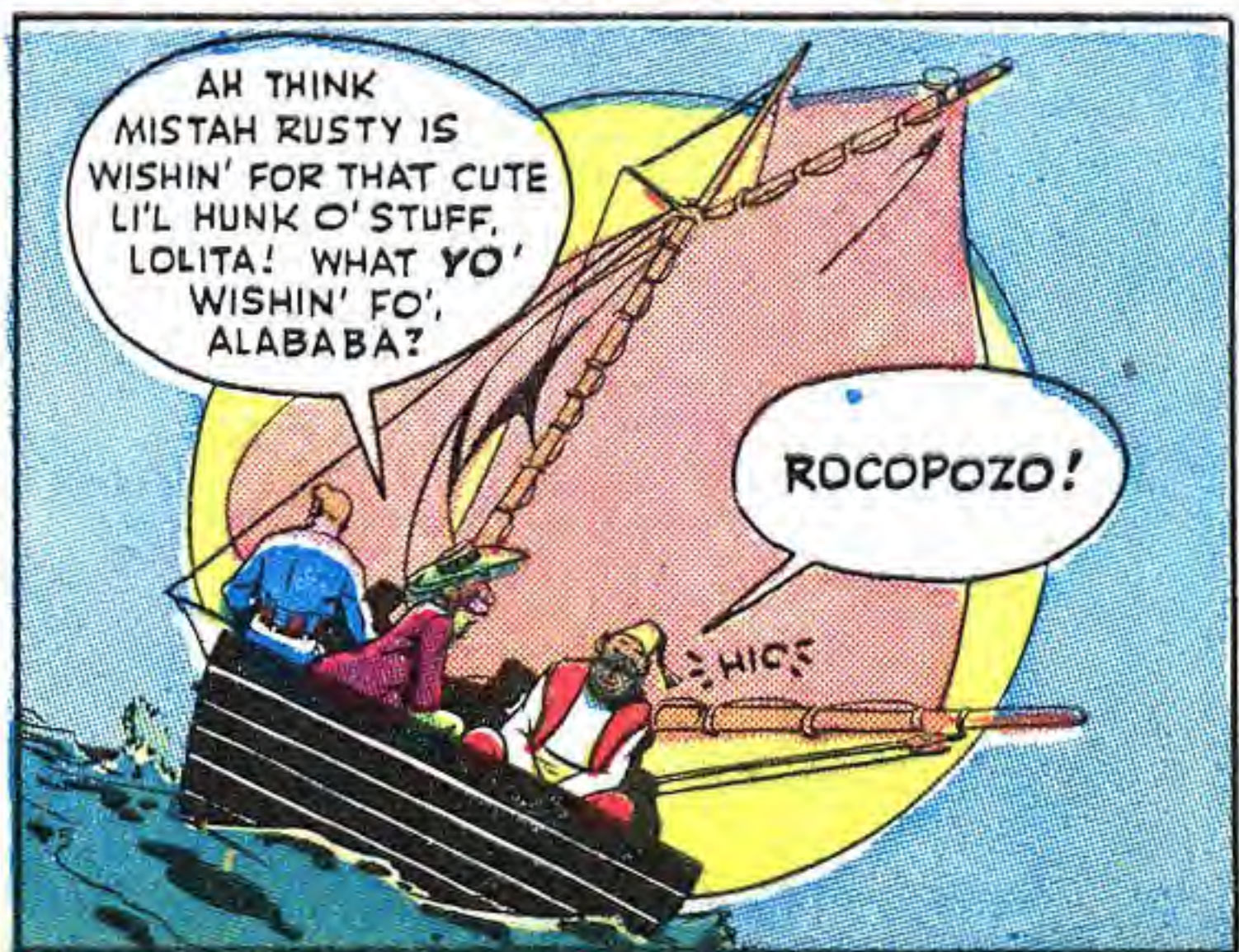
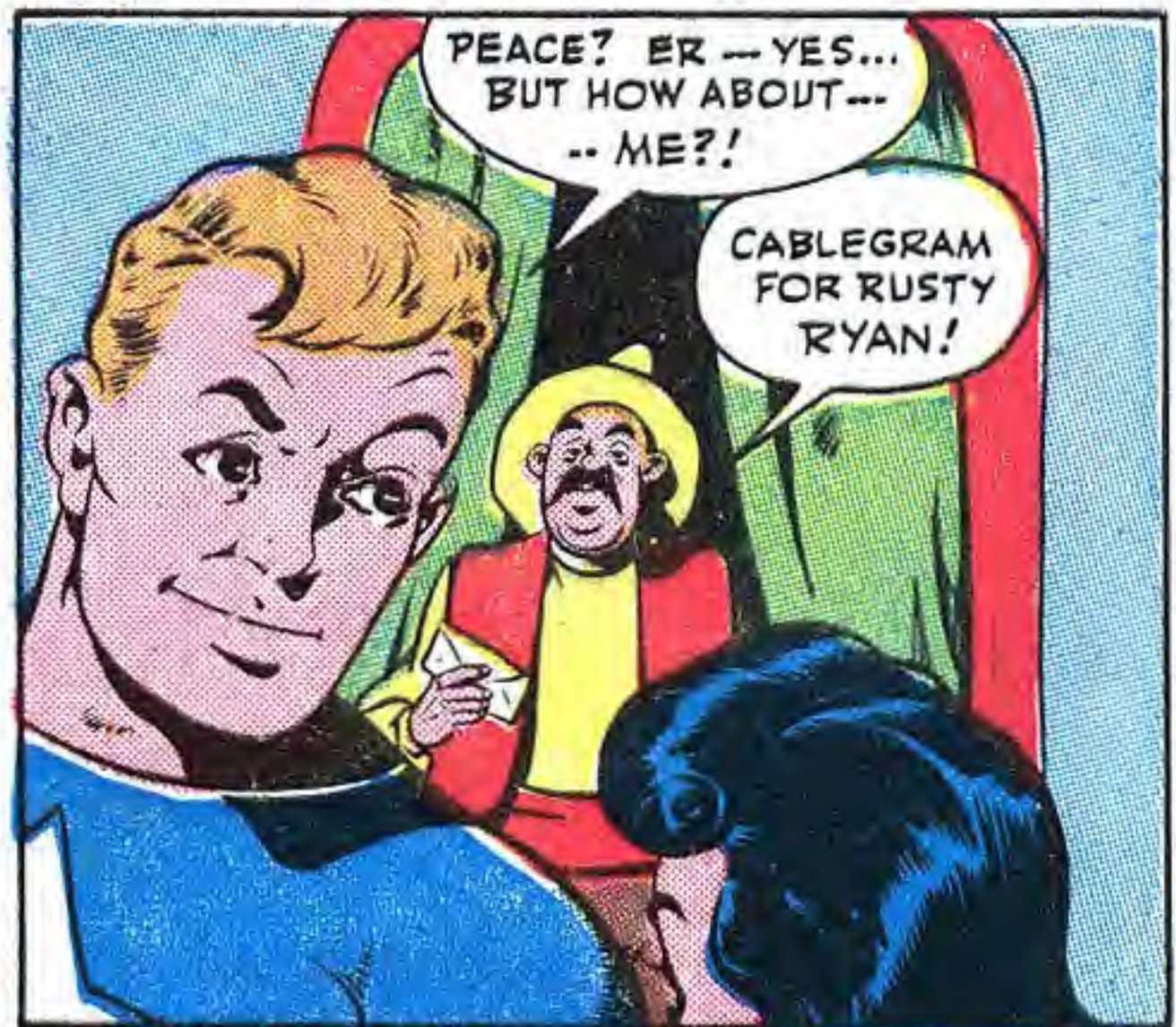
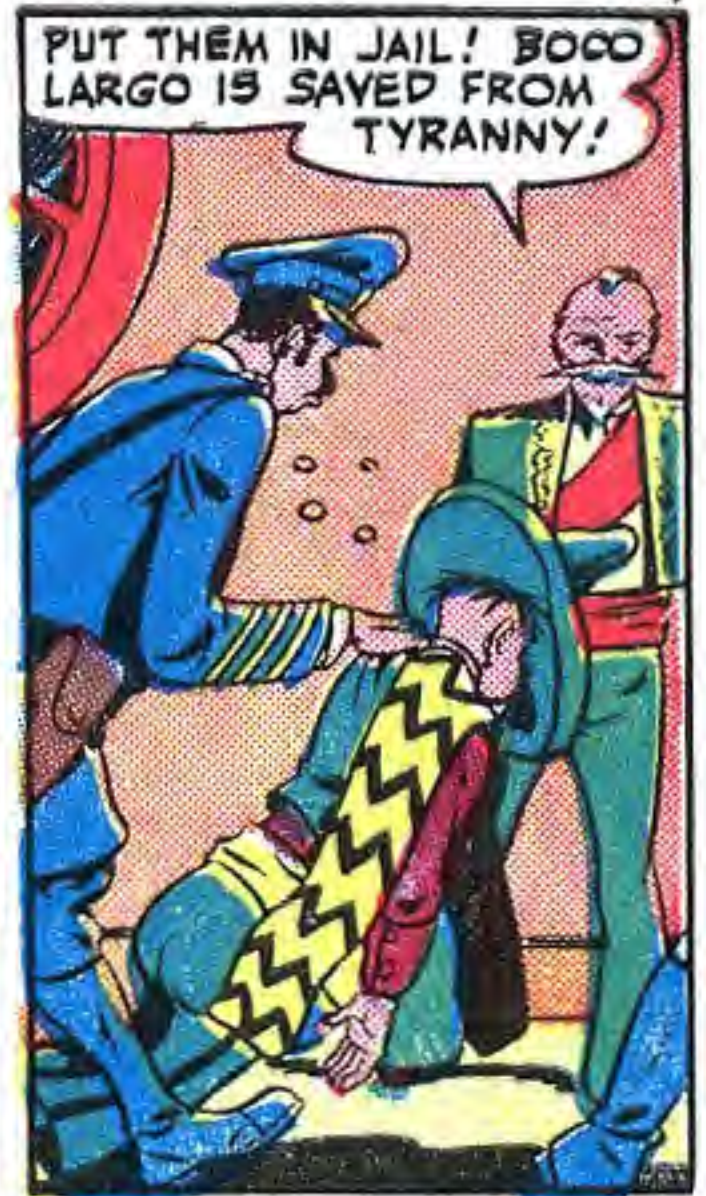








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